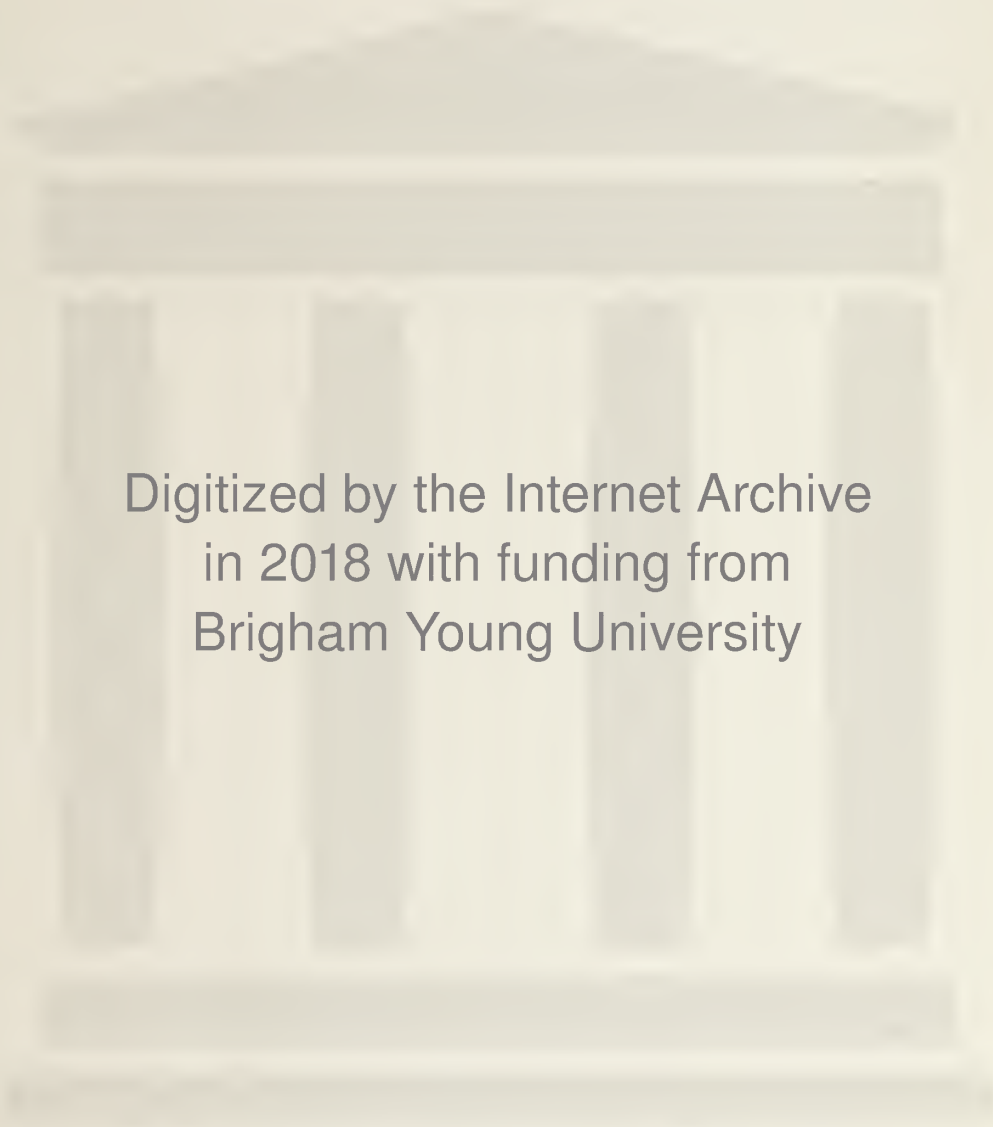
R. S. ELLISON

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

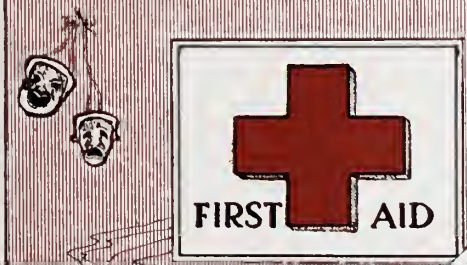


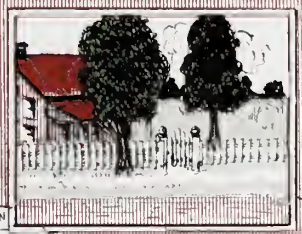
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
Brigham Young University

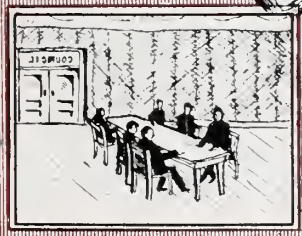
https://archive.org/details/midwestreview02midw

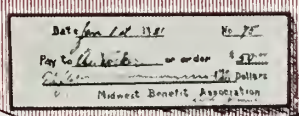
The MIDWEST REVIEW

DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS









VOL 2 NO. 1

JANUARY 1921

PUBLISHED FOR
THE MIDWEST FAMILY BY THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

COLONEL BURKE H. SINCLAIR
Director of Industrial Relations

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | January, 1921 | Number 1

Your Magazine

By Hal P. Riney

It is quite possible, and I believe I may say quite probable, that very few of the Midwest family give a thought to this publication other than to express disgust in divers and sundry ways when it is late in reaching you. You don't stop to think that to get out a book of this size requires some work and a lot of preparation.

When the magazine first made its appearance, shoved into the limelight by Colonel Sinclair, you pulled your specs down from their resting place on your forehead and said, "Well, well, what have we here?" You saw in the pages the faces of your friends, the stories of their activities, outlines of plans and schemes for your welfare and betterment. You then said, "Welcome, little stranger," and started looking for it each month. At first it was small and the articles were of general rather than specific interest, but after two months of that we started the special numbers.

The Casper refinery number came first and it was a bear (at this time it will be well to note that we are calling all the good things out and displaying them, and you can rest assured that they will all be shown). We gave each department the calcium of publicity and they appreciated the effort.

Next came Salt Creek. It is worth a hot blush of shame that we speak of that number. Possibly you can, without straining your memory, recall the condition of the roads last April. It had been announced that a Salt Creek number was to appear, and it appeared. It was gathered over the long-distance telephone and did not do Salt Creek justice, yet the inhabitants of that thriving community received it with a smile, and out of the goodness of their hearts accepted it without grumbling (Dave Lewis and Henry Moore please note).

Next we turned the spotlight on Greybull and told the best of all the good things found at that point. Mrs. Elsie Derby gave invaluable assistance in the preparation of this number, and it was good.

With a blare of trumpets and the crash of sounding brass, Denver burst forth in June and announced to the world that the Midwest offices in that city contained and housed the greatest collection of magazine writers, both long and short distance, that the world has ever seen. It is rumored that three professional photographers were compelled to seek a rest cure after the Denver number was finished.

Big Muddy entered the spotlight's effulgent gleam in July and told us how to be happy though drilling deep tests. We spent a lot of time at Muddy during the preparation of this number. The Hotel de Trudgeon is a fine place.

In August, Laramie, like all lusty infants, demanded and received a lot of attention. Johnny Cullen, superintendent, was host during our stay there, and aside from leading us into a place infested with some few millions of blood-thirsty mosquitoes, he was a very good aid in gathering material for this number.

In September we generalized a bit more and told some secrets of the Casper office and showed things as they ought to be in other fields.

October gave Elk Basin its quota of publicity and the assistance we received

(Continued on page 36)

Industrial Problems

By L. A. Reed, General Superintendent of Manufacturing

When the term "Industrial Problems" is mentioned, one's mind immediately couples it with the familiar term "Capital and Labor." There was a time when there might have been an excuse for connecting the two phrases; no one can deny that capital at times has sought to take advantage of labor, nor can we deny that there have been circumstances in the past when labor has taken undue advantage of those financing industries.

With the adoption of various forms of so-called industrial relation plans, by which capital and labor come together on a common platform and sit together around a common council table, these two necessary factors in the world's welfare are working out problems which are bound to insure harmonious results.

Someone has said: "The problem of industrial relations resolves itself into developing the human soul, and only as that is developed can we expect to solve the great problems of life."

Two captains of industry were standing at the bridge at Niagara Falls; one of them turned to the other and said: "Behold the greatest source of undeveloped power in America." The other replied: "No; the greatest source of undeveloped power in America is the soul of man."

When we give as much thought to the solution of human problems as we give to the solution of the problems of steam, electricity and water power, we will have no capital and labor problems. It is self-evident that the industrial world is beginning to realize the importance of this truth, because of the various organizations which have been brought into existence during the past few years by the manufacturing and commercial industries throughout this country of ours.

President-elect Warren G. Harding in one of his recent addresses said: "I want the employers in industry to understand the aspirations, the convictions, the yearnings of the millions of American wage-earners, and I want the wage earners to understand the problems, the anxieties, the obligations of management of capital." It was with just this thought in mind, so beautifully expressed by Mr. Harding, that the Midwest industrial relations plan and kindred organizations have been brought into existence. One does not need a magnifying glass to ascertain the importance of these organizations nor to comprehend their responsibilities.

This world of ours is passing through a period of unrest and uncertainty never before experienced in the history of man. The countries of the Old World are watching closely this nation of ours; many of their people are coming here in order that they may enjoy the blessings this country affords. The industrial and commercial development is the bulwark of our liberty and independence, and it behooves us to cherish and defend it.

On those who have been selected by their fellow employes to serve as their representatives on industrial councils or committees, there rests a great responsibility, not only to their companions but to their employer, and above all, to their country. Theirs is an honorable position as well as a responsible one, and I have faith to believe that the men on the various councils of the Midwest Refining Company will discharge their duties with honor to themselves and the company they represent, for loyalty to employer, next to loyalty to country and parents, typifies the highest standard of American ideals.

It gives me pleasure to quote from a letter which I received under date of December 9, 1920, from a friend who had just listened to a report from a man who recently visited the fields, refineries and offices of this company: "Mr. —— has been most enthusiastic indeed about your organization, and for your own information says it is by far the highest-class organization he has found so far. The men as a whole rank higher, look better and act better. He was particularly impressed with their great loyalty."

To my mind the above quotation speaks volumes for the industrial problems of the Midwest Refining Company, for loyalty spells success to any institution. The year 1921 will present many industrial problems—the high cost of living, which

has been the all-absorbing topic of the past year, seems to be gradually losing its grip, and we are slowly passing from the "Liver to the Beefsteak" stage. Rent is still king, but we have known of kings who have lost their crowns in recent years. Market conditions in the oil industries are changing; in the East many lines of industries have experienced reverses which have seriously affected capital, and, in many instances, wages. Merchants report a falling off in trade, especially of articles called luxuries, under safe and sane conditions. Amusements prosper, and must prosper, for with shortened hours of labor man must find something to occupy his mind. The amusements must be of the proper kind, however, so as to build up mind and body.

More Midwest Babies

Miss Patricia Schuyler Thompson, three and one-half years; Mr. Fred Wile Thompson, eight and one-half months, daughter and son of Leslie A. Thompson, Jr., Land Department, Denver office

These are some of the problems that industrial councils and companies will have to deal with. Each will have to share the responsibility in these matters; let us not lose sight of the fact that if we are part of an institution we must defend it, honor it, cherish it, stand by it and stand by those whose business ability and means have made it possible, and thus help in no small degree the solving of industrial problems.

R. D. Brooks Injured

We regret to announce that R. D. Brooks, vice-president, suffered a serious mishap Sunday afternoon, January 9, while tobogganning on Genesee Mountain, breaking his left leg near the thigh. He was immediately removed to the Mercy Hospital, where he is now resting quite comfortably, though his doctor advises it will be six or eight weeks before he can be up and around again. Mr. Brooks, who is well known by most all the Midwest family, of which he has been a member from the beginning, will be very much missed, especially by the Denver office force, who see him daily when he is in the city. Speaking in behalf of the entire Midwest family, the Review desires to extend its sympathy.

Et Tu, Brute

I have never reached the wealthy class,
  My days I've spent in toil;
No hall of fame will know my name,
  But I've been done in oil.

Dedicated to the Truck Drivers

By W. K. Melton

Who was it spoke when the rain came down,
The wind with its lonesome moan,
  When the dust turned to muck
  And the truck got stuck
On the road to Salt Creek Dome?

The driver turned the wheel with his hands of steel,
  In his voice there was a quiver;
He thought of the words that made the Huns reel,
  And he screamed out *"Powder River!"*

Midwest Joint Industrial Councils

The first Midwest Joint Industrial Council was organized in October, 1919, at the Casper refinery, with twelve members, six representing the management and six representing the employes. For the first eight or nine months of this council's existence meetings were held every week. It was found that the amount of business which was to be brought before the council was so great that it was unwise to leave it to accumulate for a regular monthly meeting. Consequently the council voted to meet every week, and did so until last fall, when it was decided to meet every two weeks.

The Casper Refinery Council has considered hundreds of different questions and is entitled to great credit for its splendid handling of the many and varied propositions which have been brought before it. A number of splendid innovations at the Casper refinery have been brought about through the efforts of the council. There has always been the utmost harmony existing between the different members and in their relations with the employes and with the management. The present members of the Casper Refinery Council are William Stoddard, C. A. Fowler, Jack Gibbs, Charles Combs, Frank Smith and Cal Smith, employe representatives; Dr. S. K. Loy, F. L. Abbott, J. H. Arbuckle, John A. Murray, W. H. Leavitt and John Luxon, management representatives. Robert H. Covington is secretary of the council.

The Greybull Joint Council was the second one to be organized. This council has been in existence practically a year, and, like the Casper Refinery Council, has had a large number of questions to deal with. Of course the number of employes at the Greybull refinery is considerably less than that at the Casper refinery, and naturally there would not be so much work for the council to do. However, it is quite noticeable that the Greybull refinery Council has taken the lead in most of the social and business activities of the Greybull employes and has accomplished a wonderful amount of good during its year of service. This council holds regular monthly meetings and in addition has held quite a number of special meetings to consider special matters. The Greybull council consists of William Hovis, Charles Thompson and J. J. Kelly, employe representatives; L. E. Watson, Leroy Anchors and Ed Landers, management representatives. Claire Morris is secretary of the council.

The Salt Creek Joint Council was organized last summer and consists of the following members: R. J. Reilly, Earl Foft, George Sullivan and Robert Hamilton, employe representatives; A. G. Fidel, Henry D. Moore, A. C. Andrews and H. A. Chandler, management representatives. Chester Borsch is secretary.

This council has jurisdiction over the pipe line department, Salt Creek production field, Salt Creek gas plant, Casper storage yard, Casper field garage and the Casper general offices. The council meets regularly each month and so far has had quite a lot of business to look after. This council has probably a harder job than any of the other councils because of the varied interests it must serve and because of the scattered localities over which its jurisdiction extends. However, the members are thoroughly alive and on the job and are accomplishing a great many things.

The youngest council in the Midwest organization is the Laramie Joint Industrial Council, which was organized the first of December for the Laramie refinery. It is a good strong council and has taken hold of the work in a splendid spirit, which augurs well for its success in the future. The members of this council are W. A. Cummings, J. H. Sanders and Russell S. Morris, employe representatives; F. O. Blair, R. B. Moudy and William Bremmerman, management representatives. H. L. Minister is secretary of the Laramie council.

These four councils at present constitute the full number that has been organized, but it is contemplated within the near future to organize at least one more and possibly two. The employes in general are greatly interested in the council plan and have come to feel that through the medium of these councils they may

take any matter in which they are interested, and which has a bearing on their living and working conditions, directly to the management, and through the council will be accorded a full and impartial hearing.

New Council Member at Greybull

William R. Hovis

William R. (Speed) Hovis was born in Marquand, Mo., July 21, 1888. He moved to Montana when only one year old and has lived in the Midland Empire ever since. At an early age he gained the sobriquet of Speed on account of his pedestrian abilities between Seattle and Butte. He joined the Midwest family February 12, 1917. Mr. Hovis is married and has one child (some boy) and is also prominent in lodge circles, having taken all the degrees in Odd Fellowship. Mr. Hovis was elected to succeed W. A. McGuffey in the second division of the industrial council.

Employes' Benefit Associations

These associations, of which there are two, one at Casper refinery and the other embracing all other employes, are controlled by the employes themselves and operate absolutely independent of the company. They are controlled by boards of directors elected from among the employes.

The purpose of these organizations is to give financial aid to such members as may become sick or disabled through accident or natural causes, the payments being made by the treasurer upon recommendation of the visiting committee. The duty of the visiting committee is to investigate each case and make a report upon the outstanding features. The rates paid are as follows: The Employes' Benefit Association of the Casper Refinery pays $2.50 per day to sick or disabled employes who have been in the company's employ less than six months and $3.50 per day to those who have been in the company's employ six months or longer.

The Midwest Employes' Benefit Association pays $3.50 per day to every employe, regardless of length of employment.

Since January, 1920, the refinery association has paid some 700 claims, ranging from $20 to $400, and since July, 1920, the other association has paid some 170 claims of about the same amounts. In addition to the above, several death claims of $150 have been paid.

Both associations operate under practically the same constitution and operate with the purpose of helping a man or woman of the Midwest family to bear his expenses while ill or disabled and do not deprive him or her of any compensation from the company, state or private insurance.

The Fast Age

"The world never moved so fast before," mused Mr. Simmons. "We have winter ice on the Fourth of July, spring vegetables on Christmas; we buy our straw hats in February and our felt hats in August; we get our Sunday paper on Saturday night, and our magazines a month ahead of time. If we call a man in San Francisco from New York, he hears our voice about four hours before we speak; and if someone in Japan sends us a cablegram tomorrow, we get it today."

CASPER JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives:

1—Charles A. Fowler, Division No. 1
2—Charles Combs, Division No. 2
3—W. C. Stoddard, Division No. 2
4—Frank B. Smith, Division No. 3
5—Cal Smith, Division No. 4
6—J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5
7—R. H. Covington, Secretary

Management Representatives:

8—F. L. Abbott
9—J. H. Arbuckle
10—W. H. Leavitt
11—S. K. Loy
12—John Luxon
13—John A. Murray

Laramie Industrial Council

Standing—Left to right: W. A. Cummings, employe representative Division No. 1; R. B. Moudy, management representative; W. C. Bremmerman, management representative. Sitting—Left to right: J. H. Sanders, employe representative Division No. 2; H. L. Minister, secretary; R. S. Morris, employe representative Division No. 3; F. O. Blair, management representative

F. O. BLAIR

Born in Terre Haute, Ind., September 22, 1878, and have been very busy ever since. Owing to the high price of print paper and the limited size of the magazine, it would be out of the question to print a biography, so will suffice in saying that after working around the Casper refinery for the Mills & Baker Co. for a couple of years, decided to switch over into the main line and have been traveling with the Midwest since April 1, 1919.

R. B. MOUDY

Born at Hastings, Neb., November 28, 1878. Came to Laramie when only six months old and have made Laramie my home ever since. Graduated from the Laramie grammar and high school and the University of Wyoming, Laramie, receiving M. S. degree. Attended University of Chicago for six months in 1906. Married in 1903 and have three children. After serving as chemist for the Standard Plaster Company (now the Acme Cement and Plaster Company) and a chlorination mill, I went to the Cripple Creek district, returning to Laramie in 1903 to become assistant state chemist and associate professor of chemistry at the University of Wyoming. After serving as state chemist for ten years, resigned May, 1920, and became chemist for the Midwest Refining Company at Laramie.

J. H. SANDERS

Born on a stock farm in Oklahoma December 9, 1885. Received my education in an academy at Tahlequah, Okla. Went to San Diego, Cal., at the age of nineteen years, and after serving an apprenticeship of three years on the front end of a street car, returned to Oklahoma, married and then went back to the coast. Two years later tried dry farming in Oklahoma, and being unsuccessful, sought a "honey pond" and landed in old Mexico at the steering gear of an "F. W. D." truck; after finishing my contract stringing pipe for the Mexican Gulf Oil Company from Tampico to Tepatata and after being stripped of every garment time after time, I returned to the United States. Worked for the Midwest at Casper from April, 1918, to November, 1919, and was then transferred to the Laramie branch, where I now make my home.

(Continued on page 36)

Safety First!

Did you know that at the Casper refinery alone during the past year there has been very close to 1,000 accidents? And did you know that of this number over 600 were sufficiently severe to require the attention of a doctor; and of the 600 over 100 were compelled to go to the hospital for periods ranging from three days up?

These are facts which have been taken from the company records. These accidents cost the company in doctor bills, hospital attendance, medicines, dressings, etc., close to $10,000. They cost the men concerned thousands of dollars in loss of time, and no account has been taken of the amount of suffering involved or the hardships which have been worked on the families of these men.

As a matter of fact, various other points in the Midwest organization, like Greybull, Laramie, Salt Creek, Big Muddy and other fields, have had their share of accidents also. However, the proportion has not been so great in these places because the risk has not been so large. The immense amount of construction work at the Casper refinery has naturally increased the hazards, and the above figures are not given to show that the Casper refinery men are more careless than others but simply because these figures were available at this time.

The department of industrial relations proposes, with the coöperation of the rest of the Midwest family, to decrease these accidents materially, and we believe that all effort, time and money spent in such an endeavor will bring the greatest of results. We do not believe any man in the employ of the Midwest can afford to have an accident; it costs him time and money besides a certain amount of suffering; it costs the company time and money also, to say nothing of a certain amount of material wasted. Consequently, we feel that the company and the employe should work together to the end that accidents, large and small, may be completely eliminated.

The department of industrial relations has recently become a member of the National Council of Safety, whose slogan is safety first and whose emblem is a white cross on a green background. Very shortly we shall be receiving safety-first bulletins from this National Council, and it is included in the plans of the department of industrial relations to circulate these bulletins throughout the entire Midwest organization so that a spirit of carefulness will grow up, and we may see the time when we can point with pride to the Midwest organization as one organization which has a minimum of accidents. For the past few weeks daily accident reports have been received in this department showing the number of accidents which occur at every point each day. We are glad to note that the great majority of these report "No Accidents" nearly every day. As soon as we get our new safety department organized we expect to put out a monthly bulletin showing just how many accidents occurred at each point and how many points had a record of no accidents for the greater number of days during that month.

We invite the coöperation of every employe of the company in this work and believe that no one will question the fact that it is one of the things which should be carefully looked after and a spirit of safety first fostered throughout every point covered by the organization. Suggestions as to accident prevention and also suggestions as to measures to prevent accidents will be welcomed at any time. We should like to see the new year of 1921 a year which will show a great proportion of "No Accident" days at every point.

Hauling Wholesale

Forty tons of drilling material hauled by one tractor on the road to Western State Oil Company's Montana fields

Casper Refinery Insurance for 1920

The following report is self-explanatory and serves only to show that this department is alive and on its toes every minute.

"Judge" Murray, who has charge of the insurance at the Casper refinery, makes it a point to see that every man who comes on the job has an opportunity to make application for the free company insurance. Failure to take advantage of this important factor lies entirely with the employe.

Casper, Wyo., Dec. 31, 1920.

Col. B. H. Sinclair,
Director of Industrial Relations,
Midwest Refining Company,
Casper, Wyoming.

The undersigned takes pleasure in submitting the following report of the insurance department for the year 1920:

Number of men and women hired at the refinery gate and other departments and placed on Casper refinery payroll:

January	231	August	433
February	203	September	297
March	303	October	337
April	146	November	224
May	346	December	317
June	341		
July	288	Total	3,466

Number of men and women whose applications for insurance were written:

January	189	August	384
February	183	September	260
March	210	October	219
April	161	November	66
May	247	December	307
June	271		
July	138	Total	2,635

Number of men and women whose insurance was terminated:

January	100	August	133
February	191	September	186
March	119	October	187
April	181	November	211
May	118	December	188
June	233		
July	140	Total	1,987

Certificates of insurance delivered to employes of Casper refinery during the year 1920:

January	128	August	141
February	128	September	155
March	127	October	161
April	125	November	122
May	133	December	155
June	116		
July	159	Total	1,650

Total number transferred to other departments of the Midwest Refining Company during the year	28
Number of deaths of employes whose beneficiaries received insurance	3
Total amount of insurance paid during year	$4,000
*Number of deaths of employes who were not eligible for insurance	7
Number of alien applications for declaration of intention for citizenship papers issued from this office	28

Respectfully submitted.

JOHN A. MURRAY.

*These deaths occurred during the influenza epidemic.

Movies for the Midwest Family

Moving pictures as a regular phase of entertainment in the various camps of the Midwest in Wyoming is an activity that is being developed by the industrial relations department. Although the idea is in a more or less nebulous condition at present, it promises to develop permanency in the near future.

The first step in the promotion of "movies" for production centers occurred in December with the purchase of a De Vry portable machine that will project regulation film at any distance from six to sixty feet. The machine is adaptable to variable conditions and can be operated conveniently wherever it can be plugged in on a line carrying 110 volts of electricity. It worked as successfully in an eight-by-ten room in the Midwest offices in Casper as it did in the large auditorium of the new high school at Greybull.

The first program of pictures, assembled in December, consisted of three reels of oil pictures taken in the fields of Oklahoma and Burkburnett and the Standard Oil refineries at Bayonne, N. J., supplemented by two one-reel comedies featuring Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd. These were shown successfully to the Midwest family at Big Muddy, Grass Creek, Elk Basin, Greybull, Salt Creek, Teapot, Casper and Denver. Inability to make arrangements for the program and short notice made it impossible to include Osage and Laramie in this itinerary.

Due largely to the facilities for accommodating the crowd, the pictures met with the greatest success at Grass Creek and Greybull. In the former field, through the courtesy of Superintendent "Bob" Miller of the Ohio Company, the program was given two evenings in the Ohio dining hall to "standing room only" crowds. Following the pictures, the seats were cleared out and the guests were given a chance to demonstrate their terpsichorean abilities for a couple of hours.

At Greybull, where the pictures arrived a day later than scheduled, due to being snowed in at Elk Basin, the machine shop was utilized for a matinee at which ninety per cent of the refinery workers were present. In the evening the school children and their parents were shown the pictures in the high school auditorium.

The future of moving pictures for the Midwest employes seems assured. At the present time there are two or three fields where additional facilities must be secured before programs can be given with the success which they warrant. With these arrangements completed the industrial relations department will be ready to perfect a permanent itinerary of shows and make contracts with the film exchanges in Denver to secure educational and other pictures within a short time, and a program of free movies frequently should be the nucleus of an entertainment program for every Midwest camp.

On the first trip around the oil camps, appreciation of their co-operation is acknowledged to W. E. Carrico, Dan Trudgeon and Henry Humphrey at Big Muddy, L. L. Bechtel and R. F. Waltz at Grass Creek, P. G. Hardie and P. L. Eddy at Elk Basin, B. L. Warren and L. E. Watson at Greybull, Dave W. Lewis of Salt Creek, Ed Boughton of the Teapot pumping station, and E. W. Davis of the field garage at Casper.

The moving picture machine, in its first swing around the circle, was operated by R. M. Grant of the Casper refinery, who did excellent work considering the short time he had for instruction and practice.

A Voice From Elk Basin

There is Lee at the office—he's a nice little chap,
And looks like a man in his big cowboy hat.
He goes to the cookhouse each night with a grin,
And gets a hot cup of coffee before he turns in.
The girls all adore him, for he dances real well,
But which one will get him we never can tell.
The married men watch him—they are afraid
for their lives,
That while they are working he will elope with
their wives.
How his fate will turn out we never can tell,
But when he gets married we all wish him well.
If signs read true this will happen real soon,
For he heaves a big sigh when he looks at the
moon.

Midwest Traveling Libraries

On December 28 the department of industrial relations sent out on their first trip to the seven field points of the company the system of Midwest traveling libraries. There are seven of these libraries and they are designed to circle among the following points: Salt Creek Home Camp, Salt Creek Gas Plant, Teapot Station, Big Muddy, Osage, Elk Basin and Grass Creek.

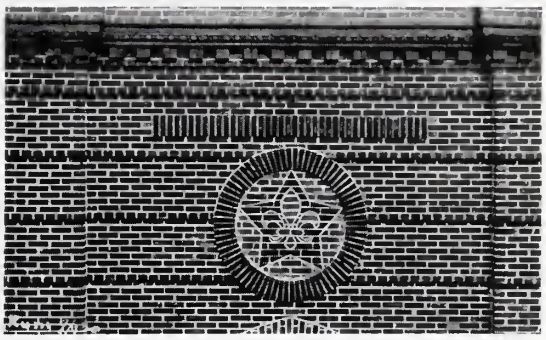
There are approximately fifty books in each library, selected from the very best standard fiction and the very latest current fiction; a selection of biographies, histories and books on travel, and a selection of books on geology with special reference to the petroleum industry. In a short time it is planned to add a certain number of books on field and petroleum engineering, and at different times additions will be made to these libraries so as to keep them up to date and of the maximum amount of interest to the men in these camps. Incidentally we should add that each library contains two or more books of special interest to the children, and we sincerely hope that the Midwest juniors will take advantage of these books being in the libraries.

The books were sent out in strong, well-made cases gotten out by the field construction department. Each library will be in charge of the chief clerk at each camp, and in order to preserve the proper sort of circulating system the books will be let out only to Midwest employes or their families and under certain simple rules and regulations.

Each library will remain at each camp for a period of two months, when it will be sent on to the next camp and a new one take its place at the old station. Consequently, within a period of fourteen months all camps will have had the entire library system. At the expiration of that fourteen months new books will be put into the libraries and the department of industrial relations will endeavor at all times to keep the libraries strictly up to date. We sincerely hope that the fullest use will be made of these books by the men in the different camps. We hope also that every employe will coöperate with us by observing the simple rules which have been laid down to govern the issuance of books.

In every volume will be found a printed slip, calling for an expression from the reader as to the kind of books he likes and for suggestions for the improvement of the libraries. We trust that every borrower will take occasion to fill out these slips and send them in to us so that we can have an idea of the kind of reading you like. Suggestions and criticisms will be favorably received at all times.

A. G. Rummell, Poet



Michelangelo took great blocks of marble and by working overtime he gave to the world poetry in stone.

A. G. (Dad) Rummell, brick foreman at the Casper refinery, took a wheelbarrow load of Irish love letters and gave to the refinery a masterpiece on the front wall of the new powerhouse.

The contrast is made by using black and red brick with white mortar. The significance of this design is the fleur de lis of France and the star of the United States, surrounded by the circle typifying unity.

It is a very clever and artistic bit of work, showing artistic as well as mechanical skill.

Ferris Dome Notes

Joe Trempe, watchman, said, "There ain't no news," because the crew that was there has gone and the new one got lost in the snowdrifts.

The Christmas Tree at Greybull

By Elsie L. Derby

With the precious program and card of admittance within easy reach, family after family of the great Midwest family at Greybull arrived at the Big Horn Theater on that evening, passed under festoons and a great star of red and green Christmas decorations in the lobby, and were welcomed at the inner door by Ed Landers. Entering the theater proper, they were ushered to seats by other members of the industrial council or employes. Evergreens forming the word "Midwest" across the top of the stage and wreaths and the monogram "M-W" on the side walls made each member feel at home at once and showed to whom the theater belonged for the night. Eagerness, expectancy and the glorious spirit of good will could be felt as well as seen.

A Midwest Lassie

Jean Flockhart, daughter of Jack Flockhart of Greybull

The opening number of the splendid program, which was arranged under the direction of Mrs. Homer Williams, was a selection by the orchestra as musical and perfect as one could wish.

The program stated that the second number was by a Midwest quartet—Mrs. G. L. Taylor, Mrs. F. L. Taylor, William Jones and George Rimer. But when the house was darkened, the stage but dimly lighted and four figures robed in the beautifully simple garb of the White Nuns, each carrying a huge candlestick with lighted taper, moved slowly across the stage, and voices sweetly, tenderly, reverently sang the words of "Holy Night," it was as if holy sisters had come into a chapel to worship while angel voices told the wonderful story of the Savior's birth. "And as they sang a star appeared," and the Dove of Peace under which the figures stood changed to a great, beautiful star—while the voices sang the concluding verse of the song.

If anyone had failed to hear L. E. Watson when he introduced the speaker for the next number it would have been easy to guess from the hearty applause that the Midwesterners were greeting and welcoming the head of the Greybull family, Superintendent B. L. Warren. By the program we were led to expect an "address" by B. L. Warren. But Mr. Warren declared at the start that he had been asked a few weeks ago to give a short "talk" and that when he was shown a copy of the program later he saw the third number to be "Address, by B. L. Warren." He said he thought everybody knew his address, and that if anyone wanted to send him anything to send it to him care of the Midwest Refining Company, Grey-

bull, Wyo., and he would get it all right. He then proceeded with an excellent "talk," which was interesting, instructive and full of the Christmas spirit. He especially complimented our general superintendent, L. A. Reed, of whom he said: "He is a man whom men know, and who knows men, and who lives by the Golden Rule." He read a fine letter of greeting and good wishes from our vice-president, R. S. Ellison. In conclusion, Mr. Warren expressed his appreciation of the efforts and accomplishments of the Midwest workers here and his good will and good wishes to all members of the Midwest family.

Mrs. Homer Williams then favored the family with an exquisite piano solo, her choice being Schnett's "A La Bien Aimee."

When the glorious voice of Mrs. M. H. Smith rang out triumphantly in the solo "The Christ Child" everyone hushed to listen. Such a perfect voice among us is a gift for which to thank the Great Giver.

Again the quartet held the attention of the audience, this time with the song entitled "The Angels Are Singing."

Then came thoughts of the Land of Heather, as a tiny lassie clad in a perfectly splendid Highland costume appeared on the stage. To the brisk, lilting notes of a Scotch tune, played by Mrs. Williams, little Jean Flockhart danced with such grace and beauty that we just could not let her quit. The children seemed especially pleased with her dancing, and the applause was so insistent that she returned and gave the encore.

"Down in the Forest" was the selection given by Mrs. Wesley Mortimer, and her voice came across the footlights as clear and sweet as the note of the bird of which she sang.

Once more the theater was darkened, and the children, young ones and those not so young, were carried to fairyland or back to childhood by the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk," made so true to life on the screen. Shrill little cries of "Run! Run!" when the Giant was after Jack, and of "Oh, goody!" from various parts of the hall when Jack got the best of the Giant proved that the Midwest Refining Company, in donating the film for the occasion, could not have chosen anything which would delight the children more.

Between the different numbers of the program Mr. Watson appeared on the stage and read friendly, interesting telegrams from Casper and Laramie Midwesterners to the Joint Council and Midwesterners here. He also read several telegrams which were of special interest to the children, as they came directly from Santa Claus. The first one, received early in the evening, came from Calgary, Canada, and said that Santa was just starting for Greybull. A little later Mr. Watson read a telegram which Santa sent from Butte, Mont., and which stated that "Dancer" and "Prancer" refused to travel any further, so he was leaving the reindeer there and would proceed by airship. The next discouraging message was from Frannie, Wyo., and said that because of trouble with the airship Santa was forced to abandon it, but that he would finish his trip, if possible, in Clarence Johnson's Ford. With the conclusion of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" the loud honking of an auto horn proved that the jitney had made the trip all right, and old Santa himself made his appearance at once, but stayed before the curtain just long enough to ask where he could get some *good* gasoline. Upon being told from "No. 18" he disappeared.

With happy hearts, smiling faces and many hearty "Merry Christmas" wishes, the Greybull Midwest family left the theater all feeling that the first Midwest Christmas tree was a perfect success in every way.

Too much credit cannot be given to all who coöperated in making the Greybull Midwesterners (of whom there are about 800) happy, the Industrial Council for their leadership and supervision, the talented people who entertained us with their gifts, the men of the plant who gave their contributions and support, the Midwest Refining Company for its donation of the film "Jack and the Bean Stalk." It was just as it would be in any family, a little thought, coöperation and harmony, and life was bright and happy, and each member the better for it.

The Story of Mule Creek

By W. S. Spencer, Jr., Clerk

The Mule Creek oil field is located in Wyoming, 20 miles west of Edgemont, S. D., which is a growing city on the Burlington line that runs from Omaha to Billings. The producing area of the field lies in sections 18, 19 and 30 in township 39 north, range 60 west, and sections 13, 24 and 25 in township 39 north, range 61 west.

A group of Mule Creek employes outside boarding house

Operations in the field were started by the Midwest Refining Company in January, 1919, under Mr. Raynor and Mr. Case. From that time to the present the following men were superintendents and had charge of operations: E. H. Besse, May, 1919, to January, 1920; George B. Jenkinson, January, 1920, to August, 1920. Harry W. Garney was placed in charge August 1, 1920, and is the present superintendent. In May, 1920, the territory operated by the Midwest was taken over by the Western States Oil and Land Company, which operates it at the present time. The oil companies which have production in the field are the Western States, the Ohio Oil and Peter Norbeck.

The property operated by the Western States Oil and Land Company is a homestead of E. O. Morse, who filed on the land about one year previous to the time that drilling was started.

The first well drilled by the Midwest was on the southeast quarter of section 26-39-61, and water was struck at about 450 feet. Prospects at this time were very blue and the Midwest was about ready to pull out of the field, as were the other companies, when the Ohio Oil Company struck the first oil well on section 24, about a mile north of the Midwest well. The Midwest then started well No. 1 on Wehopeso No. 2 in section 19 and brought in a producer in June, 1919. By the first of the year 1920 they had a production of something less than 100 barrels per day. The Illinois Pipe Line started laying a line from the field to the Burlington track at Dakoming and were ready to run oil in March, 1920.

In April, 1920, it started to rain and snow and kept it up for forty-two days. About three feet of snow lay on the ground and when it started to melt the roads were almost impassable. It took an eight-horse team to haul out about 1,000 pounds of groceries. At one time the camp larder was reduced to about three cans of beans and a half sack of flour, and drinking water was as scarce. Coal was so scarce that everyone, from roustabout to driller, was out chopping wood to keep up the supply of firewood.

The water question was a serious one in Mule Creek. In some oil fields they strike water when drilling for oil, but in Mule Creek they drill wells for water and strike oil. This was the case of the Western States well No. 2, Wehopeso No. 1, which was intended for a water well but came in an oil producer. Wouldn't that make an oil man mad?

Power for pumping wells, rod lines, battery of tanks and view of part of camp

In May, 1920, the Western States had four wells drilling and six producing, with a daily production of about 230 barrels. By the first of September there were

Well 4, Wehopeso 4 Lease, Mule Creek Field

twelve wells producing (three wells having been completed and put on the beam during the first week in September). October, 1920, was a big month, with thirteen wells producing and a monthly production of over 13,000 barrels.

Mule Creek, notwithstanding the hard knocks it has been given by some (probably because it is named after the most obstinate animal), is a fine place to live. The Western States and the Ohio as well have well-laid-out and well-kept camps. The Western States camp is on a sloping hill, the very highest part of the field.

At the present time all of the Western States producing wells are pumped by one power. At first a steam engine was used to pump the wells, but now we have a 37½-horsepower Fairbanks-Morse oil engine, which enables us to get a maximum production from the wells. There are three batteries of production tanks, one for each of the three producing leases. Each battery contains four or more 250-barrel steel-bolted tanks.

The producing area of the field at present is about a mile and a half long, north and south, and about one-half mile wide, east and west. The axis of the anticline is practically on the range line running north and south. The length of the field north and south is pretty well established, but the drilling so far has not determined the extent east and west. The Western States Oil and Land Company holds a good part of the possible producing area yet to be drilled.

Paden-McCrackin

On December 24, 1920, J. R. (Jim) Paden, superintendent of the building department, was united in marriage with Miss Clara McCrackin at the home of the bride's father, Ed McCrackin of Albion, Pa. This romance began three years ago while Miss Clara was visiting with her sister, Mrs. T. M. Guenin of Fresno, Calif. It was understood that Jim spent most of his time at the Guenin home, where the plans were made for an early wedding and honeymoon, but the world war placed Jim in the draft and it was decided to postpone all arrangements until after the war, and in the meantime Miss Clara was to take up a course in nursing, so after all it was no fault of Jim's that the wedding was postponed so long, but Miss Clara had decided to become a graduate nurse by that time.

The young couple, after making a short visit at the home of Mr. Paden's parents in Pittsburg, Pa., contemplate a short honeymoon through the East, returning to Casper about January 10, to be welcomed by many friends who wish them many happy years of married life.

The bride's sister is the wife of our field foreman at Osage, now living at Upton, and it is expected that it will be necessary for Jim to make a business trip to that field soon after his arrival. Again, we offer congratulations.

An Iowa woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.—*Exchange.*

The old man's name is probably Pete Roleum.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

We hope the babies will grow up a parafine girls.—*Boston Herald.*

The man who marries into that family will strike oil.—*Cape Cod Item.*

But we fear that sparking in the immediate neighborhood of the girls in question will be very dangerous pastime.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Of course they will be courted by lamplight. After marriage their husbands should not allow them to make the fire in the morning.—*Philadelphia Press.*

And the report is in all the papers.—*The Oil Motorist.*

The names indicate that the girls come of a refined family.

Ship Ahoy! Everything Overboard!

By Ed Herbert, Casper

Since November, 1919, Ed Herbert has whistled grand opera selections and kept the Midwest offices at Casper in a spotless condition. I should say that he was off the job about two months last spring, doing barber work on several flocks of sheep, but that was in the nature of a vacation. He gives us a little story of a sailor's life as he saw it while sailing the restless billows.—Ed.

Ed Herbert,
Janitor Casper Office

I am going to relate an incident that happened to me on my first voyage to sea. At the age of seventeen, being afflicted with a severe case of the "wanderlust," I left my home in Chicago and started for New Orleans via St. Louis and the Mississippi River. On my arrival in New Orleans I shipped as ordinary seaman on a bark called the Gem, bound for Havana, Cuba.

When we were out on the gulf, the mate, whose name was Herring, put me to work painting the ship's side from a stage consisting of a plank slung over the side with a rope at each end made fast to the rail. He gave me a brush and a pot of black paint and I went to work. There was an able seaman with me on the stage, and we had not painted very long when the ship gave a sudden lurch and I dropped my brush into the sea. The sailor said to me, "Holy mackerel! You'll about get killed for this, kid."

In those days the mates were tough men and used belaying pins and boots on the sailors. However, I could not paint without a brush, so I climbed on deck and said to the mate, "Mr. Herring, I dropped the brush overboard."

"The hell you did!" he roared, and made for me, but I was too quick and nimble for him and he could not catch me. He finally gave it up and went to the paint locker and got another brush for me and yelled, "Now take this brush, damn you; and if you drop this one you better go with it, as I will surely fling you overboard if you don't!"

I went back to my job nervous and trembling and had not painted very long when I sure dropped the second brush. I almost went over with it, as I was that scared. I climbed up on deck again, determined to take what was coming to me, and going up to the mate said, "Mr. Herring, I dropped that brush, too, sir."

He made a grab for me and we had another sprinting match up and down the deck, in which I was again the victor. Seeing he could not catch me, he quit, and pointing to a small stove that was used to boil pitch in, he yelled, "I'll give you a job where you won't throw anything overboard! You take that stove and scrape all the rust and pitch from it and then paint it with a wad of oakum and some red paint."

I sat down on deck and scraped and cleaned that stove bright, and of course there was a lot of rust and pitch accumulated in the stove. I went to the rail to let this drop into the sea, and in holding the stove over the rail the grate dropped out, and then I became so scared and rattled I let go of the stove, too.

I looked around for the mate, but could not see him. I went to the cabin and he was at a table examining a chart. When he looked up and saw me I cried, "I dropped the stove over, too, Mr. Herring." Instead of rushing for me he let go of everything and dropped, kicking his heels in the air and rolling around on the floor and roaring with laughter. As I started back for the deck I flung back at him over my shoulder, "Charge it up to me, Mr. Herring."

Housing the Midwest Family

Due to the fact that housing conditions were almost impossible in Casper, Laramie and Greybull, and it was imperative, if the Midwest Refining Company wanted to keep its men on the job, to help them produce homes, the Midwest Homes Association was organized by the department of industrial relations about a year and a half ago. The object of the association was to loan money to the employes in these three towns, to enable them to either buy or build homes. The operations of the association were of necessity confined to these three points, as conditions in these places were considerably worse than in other localities.

During the existence of the homes association 228 loans have been approved and close to a half-million dollars has been loaned to employes. A low rate of interest, 6 per cent, is charged on the loan and the borrower is allowed to repay his loan by very easy payments. The association requires no more of the borrower than is required by a building and loan association, and as a matter of fact the requirements are even much easier to comply with. All of the capital stock of the association has been loaned out and the only money available for loans now is the amount which is repaid each month by the borrowers, which, together with the available interest, amounts to between $5,500 and $6,000 a month. The board of directors of the homes association meets practically every month and approves loans for the amount of money on hand. Midwest employes have been enabled to build their homes in whatever part of the town they desire, and many very pretty places have been developed by them. The places owned vary all the way from one and two room houses to six and seven room places. It is a noticeable fact that the men generally take the greatest of pride in their places and do a great deal of work toward fixing them up and making them attractive. So far the association has not been compelled to take drastic measures in the case of any borrower, with the exception of one or two. These were men who left the employ of the company and failed to meet their obligations according to the liberal terms of their contracts.

Besides the 228 applications which were approved for loans the board of directors of the homes association also approved seventeen other applications; these seventeen, however, withdrew their applications before the deals were closed up. Altogether, the board of directors during the time the homes association has been in existence has rejected sixty-four applications. Of the total number of loans approved and closed a total of thirty have been paid in full; ten of these paid up their applications because of the fact that they had quit the employ of the company; sixteen were transferred from one employe to another.

All of the above loans were made to employes of the refineries at Casper, Greybull and Laramie and also to Midwest employes in the production department but who maintain their homes in Casper.

Wanted—To Trade, One Perfectly Good Eye for a Glass One, Color No Object

If you saw such an ad in the papers, you would think it was some secret code, conveying information not intended for the public. If you saw a man with a card on him with the same wording, you would put him down as a nut. There are lots of fellows, while not advertising with a sign or in the papers, signify their willingness to go through this world with only one eye, and maybe none at all. Are you going to be able to boast that you can see as much with one eye as your friend can with two? Or do you wear your goggles when there is even the slightest chance of injuring your eyes?

By some who do not want to get on the safety wagon, the theory has been advanced that the glass is dangerous when struck by hard objects. Which may be true for some of the cheap ones sold by the five and ten cent stores, but the industrial goggle is so designed that they will withstand a blow sufficient to stagger the average man before breaking the glass. So you need have no fear of getting glass in the eye when wearing the right kind of goggles, the kind furnished you by the company.

SOME EXCEPTIONS

The Washington official who says that Americans "do not function above the neck" has certainly never observed some of our girls chewing gum.—*Columbia (S. C.) Record.*

Some Midwest Family Homes

Employes' Homes at Casper, Greybull and Laramie Purchased Through The Midwest Homes Association

Our Vacation Story Contest

In the story contest held by The Review we were pleased to note the great amount of interest shown and the manuscripts submitted. The judges handed in their final decisions as to merit and construction, literary ability and all that sort of thing, and the results were:

First Prize, $15—Mrs. Gertrude Zahniser, Denver office.
Second Prize—$10—Mrs. Elsie Derby, Greybull refinery.
Third Prize—$5—Merwin Bristol, Denver office.

We publish this month the stories written by the winners.

Vacation Memories

By Gertude Zahniser

(First Prize)

"From Albuquerque to Denver, overland!" Having checked all the habiliments of civilization through to Denver, "to be held until called for," and blossomed out in our "O. D.'s," we left Albuquerque, my friend and her husband in front, the rear being shared by "Buster" (the Airdale), the grub box, camp stove, thermos bottles, poles, spikes and myself, mentioned in order of importance.

I cannot fittingly describe that wonderful trip along the old Santa Fe Trail, through canons and over mountains equaling ours in Colorado in loftiness and beauty, through Glorietta Pass, which, contrary to general opinion, is higher than Raton Pass; all of this daubed with great splotches of vermillion and vivid green, blending into the darker green of the firs on the mountainside.

The adobe mud, of which the Mexicans and Indians build their homes, is in some localities a beautiful red and in others a soft, creamy yellow or a dazzling white. Nature furnishes building material with paint mixed in, ready for use. It is wonderful to make a turn on a mountain road and suddenly come upon a quaint little village with its inevitable church, occasional jail, and the little 'dobe houses clustered about, the Mexican women creeping through sleepy streets like shadows, their heads covered with black drapery falling almost to the bottoms of their skirts (a greater distance than if some of us were similarly draped).

We were forcibly dragged away from Santa Fe, that wonderful old town with its ancient churches, century-old governor's palace (now a museum), its cliff dwellings and all the rest, by an impatient male being who had heard that there were fish in the Pecos River. We were avenged while watching him whip the stream in vain, a little ragged Mexican near by pulling them out right under his nose.

Here we met a real character, one Andrew Jackson, Esq., "Deputy Fish and Game Warden of New Mexico"—an old-time cow puncher, trapper and guide, possessing a vivid imagination, an uncanny skill in making baking-powder biscuits and a bloodhound about the size of a Shetland pony, rejoicing for obvious reasons in the name "Loud." Andy told some hair-raising stories; for example, of having ordered a couple of Mexicans out of the road, and when they refused, of "drawin' a bead and stretchin' them out where they was." "You know," he said, "there's a law agin killin' them; some folks thinks they're human." And again: "I'm just as ornery with a rope as I am with a pistol. There ain't nobody in these parts no ornier than I be."

Outside of Raton we struck a typical Salt Creek road—mud, *mud* and MORE MUD! We were forced to abandon our boat on the high seas, and having but three days of grace must perforce stalk boldly into a Pullman in our *trousers*. We must have given some of the ladies quite a shock, although the gentlemen did not seem to mind in the least. So we returned to Denver—tired, dirty, sunburned, but happy.

Vacation Memories

By Elsie L. Derby

(Second Prize)

The snow has been falling steadily all day, and now a howling night wind heralds the arrival of winter. Let 'er howl; we are warm and comfy by the flaming gas.

Did I say *gas?* Surely I am mistaken, for as the blaze rises higher I find myself sniffing the sweet odor of wood smoke mixed with the pungency of pines. There

is also a scent of tobacco, which comes, of course, from my partner's favorite old pipe. Like myself, he is stretched before our beautiful camp fire. As the fire, snapping and crackling, eats into the big pine logs the flame flares higher and higher, bringing into the circle of light the little park which we have made into our home. At a safe distance is the big tent, with flaps back to admit the heat from the fire; the car, with side curtains all on, for our most precious possession lies snug and safe within; the improvised camp table, and the little old sheet-iron stove with its rusty pipe and lids.

Off at a distance gleaming spots of light prove that even miscellaneous discarded tin cans are transformed into things of beauty by the magic of fire. The mountains, which always seem to draw in with the shadows of night, give a feeling of seclusion, security and content. Innumerable stars, close associates of the mountains for eons, look on with calm approval or wink down on me. And sometimes, when I know Dick isn't looking, I wink back, for who knows but what they may be the souls of old sweethearts gone before; or, if they really are other worlds, there may be new sweethearts on them!

Dick's voice rouses me from a silent soliloquy on the beauty, mystery, peace and perfection of life in the mountains. "We'll have to break camp early in the morning, old kid, and hit the hot, dusty trail for home."

"Uh-huh," I answer politely. Then, thinking particularly of the place where we have our home, I add: "And the farther down we go the hotter it gets, too. Why can't we stay here forever and always, world without end?"

"Well, if you want to live forever on just fish, without even salt later on, we could," he replied. That was enough to change my mind; I *do* get enough of fish, even though he never gets enough of *fishing*. So I just sort of switch the subject by saying:

"I think the first night in camp is the joyfulest, but the last one is both sweetest and saddest, don't you?"

"She's been a great trip, anyhow," he declared emphatically. "And eventful, too, although at the time we might have described things differently."

And it certainly had been full of events. When leaving home several days before we had admired the unusual sight of a beautiful rainbow at sunrise, and had no forebodings of what was before us even when one of the folks who was bidding us Godspeed called attention to it, saying:

"A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight,
A rainbow in the morning, sailor take warning!"

We laughed at that and replied that we would be high and dry in the mountains by night.

However, about the time that we should have been pitching camp we were far from high and dry. Quite the contrary; our car was in the middle of the stream and stuck to the one spot like a cocklebur to a sheep's wool. There was water in front of us, water behind us, water running under the car and flowing steadily into the engine. And, worst of all, the water was also soaking into our bed-roll, which was fastened on the runningboard. Then, to cap the climax, one of those sudden mountain showers came up, and, like Crusoe's island, we were surrounded by water.

Night was coming on: our bodies, tired after the long, hot trip, longed for the peace and rest of camp, while our tummies clamored for eats. 'Twould be sad to think what our fate might have been had not one of the cars we had passed some time before come suddenly upon the scene. I don't know what kind of a car it was, but I'm sure it was the most beautiful car in the world and the folks in it the kindest of humans.

Dick waded to shore with the wet bedroll, which he dropped heavily upon the sand, then took the rope which bound it to use as a towline. I manipulated the steering wheel and the dodads in the car while he and the other men engineered the towline, the other car and the wheels of our car. With skill and labor and much washing of feet we were soon on the good dry earth again. Our kind assistants made camp in a little grove nearby. Still in hopes of reaching our most favorite spot, we moved on.

After going several miles we started up a long, steep grade, which seemed to double its steepness with each inch of the

way. In fact, it got so nearly straight up and down that we reached the place where the gasoline could no longer feed, and there we were! High and dry, all right, but no more suitable a place for a camp than the middle of Wood River had been. We couldn't go forward and didn't dare to go backward, for that would have sent us speedily and disastrously hundreds of feet below, back into the creek again. And the extremely steep sides to both right and left of the trail made turning impossible.

As I bent to put the 'steenth stone under one of the back wheels I heard someone saying:

"How are you going to get over this?"

"Fly, I guess," answered Dick.

The stranger turned to his companion and said: "I wish we were flying!"

With that remark we looked at him more attentively and recognized King Koalburt, the flying ace of Casper.

"If she can't go forward, and it won't do to go backward, let's pick her up and carry her over this impossible place—it's only a little ways."

And "pick and carry her" they did, some way or other—a little help to the wheels this way, and another lift that way, and she was able to go again.

There had been a few minor incidents during the following days, thrilling at the time. Dreamily I say to Dick: "A life with many pleasant spots in memory's casket is supremely blessed."

"You better wake up and go to bed, old kid," comes his answer.

And as I stretch and arise to do his bidding (having once promised to let him coax, wheedle and boss me) my foot comes in contact with the rocker of a chair. That fully awakens me, and I realize that memories have had full sway. After looking at my "most precious possession" snug in her own little bed I walk to the window and look out at the lights shining on the rig where they are drilling the deep well. And I say to myself: "I know what I'll do when the great gusher comes in which makes squillionaires of all us Greybull-lions." (Get that word "bullion"—that means money, coin, kale, cash, spondulix or the wherewithal.) "I'll build a great lodge of pines, right up there among the pines. And in the big living-room we'll have a great-hearted fireplace, with snapping pine logs. And before the blaze will be Midwesterners and other friends, all giving of their best of dreams, realities and memories.

Toot Fini.

Vacation Memories

By Merwin Bristol

(Third Prize)

"All right, I guess we're through."

Thus spake the big boss at 10 o'clock one evening late in August. My vacation was to begin next day, and he had found a million things to be done in the grand "clean-up" that must take place before I could be released.

"Good night; have a good time and come back prepared to work like blazes." So saying, he departed, and I was free.

Two whole weeks, with nothing to do but follow my own sweet will. Oh, boy!

Mother had planned a visit to my uncle's farm in the fruit-growing district along the Poudre in Larimer County, and had asked me to accompany her, and we were to leave next morning. I closed the office and went home, with visions of sunny fields, ripe orchards, horseback rides and fried chicken foremost in my tired brain, and with those visions in mind I went to sleep and dreamed. * * *

The stuffy train finally puffed into the red-painted station and came jerkily to a stop. My sunburned, leather-necked cousin greeted us heartily, loaded our baggage and us into the flivver, and after a pleasant ride through shady lanes, during which we learned all the recent local history, we found ourselves at the rustic white farmhouse with its green roof, set in its grove of tall old cottonwoods. The folks, including Nero, the watchdog, and the seven cats, appeared overjoyed to see us, and that evening, while we sat on the spacious screened-in front porch listening to the peaceful murmur of the river and the musical chirp of crickets, a rested feeling descended upon me and I wished to goodness that I owned a farm like my uncle's instead of slaving the year round in a noisy office, and I resolved that some time I would effect a change.

For two days I enjoyed the life I had dreamed of that evening before my vaca-

tion began. Then one morning when I woke up and turned my head I became suddenly and unpleasantly aware of a sharp, deep-seated pain in the left side of my neck. I sat up with some difficulty, raised by hand to the place that hurt and touched it gingerly. I could feel a small lump—a "hickey," as it were. Then I tried to move my head slightly from side to side—ouch! The verdict was—a boil!

Thunder! Just the same kind of luck I always had! Why did it have to come while I was on my vacation? However, I managed to worry through that day in a sort of stiff-necked fashion with a flaxseed poultice on my neck.

In the evening there was to be an oyster supper and social at the church, and I was slated to drive mother and my two old-maid cousins down in the Ford. Besides being old maids these cousins had a sense of humor, particularly with reference to boils, that seemed to me to be morbid and misplaced, and before we left the social all the bucolic denizens of the community knew how funny (?) my boil was. That night I dreamed again, of oysters with faces resembling those of my two old-maid cousins.

My boil grew worse, and I had to stay in bed until the day before my vacation ended. And as I rode back toward home I concluded that my stuffy office was the place for me after all.

Wedding Bells

Anderson-Fowler

Charles A. Fowler of Casper and Jessie Anderson of Torrington were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wilmer Gamble, at Torrington, December 29, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Keith Anderson of Stronghurst, Ill., a brother of the bride.

Mrs. Fowler is a leader in Wyoming musical circles and has been responsible for the appearance of many noted artists at Casper.

Mr. Fowler holds a responsible position with the Midwest Refining Company in the operating department.

Mokler-King

The marriage of Alfa May Mokler to Garrett King was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mokler, on Park avenue, New Year's day. The marriage service was read by the Rev. Charles Wilson of the Presbyterian Church.

The bride is a daughter of one of the oldest families of Casper and is a charming and talented girl. The groom is with the Midwest Refining Company and is connected with the accounting department.

The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony for a two weeks' honeymoon, after which they will be at home to their many friends in Casper.

Thompson-Anderson

Anna M. Thompson and John K. Anderson were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Hoffhine, in Cheyenne on Christmas day.

Only a few relatives and friends of the families were present, and after a short honeymoon the young people returned to Casper, where they are at home to their many friends at 431½ East Railroad avenue.

The bride is a very popular teacher at the Park school and the groom is an engineer connected with the Midwest Refining Company, with offices at Casper.

A Victim of the Yellow Peril

B. F. McCann, Jr., of the tax division of the Denver office, met with a rather painful accident upon the occasion of his visit to Casper the early part of December. In company with Robert J. Veitch, commissioner of Natrona County, in the latter's new Apperson "Jack Rabbit," they challenged the right of way on Center street of a gondola coal car, backed up by one of the C. & N. W. railroad's compounds. "Barney," as he is more generally known, incurred a severe blow over the right temple which inflicted an annoying cut on his scalp. Luckily and much to the satisfaction of Barney's friends, the car in which he was riding was of such construction and the air on the compound was working so efficiently that the train was stopped before any serious damage was done. Barney says that for the moment—due to the life he has always led—he had a distinct vision of old St. Peter extending the hand of welcome with a cordial invitation to enter and take the seat long since reserved. The fact that one of the leading undertakers of Casper called up the next day and inquired as to Barney's condition may or may not have had some significance, but so long as Barney is back at his desk with renewed ambition and energy the readers of the Review may well congratulate the Midwest Refining Company, Barney and themselves upon his narrow escape.

Our Review Artist

Portrait by J. F. Albertson, Casper Wax Plant

If you want a minister, a doctor, a preacher or an artist, you can find him on the Midwest payrolls.

The cover this month is the work of a Midwest man, J. F. Albertson, employed at the Casper wax plant. He has had work at some of the leading art schools of the East, and the work on the cover, as well as the portrait of W. H. Leavitt above, is the sort of work that goes well with The Midwest Review.

Mahoney Dome Notes

Floyd H. Hatfield, driller, has left the company service and is now working on a contract hole for the Ohio company.

J. L. Whitney and C. I. Tersilliger, drillers, are working on the Mahoney Dome well and expect to finish it in the near future.

Yes, Harry Goetz is still on the job, and says if anyone wants to tell you tool dressing isn't a man's job to ask him, and he isn't the baby of the family, either.

Now They Wear Clean Collars

Miss Adolphine Reyneke, Stenographer Laramie Warehouse. First woman employe at Laramie Refinery

Miss Adolphine E. Reyneke is the first member of the gentler sex to be employed at the new Laramie refinery.

Miss Reyneke is a stenographer in the warehouse office, coming to Laramie from Pittsburgh about November 1. Her father, M. E. Reyneke, is material accountant in the warehouse department.

HANDICAPPED

"There are no more enterprising young men. Why, I remember when it was a common thing for a young man to start out as a clerk and in a few years own the business."

"Yes, but cash registers have been invented since."—*Virginia Reel.*

QUICK ACTION

Said a teacher of much erudition,
"I deplore the poor workingman's condition."
When he learned what they earned,
His profession he spurned,
And became a high-paid mechanician.
—*The American Legion Weekly.*

Bernard F. McCann, Jr.

Bernard F. McCann, Jr.
Recently elected director of Midwest Employes' Benefit Association for Denver District

Born in Pennsylvania, some few years ago; being single, he refuses to state how many. Began his career as newsboy, where he first demonstrated his unusual business sagacity by selling the morning newspaper which was delivered daily at his home, after the contents had been devoured by all the members of the McCann family. With this as a start, he later became a regular "newsie." After leaving the newspaper game his pursuits were many and varied. He dabbled in law, became owner of a stationery store, and in 1910 entered politics as a constituent of the Landslide party. Began work for the Midwest Refining Company in the accounting division in 1918, and is now a member of the tax division. That much for his business. Now for the man himself. Barney, as he is known to us, has a heart inversely proportionate to his stature. Although not possessing the goods of this world to an alarming extent, his charity has endeared him to the hearts of all far above the power of money to add or detract. His one joy in life is to help others. We know of no finer tribute which can be paid any man in any station of life than to say he has never lost an opportunity to be of aid to his fellow men. Not the least of these is the sparing of the pain of meeting personally a certain Mr. Downer, which unpleasantness many of our people would otherwise have been forced to endure. His popularity is proven by his decisive victory in the recent election. Summing it all up, we are confident the coming year will prove the wisdom of our choice.

Mrs. Ernest Forth nad as her house guest over the Christmas holidays her sister-in-law, Mrs. Glenn Roe, and daughter Rosie, from Casper.

Mr. Green Russell Simpson

G. R. Simpson
Recently elected director of Midwest Employes' Benefit Association for Big Horn District

Green Russell Simpson was born March 15, 1884, in Macon County, Missouri. Mr. Simpson has been in the employ of the Midwest for the past four years as blacksmith. He acted as one of the first visiting committees after the benefit association was formed. His strict adherence to his duties led him to the nomination and election of director for the ensuing year. Mr. Simpson is prominent in lodge circles, belonging to the Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges. He is also a great admirer of General Pershing, having been reared only a short distance from the famous Black Jack's home.

In Answer to "The Lost Voice"

I was seated one morn at my switchboard,
  I was patient and all at ease,
When a call from out of the city
  Came in to disturb my peace.
I knew not where the call came from,
  But I knew well who it was for,
So I pushed in a plug and began ringing;
  I rang till my fingers were sore.
The party I wanted was talking
  To someone who stood by his desk;
He heard not the phone that was ringing,
  And still *I* was doing *my* best.

You see it is not always my fault
  If your party you don't always get right;
I'm here to give you the best service I know
  And to do it I most have to fight.
Just come in and sit at my switchboard
  And answer a few hundred calls,
You'll find that my life isn't all roses,
  And I'm not a person who stalls.
If the called one would answer his phone bell
  Immediately after I've rung,
You'd smile and look supremely happy,
  And not say, "Oh d——, I'm stung!"

G. F. BREMERMANN.

Glenn Roe and Bobbie Roe, Miss Mildred Hamilton and Miss Davis came out from Casper to the Salt Creek New Year's Eve dance, and spent New Year's day with Mrs. E. B. Forth. They all claimed to have had one grand time.

The Moral of the Bull Gang

With Apologies to George Ade

By R. M. Grant, Casper Refinery

Once upon a time in the home of the Harvard Accent and the Baked Bean neé Boston, there existed the Scion of one of the Effete East's Poor but Best Families. For the Past Two Seasons he had been Drawing Twenty-seven Iron Men every Saturday Noon as a Reward for Cluttering Up one of the Hulis Refined Law Offices.

R. M. Grant, Casper Refinery

This was all Fitting and Proper, but somehow our Hero couldn't make his Champagne Appetite Coincide with his Beer Income.

And even as the Suns of the Fathers descend unto the Seventh Generation, so the Great Tragedy entered his Life. The Only Girl, She of the Djer Kiss Complexion and the Monoturian Conversation, Turned him Down. While she had been content to Play Around with him because of the Aristocratic Manner with which he Manhandled a Murad and his Intimate Knowledge of the Best Families' Scandals, she decided to send her Laundry out with the Newly Rich Owner of a Sausage Factory from Omaha.

There seemed nothing for the Rejected Suitor to do but to dust the Clammy Fogs of Boston from his Nettletons and Start Life Anew. The Momentus Question was Where. With the Inborn Gambling Spirit of his late Father, who had been Known to Offer Odds that the Sun could be seen Once a Month in his Native Wickiup, he Decided to leave it all to Fate. Shutting his Eyes and Jabbing a Scarf Pin in the nearest Map, he opened them to Discover his Imitation Amethyst Impaled in the center of Wyoming. He Accordingly set forth for the Land of Opportunity, Hard Boiled Eggs, and Moonshine Whisky, finishing his Journey on that High Powered Meteor of Twentieth Century Transportation, the Northwestern's Sage Hen.

Not being Able to Subsist on Snowballs, he Attached Himself to the Only Job in Sight—the Bullgang. Never Having Done anything more Strenuous than Add up a Golf Score, he found it Harder to Take than Making Love to a Homely Girl on a Moonlight Night. His only Consolation was that some of the Great and Many More of the Near Great had started the Same Way. At the end of the Second Week all he could see was the Prospects of a New Shovel when he Wore Out the one he was still Wielding. That Evening through the Tavern Door of Gape he saw a Buddy Bullganger Bearing a Bottle on his Hip, but it wasn't Grape. It was Fifty-fifty Grain Alcohol and Hard Cider. It only took a Few Shots to Produce the Conviviality that Breeds Contempt, and Unknowingly he Opened a Conversational Barrage on one of the Local Oil Maggots who Also had been Sampling the Cup that Cheers.

"About the Queerest Experience I Ever Had," continued the Oil Man after they had Begun to Get Clubby, "was in Drilling a Hole from the Top of a Cliff. We Had Gone Down Seven Hundred Feet when we Started to Run Eight Inch. We Ran Five Hundred Feet Before we Discovered the Hole had gone Crooked and come Out on the Side of the Cliff and the Pusher for Another Company was Unscrewing the Casing at the Bottom as Fast as We Ran it in from the Top."

"That Reminds Me," replied our Hero, "of When I was Drilling in India. We used to Strike a Belt of Rubber at Eleven Hundred Feet, Shut the Power Off and Let the Tools Bounce Up and Down until We Drilled Through." Whereupon the Oil Man discovered he Wasn't the Best Liar in Natrona County, and Hired his Most Recent Acquaintance at a Salary Several Times as Large as He had been

Making Digging Holes and Filling them Up.

MORAL: A Little Bit of Bull Makes the Whole World Kin.

Death Calls Midwest Men

Hiram W. Moore

The whole Midwest family was shocked to learn of the death of Hiram W. Moore on December 9 at his home on West Yellowstone avenue, Casper. "Daddy" Moore, as he was known, was one of the first employes of the Midwest at Casper, and had the distinction of refining the first barrel of oil from the Midwest refinery. Heart trouble was assigned as the cause of his death. He is survived by his widow and three daughters.

* * *

William T. Hahn

William T. Hahn, age 56, employed at the Casper refinery, died December 15 after a lingering illness of many months. Mr. Hahn has had a long and interesting career in the West, having served with the government forces in Mexico and other southwestern campaigns when a boy of 19. For many years he was a prospector and miner in Colorado. He is survived by a wife and a brother, the latter living in Michigan. The funeral was held under the auspices of the Masons, of which Mr. Hahn was a member, from the Shaffer-Gay chapel December 17.

* * *

John Gillander

John Gillander, age 56, died at his home on South Walnut street, January 10. Heart trouble was given as the cause of death. The deceased was employed at the Casper refinery as watchman, having been employed in that capacity since last summer. He is survived by a wife and two sons, who accompanied the body to Boulder, Colo., for burial.

Robert Rowland

Robert Rowland, a machinist in the employ of the Midwest Refining Company, died January 11 at the Casper private hospital following an operation. The deceased was born in Bristol, England, and came to this country when a young man. He had been a resident of Casper for about three years, during which time he had made a large number of friends. He is survived by his widow, one daughter and a son.

Casper Storage Yard

If there are any compliments coming to the storage yard because of "speedy" delivery, the thanks belong to T. B. Virgne, who has been in charge of the loading of trucks since December 1. The company trucks are now in charge of L. A. Robinson. We are expecting great results, "Lew." The office is in charge of E. J. Treglown.

Mr. McKendry announces that the stork beat Christmas in coming to his house and left a young lady. Mr. McKendry came across with the seegars, for which we were duly thankful, and naturally we extend our hearty congratulations.

HOW IS YOUR IMAGINATION? CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Supt. Dunbar without a pipe or cigar?
L. A. Robinson without a smile?
M. R. Taylor ruffled?
T. P. Counts without his mustache?
Bobbie O'Bryan without a girl?
Lyman Spalding a world's champion?
If you can, you can do better than I.

E. J. Treglown would like to ask the Denver office information what she has against the field men.

And They Shot Jesse James

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Greybull Refinery Notes

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Greybull Still in the Running!
The Great One Thousand
Cent
Prize, Second Money in Vacation "Memories"
Contest

comes to Greybull, bringing friends, fame and fortune to the winner in the Oil City. However, like all vast sums of money, and especially when acquired suddenly, with the pleasure that comes from efforts rewarded comes the trouble which money always brings. What to do with all this wealth is now the perplexing problem! The purchase of that limitless fund of information—the dictionary—paying a dollar down and a cent a year until the entire sum is exhausted, might be a wise investment. Or using it as a first payment on a course in story-writing is also worthy of serious consideration. Oh, well—it comes right at Christmas time, the heart is full of love for the many kiddies we know, the "Five and Ten Store" is full of toys, doodads and thingamajigs to make bright eyes brighter—so, like old "Dr. Tinkle Tinker of old Toy Town, who makes everyone happy when he is around," we'll just spend the "beans" for the babies.

At this writing we haven't heard to which place the first prize went nor who the lucky winner was. However, we'd be willing to wager it took a man to do it, for how can any woman be expected to do justice to a broad subject like "Memories" in a mere fire hundred words?

All jokes aside, we sincerely congratulate the person whose story won first place, and also congratulate all others who entered stories in the contest. If everyone enjoyed doing it as much as Greybull did, it was well worth a little time and thought.

The Time: November 30, 1920.
The Place: Thermopolis, Wyo.
The Girl: Miss Hazel Clutter.
Leading Man: Joe Eddleman.
Performance: A marriage ceremony.

When Mr. and Mrs. Joe Eddleman returned to Greybull on December 2 they were met at the train by a number of friends who extended congratulations and all good wishes. A heavy shower of rice added to the surprise and confusion of the newlyweds.

Miss Charlotte Hartman joined the office force of clerks on December 3.

Most of the employes of the plant gathered in the machine shop on December 8 to witness moving pictures of the oil industry which were shown for their enjoyment.

Born, on December 11, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Loveland, twins—a boy and a girl. The boy survived only a few hours.

Messrs. Peake and Finney of the gas department were visitors at the Greybull plant a couple of days in December.

Mr. Richards, a member of Mr. Steele's purchasing department, was in Greybull December 18.

Ed. Landers went to Casper for a few days, returning to Greybull December 18.

On December 19 "Mac" (Mr. W. B. McCune) left for Kansas City to help make Christmas Day more joyous for his best loved lady, his little mother.

G. V. Allen and family departed on December 22 for a holiday visit in Montana.

Miss Hughes, daughter of Mrs. Mary Hughes and a sister W. T. Hughes, came in from Denver on December 24, her arrival being a delightful Christmas surprise to her folks.

Mrs. T. W. Norbury returned December 8 from a six months' visit with her parents in England.

Bill Hovis has been a rival of the sun as an early riser for quite some time. During the summer months Bill could have been seen (if anyone else had been awake to see) stepping briskly to work at about three G. M. (G. M. being good-morning). He'll have to watch his step now, however, if he keeps his record of first one up with the sun. For at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hovis the sun shone on December 11 brighter than it ever did shine before, a little son who is called "Bill, Jr." having come to rule their home on that day. And a baby son can make a doting father rise at more unearthly hours than Old Sol ever did.

If you have not already read what the reporter of the Denver office news wrote in the Christmas number, it would be fine for you to read—and *heed*. For he has "said something" which might well be applied to the Greybull refinery news. Read and act upon the suggestions in his second paragraph, which begins with this fact: "Co-operation is absolutely necessary." There are a few of the folks at our plant who help each month with news, and their help is very much appreciated, just as *your* news and help would also be appreciated.

This reporter also agrees with him when he says: "No joke is worth the slightest injury to a fellow employe's feelings. All little personal jokes will be written with the intention not of laughing *at* the individual but of laughing *with* him. Should we happen to err in this regard we should be notified at once and suitable reparation will be made."

Elk Basin Field

No doubt the readers of the Midwest Review think there are no children in this field, but if they could have attended the Christmas exercises held in the school house December 27 they would be inclined to think differently, as the children of this place, about sixty in number, entertained their parents and employes of this field by recitations and songs. A tree was prepared and candy, nuts and fruit were there in abundance. The affair was financed by the proceeds of a basket social given at the Midwest dining hall, to which the young men and women donated very liberally in delicious things to eat as well as money. Thanks is to be extended to Miss Wymer, Mrs. Bushey, Miss Barngrover and Mrs. Barngrover for so patiently working in training the children for this entertainment.

There are no streams near here, but some few days ago the people began to sniff when they got out in the air, and when asked what it was they replied, "Fish." Sure enough, Mr. Deaton had them here and gave a fish supper that night. It was well attended and all went home feeling that Mr. Deaton was a good entertainer, with the exception of one who was still eating when the crowd left. To account for this his wife is not at home.

J. H. Rutz of the accounting department is enjoying the holidays with relatives in Scottsbluff, Neb., and Greeley, Colo.

A. E. Deaton is assisting in the warehouse in the absence of Mr. Rutz. Andy says he likes it fine if he can accustom himself to the smell of ink.

Miss Thelma Eddy, who is attending high school at Powell, Wyo., is enjoying the holiday vacation with her parents.

S. E. (Father) Smith left us a few days ago for his home in Los Angeles, Cal., to spend his vacation, but last reports state that Billings, Mont., was as far as he had gone.

Laramie News Notes

ELECTION RETURNS

Numerous elections have been held during December, with the following results:

LARAMIE JOINT COUNCIL

W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1; J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2; R. S. Morris, Division No. 3; F. O. Blair, management representative; R. B. Moudy, management representative; W. C. Bremerman, management representative; H. L. Minister, secretary.

MIDWEST BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Jess Wills, director Laramie district, re-elected.

Adoption of the Laramie Joint Industrial Council by a vote of 154 for to 1 against.

The Laramie branch of the Industrial Council was installed at a banquet held at the Connor Hotel December 2, 1920, the following being present:

H. M. Blackmer, president Midwest, Denver; H. H. Brooks, treasurer Midwest, Denver; L. A. Reed, general superintendent manufacturing department, Casper; Burke H. Sinclair, director industrial relations, Casper; F. O. Blair, engineer, Laramie; R. B. Moudy, chemist, Laramie; W. C. Bremerman, yard foreman, Laramie; W. A. Cummings, representative Division No. 1; J. H. Sanders, representative Division No. 2; H. L. Minister, secretary, Laramie; J. F. Cullen, superintendent, Laramie; Dr. McCollum, company physician, Laramie; Joe Sullivan, representative Midwest Homes Association, Laramie; Will McMurray, company attorney, Laramie; T. M. Bingham, chief clerk, Laramie.

Burke H. Sinclair, director of industrial relations, acted as toastmaster.

W. A. Arrington of the timekeeping force was called to Texarkana, Texas, December 3 on account of the serious illness of his father. He has returned to work now and his father is improved and getting along nicely.

James Hughes and James Henderson, who were badly burned about the face and neck October 18, have returned to work.

Mrs. T. M. Bingham, wife of T. M. Bingham, chief clerk, has joined her husband after an absence of thirteen months in California.

Floyd Bremerman, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Mercy Hospital in Denver, has fully convalesced and is back on the job.

Mrs. W. S. Ingham, wife of W. S. Ingham of the warehouse, suffered a fracture of her left hand in an electric wringer.

W. C. Bremerman has been confined to his bed for several days threatened with a light attack of pneumonia.

F. O. Blair, engineer, desires the following information from Burke H. Sinclair: "Was the bottle mentioned in one of the toasts at the banquet broken?"

Superintendent J. F. Cullen was in Denver the first week of December on company business. On returning to Laramie he was called to Casper to go over some new work with Mr. Hanson that is now in course of construction at the Laramie plant.

F. A. Miller, warehouseman, went to Casper December 9 to attend to some business matters.

George (Red) Haskins, formerly of the U. P. freight office, has been added to the shipping department.

H. F. Comfort, C. M. A., was a visitor at the Laramie plant December 18.

Palmer Larson of the chemistry department is spending Christmas holidays with his parents at Goldfield, Colo. Paul Fitzke, a student from the University of Wyoming, Laramie, has been doing Mr. Larson's work during his absence.

Dick Williams spent Christmas visiting friends in Hill City, Kan.

H. C. Hornsby, assistant timekeeper, spent Christmas with his father in Denver.

Fannie Walsh spent Christmas with relatives in Denver.

E. P. Doyle spent Christmas in Denver.

Chas. Loucks entertained the members of the joint council at an informal banquet on December 9. Words can never express how greatly we are indebted to Mr. Loucks, for the occasion marked a new branch of society. All present had a sumptuous feast as well as enjoying a most pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Minister spent Christmas visiting friends and relatives in Denver.

On December 24 the employes presented As-

sistant Superintendent F. O. Blair with a Remington automatic shotgun and leather case. Immediately Blair was stricken with "hunting fever." Thus on December 26 he braved the storm and cold wave and went hunting "cottontails," a number of which were seen. The results of his bag have been kept a profound secret for four reasons, namely: eyesight, the gun, trigger finger and buck fever.

On Saturday afternoon, December 18, Chairman F. O. Blair called a special meeting of the Laramie Joint Council. After the secretary had called the roll, Chairman Blair called the meeting to order and the following charges were made against Superintendent Cullen:

1st. That our superintendent lacks morals.

2nd. That he is a hard man to get along with or to work under.

3rd. That he rolls dice and that on one occasion he enticed one of the employes to roll dice with him — beating him and taking all his money, which had been saved to buy a hat for the wife of said employe.

4th. That corks had been found in the superintendent's car, which evidence was turned over to the dry government authorities. After making an examination, authorities decided that the corks belonged to certain bottles containing spirituous liquors.

Superintendent Cullen immediately pleaded guilty to the first three charges, but he could not account for the fourth, excepting for the reason that on several occasions he had loaned his car to some of the employes.

5th. It was then charged that our superintendent was neglectful and wasteful, for corks of this type are valuable at this time.

6th. That Superintendent Cullen is a native son.

Superintendent Cullen was then assessed $3.75 for a box of cigars. This amount he handed to the secretary.

Chairman Blair then made the motion that we overlook the faults and shortcomings of our superintendent. After this motion was seconded, voted on and passed, Chairman Blair, on behalf of the company employes, presented Mr. Cullen with a beautiful Elk pin. Mr. Cullen then made his speech of acceptance.

Superintendent Cullen left for California December 18, expecting to be gone about three weeks. He is visiting his parents in Gilroy, Cal. We know not whether he will come back alone, as rumors have it that he will not.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ambrose are spending their vacation visiting relatives in Denver and Boulder, Colo.

H. E. Milestrup has been added to the clerical force. He will keep record of all repair and construction costs, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Voegtle attended a family reunion Christmas day at Boulder, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Carol S. Moir spent Christmas in Denver.

Refinery Warehouse Notes

Mr. Granger, representing the Hendrie & Bolthoff Manufacturing and Supply Company, called at the warehouse December 20. He went from here to his home in Denver, to be with his family at Christmas time.

Messrs. Harry G. Hughes, M. W. Haney and Thomas H. Feeherry are the new members of the accounting department, recently organized by H. F. Comfort.

Arthur James entertained his sister, Mrs. Bessie J. Dillon, from Vancouver, B. C., for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beyer welcomed on December 28 the arrival of a girl baby. Mrs. Beyer was formerly stenographer in the warehouse and was the first woman to be employed at the refinery. Mother and baby are doing nicely and it is thought the father will recover.

F. H. Holloway, new assistant at the invoice desk, entertained Miss Ruth Clark of Milan, Mo., through the holidays.

A. T. Slack, Western Electric Company salesman, was a business caller December 18.

On December 22 C. A. Black left for Denver to spend the holidays with his father and mother. Mr. Black was accompanied by his son.

L. F. Hussion spent the Christmas season with his parents and friends in Denver.

A new member of the accounting force is Mrs. S. L. Arledge, comptometer operator.

John Hodgins, the efficient receiving clerk at the warehouse, is wearing a smile that won't come off—his wife is here and John has convinced her that Casper is the garden spot of the world.

Ray E. Robertson has returned from a vacation of two weeks spent in his home town of Auburn, Neb., where he went to help celebrate the golden wedding anniversary of his father and mother. Mrs. Robertson, who had been visiting her parents at Manhattan, Kan., joined Mr. Robertson at Auburn and returned with him to their home in Casper.

The Claude Crosby residence on South St. Botolph Street has been purchased by R. H. Cooley, who came to Casper in September from Lincoln, Neb.

You have heard fishing stories,
And of hunters great,
But none so fascinating
As Tom's of Buckman's Lake.

'Twas Sunday morn quite early
When Tommy sallied forth;
He surely did look burly
As he beat it for the north.

With gun and ammunition,
Haversack as well,
He approached the lake on Buckman's,
And his heart began to swell.

Then, a-crawling and a-creeping,
He reached the grasses tall;
There he saw a mallard sleeping,
The biggest of them all.

Up jumped our gallant Tommy:
POW, POW and POW again—
Gol'dern yer pow—
I—now I'll get you now.

Then, standing very firmly,
He powed and powed once more,
And having to reload
He gazed upon that duck with awe.

The poor old bird looked dopey,
And slowly drooped his head;
Then Tommy started crying,
For the poor old duck was *dead*.

No, Tommy didn't shoot him,
Nor scare him to his death;
It was a natural dying,
The old duck did his best.

There's no use in blaming Tommy,
His shells were without shot;
You can bet your bottom dollar
That he'll make it hot for Scott.

H. M. KERR, Casper Boilershop.

Denver Notes

WE APOLOGIZE, MR. DAILEY

On November 1 H. E. Dailey, assistant traffic manager, left our midst to become a member of the land department, with headquarters in Casper. Due to an oversight on our part, we failed to make proper mention of this in the last issue of the Review. However, we hasten to assure Mr. Dailey that we have missed him and we certainly hated to lose him, but are somewhat pacified with the knowledge that our loss is his gain. We sincerely trust he will not fail to drop in the Denver office, at least occasionally, to say hello. In the meantime we send our best wishes.

Accounting Division

Recently one of the boys from the accounting division had occasion to be present in the office of a public official while the young lady stenographer was endeavoring to locate a party by phone. Upon obtaining the number she asked if Mr. So-and-so, who had a laboratory, was located there. Response at the other end of the wire seemed to indicate a negative reply, whereupon she wished to know why "Lab." should appear after his name in the city directory if he didn't have a laboratory. Well, Mr. Heerlein says that if a transfer comes in calling for a hand-hol(d)e gasket, we should not infer it meant an engagement ring.

Our attention has been called to a very efficient method of getting the studs into the bosom of a stubborn dress shirt. R. S. Wass advises anyone interested to just moisten a wash-cloth and with the able assistance of a friend dampen the buttonhole on the inside.

A little advice to MacNichols: One fellow's wife left last week for the coast, another has been gone a couple of months; but the rest of us are still ruled by the rolling-pin.

Korn's wife is still sending him his shotgun. Some of those ducks will be geese next year, Phil.

On January 1 our newlywed, Henry Vervalin, relieved A. L. Meade of the settlement division, who left to take up duties with the Matador Oil Corporation, operating in the Texas oil fields. Mr. Meade has been a member of the Midwest family over two years, during which time he has made numerous friends among the Denver office personnel. Our sincere good wishes go with Mr. Meade in his new undertaking.

Occasionally when we get an acute attack of the blues and wonder at this and that fellow's success, we think of the fellows who acquired fame through the accumulation of rare gems, antiques, etc., which was nothing more or less than making a life work of that which they loved best. It isn't so difficult to understand one's fascination for beautiful stones, antiques, etc., but it is difficult indeed to comprehend any fascination in the collection of commercial moth balls, whose luster is far outstripped by their odor.

I WONDER WHY—

Judkins hasn't any friends among the street car conductors.

Korn has quit eating candy.

Waltman shaved off his mustache.

Scherrer and McAlpine can't be heard in Casper.

Lucille received all of Huegli's candy. (Too late, Huegli!)

Heinie Vervalin rolls his own these days.

Purchasing Department

"QUOTATIONS F. O. B. DENVER"

When inconsiderate persons refuse to do anything startling, what is a poor reporter to do for news? Such a situation is bad enough at any time, but it is even worse during this "after-the-holidays" season, when the reportorial brain does not scintillate with the usual number of bright ideas. Our only hope is that the other members of the family feel half as stupid as we do—in which event we may "get by."

There is no truth in the old adage, "Nobody loves a fat man." No one who witnessed the joyful greeting extended to our Mr. Richards upon his return from a "get-acquainted" trip to the field can ever again believe that maxim. From observation it would seem to us that it should be re-written to read: "Everybody loves *some* fat men."

Isn't it funny that every argument has two sides until you take one—and then one side disappears?"—*Selected.*

Isn't it funny that our former associate, George Kookle, had so little time for visiting purposes during his recent trip to Denver? One might have inferred that George had important business.

"Wives are sold in the Fiji Islands for five dollars each; shame, isn't it?"

"Yep," growled the grouchy bachelor; "more profiteering."—*Selected.*

Anyway, the prophecies of lower prices make cheerful reading.—*Providence Journal.*

Two very charming members have been recently added to our staff, namely: Miss Marie Bellew and John Heuer. Miss Bellew is a new member of the family, but Mr. Heuer has merely transferred his affections from dittoing, etc., in the stock and dividend division to the filing department of the purchasing division. On second thought, we believe we are giving a false impression when we say that Johnny has "transferred" his affections to our filing department. How can a thing be *transferred* to a point where it is already located? We would mention, in

passing, that it titles are given in proportion to the size of persons' desks we believe that Mr. Heuer must be, at the very least, assistant purchasing agent.

BE THRIFTY!

Remember that a dollar earned is a quarter saved.—*Life.*

A FHYNE RHYME, IN RE COW, CALF AND BIRD

One day I took a photograph
Of daddy's spotted cow and caph;
They lay at ease in a ravine
On the cool turf of freshest grine.
"Oh, goodness me," exclaimed the calf,
"Such flummadingos make me lalf!"

Just then a sparrow on a bough
Hurled a bass solo at the cough;
Her bovine ladyship averred,
"How nice of that dear little berred!"
—*John Talman, in Life.*

SUGGESTIONS

Verily, the most necessary thing in a shop, store, bank, railroad office or factory is to keep the peace. He who scrappeth not with his neighbor and closeth his gab is getting a cinch on the foremanship. And the foreman who smothereth a feud and turneth the hose on the clique is already engaged to the proprietor's lovely daughter, and the painter is busy putting his name on the sign. Those who say, "Ha! ha! See me do him!" are already done for, for what anybody says is naught save alone for him who says it. Beware of the clerk who dealeth in fairytales about his fellow-workers and for them maketh life difficult, for he is already putting salt on the tail of a blue envelope. A civil tongue and a deaf ear mean money in the bank every time. My son, deal not in canned tongue and it is you for a raise. He who doeth his work and cutteth out the gabfest shall on the Great Day of Readjustment stand in, and surely a large slice of the melon shall be his.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

A grape fruit is a lemon that had a chance and took it.—*Smart Set.*

DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY FOILED BY QUICK WIT OF INTENDED VICTIM

One of the boldest attempts at robbery ever perpetrated in Denver occurred two days before Christmas, when William H. Upton, Esquire, one of our most prominent and highly respected citizens, returned to his office at noon carrying a large brown paper parcel, from one end of which two turkey feet protruded. After proudly exhibiting the fine bird, which was destined to bring joy to the bosom and satisfaction to the appetite of the Upton family, he arranged it in a comfortable position on the ledge just outside of his window.

Being deeply engrossed in his work, he gave no thought to other matters, when what was his horror suddenly to observe something resembling a fishline stealthily descending from the upper regions, the hook on the end of the line being even then in dangerous proximity to the turkey.

With a yell of rage Mr. Upton dashed madly to the window, threw up the sash and clutched the bird just in time. Exhausted from his frightful exertion, he stood hugging his precious parcel to his palpitating bosom. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the shock he carried the turkey tenderly into Mr. Richards' office, where he deposited it in the wall safe until such time as he would be at liberty to carry it home in triumph.

The combined efforts of the other members of the department were necessary in order to dissuade Mr. Upton from descending upon (or to be accurate, ascending to) the stationery department on the floor above and committing wholesale murder.

We understand that some of the witnesses to this daring rescue have opened negotiations to the end that a Carnegie medal may be presented to Mr. Upton in recognition of his heroic act.

The doctor stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent and said, "Yes, I'm pretty sure I can cure you."

"What will be your charge?"

"Probably in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars."

The buyer rolled over with a groan and faintly replied: "You'll have to shade that price considerably. I have a much better bid from the undertaker."—*Selected.*

Just before going to press it comes to our knowledge that J. H. Mudgett is a grandfather. This was discovered during the holiday season when Mr. Mudgett received a very beautiful Christmas card from his "loving grandchild." It would appear that deception regarding age is not confined to the ladies.

Professor Erickson wishes to enlist the good offices of the Midwest family in an endeavor to find for him a laundry which would be willing to confine its operations to his linen, particularly his collars, which do not seem to "stand up" under the strenuous exercise indulged in by the professor during his dances, public and otherwise. Anyone wishing to offer helpful suggestions please address him: Prof. E. Rudolph Frickson, Room 832 First National Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.

"Bump has five children; a man with a family like that nowadays deserves a lot of credit."

"Deserves it? Great Scott! He's got to have it."—*Life.*

Anyone having pearls, rubies, diamonds or old gold of which he wishes to dispose may take the matter up with Mr. Erickson. Mr. Erickson has recently affiliated himself with a firm of brokers (?) and is anxious to turn a little business in that direction. Knock three times on the door of 832 and address Mr. Erickson as "Mark" and he will know what is wanted.

"A tombstone always has a good word for a man when he is down."—*Selected.*

"Saabd" Doings

We feel that the Review would not be complete, and certainly it would not be a good start for the year, if there was not something in it tbout the S. A. & B. division. Therefore, wishing to assure continued success to our monthly magazine, and not wishing to disappoint our dear readers, who are doubtless looking forward with anxiety for our "stuff," we take our

typewriter by the throat and will endeavor to choke out the following words and incidents.

Man alive! We have stumbled across or upon the biggest scoop in months. Just think! The boys of the S. A. & B. division are going to organize a real "jazz" orchestra to be known as "Gene Illius' Midwest Jazzbos," with Gene Illius of fishing fame as conductor. All this has been made possible by Ray Hamilton, who has taken up drumming as a side issue next to baseball. This will afford the noise required. Olaf Mauldin will handle the silver strings of the banjo. Tom May will play the first violin, and Spencer Stebenne the second. Roy Johnson will be seen at the piano, while Bill Elliott and Jake Bohmann will manipulate the slide trombone and saxophone respectively. Joyce de la Gardie, Art Johns and "Bill" Casey will do the singing, and here we have a trio of songsters unequaled this side of the Metropolitan Opera House or the Winter Garden. "Wade" Casey will furnish his "Ford" for transportation purposes, and "Al" Russell will handle the publicity end. This outfit will be open for engagements any time after the 32nd of January, 1921. They are expecting to make their debuttal at the next Midwest dance. You can believe this or not, for, in the words of the immortal Cæsar, "We should worry."

Arthur Johns was operated upon December 2 at St. Luke's Hospital. He now reports that he is home and will be on hand for work January 3.

Jake Bohmann dropped into Selfridge's haberdashery the other day and asked Mr. Selfridge if he would take the yellow tie with the pink dots out of the window. "Certainly, Mr. Bohmann, we will be glad to take anything out of the window for you," replied the proprietor of the haberdashery. "Thanks, awfully," replied Jake. "That tie has bothered me for a week."

Every once in a while "Bill" Casey bursts forth with some piercing notes which resemble a canary at a distance. We attribute these outbursts to the fact that probably his wife gets the birdseed mixed with the oatmeal and occasionally cooks the former instead of the latter for Bill's breakfast.

Here is one about Tom May. When Tom first desired to get a start in the business world he answered an ad in the Denver Post for an office boy. This ad had been inserted by Mr. Dines of this company, who was treasurer at the time. Unfortunately, when Tom May arrived he found about fifty boys ahead of him. He hurriedly scribbled a note and sent it in to Mr. Dines. It read like this: "Don't do anything till you see me. I'm there with the goods. The last boy in line." Needless to say Tom got the job.

Christmas and New Year greetings to their old friends of the Midwest Refining Company have been received from James Paulson and Herman Sisk. James Paulson is homesteading near Lusk, Wyo., and is doing fine. He was one of the first employes of the sales accounting and billing division.

Herman Sisk is now located in Oakland, Cal. He was formerly connected with this company in the traffic department and later transferred to the sales accounting division.

THIS MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO GENE

One day last summer Gene Illius went fishing. However, the usual bad luck ensued and Gene came back empty-handed. As before, he dropped in on a friend of his who runs a fish market and asked him to fix him up a string of trout to take home. "Make it look natural, Joe," he said. "All right," replied Joe, "but I had better put a salmon in with it." "Man alive, you know salmon don't live in these mountain streams," exlaimed Gene. "I know that," said the fishmonger, "but your wife was just in here and said that if you came in to persuade you to take a salmon, as she liked them better."

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

The sales accounting and billing division extend their best wishes to everyone of the Midwest family for a Happy, Healthful and Prosperous New Year.

Traffic Department

Wallace F. Wilson, who has been employed in the traffic department since 1916, resigned his position with the Midwest to enter the advertising game. Mr. Wilson was a most pleasant gentleman to work with and will be very much missed around the office. He may be assured that all his friends wish him unlimited success in his new venture.

Martin Thompson, fleet-footed office boy, was presented with a gold pencil for Christmas by the stenographers of the traffic department. With the sole exception of dill pickles, Martin claims he stands first in the affections of the girls.

"THE POOR FISH"

Miss Gegg and Miss Litmer of the lubricating department are plunged in deep gloom following the death of Agamemnon, their li'l pet goldfish.

Miss Litmer affirms that he was a very intelligent fish and displayed great sagacity for his age. Among other things she states it was his custom to wag his tail and assume a very ingratiating expression of countenance upon the approach of a friend, but that his beautiful golden fur would bristle and he would hiss most formidably if anyone came near him whom he did not like.

He had always been in good health up to the time Briseis died. Briseis lived in the same submarine castle with him up to about two months ago, and they were very fond of each other. It was noted that ever since her demise he was given to fits of melancholy and depression, and it is thought he succumbed to the effects of a broken heart.

Agamemnon attained the age of eight months, nineteen days, eight hours and leaves no descendants, being, as it were, the last fish of his line.

The stenographers of the traffic wish to take this medium to thank the boys of the department for our Christmas candy. The boys realize that a little appreciation goes a long way toward making for willing work, and their thoughtfulness will be a long time remembered.

Indoor Sports

By "Doc"

The Casper and Greybull teams are not the only ones whose members have received bona fide big league offers. The Denver team produced two stars of class "A" caliber in Frank Philbin and Al Ohnemus. Both these lads were stars of the first water and have been tendered attractive offers by the Des Moines club of the Western League. We hate to lose them, but should we lose them we feel that our loss is Des Moines' gain. Frank is a third baseman, still a youngster, and gives promise of developing into a real star. Ohnemus' best position is first base, where he starred in the Post tournament. He was the only man in that tournament to get a three-base hit off the delivery of Davenport, who was the star hurler of the series.

Ray Hamilton has received an offer from Boston, but, being afflicted with stomach trouble, he has turned down the offer, as he believes he could not stand a diet of Boston baked beans.

Shorty Hanlon is looking for a berth in the Texas League. He has his eye on one of those Texas towns.

McNicholas has an offer from the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company to sing "second base."

"Bill" May has an offer from the Sinn Feiners to come to Ireland to take MacSweeney's place.

Roy Johnson has been offered a position with the Washington Senators to substitute for his namesake, Walter.

Bobo Scherrer has been spending his spare time hunting with the renowned Bill Upton. As a result he states that he expects to make more homeruns than Babe Ruth next season.

"Bullseye" Curran reports that he is in the pink of condition and will make them all hustle to keep him off the team this coming season.

James Izett has had some good experience this winter in the rate division correcting errors on freight bills and expects to be of valuable assistance to the ball team in the same capacity.

The doctor has forbidden Art Johns from participating in any athletics the coming year. His presence on the team will be greatly missed. He has just recovered from a serious operation.

Phil Korn reports that his ankle is back in shape and he hopes to be able to regain his place on the baseball squad.

Art Hughes has been very busy in the cost accounting division during the winter months. He informs us that he will be able to tell us just how costly errors will be during the coming season, also baseballs.

Joe Geiser has received an offer from Comiskey to design suits for some of his former stars. Joe has suggested that the stripes run horizontally.

F. J. Keleher has turned down an offer as secretary and treasurer of "The Knock-'Em Out Oil Syndicate." He prefers to remain with a sure thing, the Denver baseball team.

The writer turned down an offer to manage the Detroit Americans, saying that he believed Ty Cobb could do a better job; but if Ty failed, he would be glad to assist President Navin to the best of his ability.

Thus ends the tales of the Stove League bold,
Read them now, before they get cold.

Stenographic Division

Mrs. Grow and Miss Roach did their Christmas shopping in Littleton this year. While there they attended grand opera. They report the streets and stores crowded to the limit and plenty of snow with fine sleighing.

Miss Waller, a popular member of the younger set, seemed to be in a deep study around the holidays, wondering what would make a certain person happy in the way of a Christmas gift. We could see she "was thinking," and the latest information is that she decided upon a beautiful cigaret case, and the certain person has been happy ever since.

Mrs. Goldie Lutz entertained her husband at dinner on Sunday last. Covers were laid for two and the place cards were very original and unique. The table was beautifully decorated with fried chicken, etc.

Miss Eames and Miss Brown gave a toboggan party to a number of friends at City Park last week.

Once more the time has come to wish everyone a happy and prosperous New Year. In this wish the stenographic department heartily joins. It is a well-known fact that everything that goes out from this division is strictly first class, hence we trust that no one will hesitate to take this wish at its face value.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR

The "blue laws" are coming so thick and fast
They are taking our pleasures away;
They are cutting and slashing from left to right,
And they tell us they're coming to stay.

French heels will soon be a thing of the past,
Silk hose will never be shown;
In fact, they'll be taking our girls away
And leaving us all alone.

On Sundays we'll have to go to church,
And walk there, too, you know,
For an auto will not be allowed to run,
Or, at least, they tell us so.

Cigars and tobacco will be no more,
Cigarets will be thrown on the dump,
And if we should want a drink very bad,
We'll all have to go to the pump.

They are making our Sundays a day of unrest,
Of this there can be no doubt:
It seems to me they will make a mistake
If they cut the movies out.

We'll be sent to jail if we even smile,
And we won't dare to read the news,
And we can't even smell of "bottled in bond"
Unless it's marked "Puritan Booze."

And what is a fellow going to do
If he can't treat his girl to ice cream,
And soda and lemonade, too? I declare,
It seems like a horrible dream!

These good folks they take the joy out of life,
They take away more than they give;
They forget that we pass through this world but once,
So why not let us live while we live?

Well, in time we may get used to it all,
Perhaps we'll be better men,
But when that time comes we'll all have wings,
And never come back again.

Bell Springs Notes

J. M. Roe, who has been superintendent of the Bell Springs district for the past year, has been transferred to the Casper office. Each and every one that he left wishes him success in his new work.

Paul Roe, brother of the former superintendent, is now in charge of the Bell Springs district.

Mrs. Green of Parkerton, Wyo., spent Christmas week visiting her daughter, Mrs. Paul Roe, and son, Joe Wendle. It was a pleasant surprise for both Mrs. Roe and Joe, as neither of them knew she was coming. Mrs. Green is the wife of a widely known drilling contractor in the Muddy field.

The news correspondent is going to give the writers from other fields a little friendly tip. Whenever a married man visits your field from another district be sure and mention the fact. He may never notice the item, but this is a big family magazine and the ladies read it. If hubby's visit is not mentioned she concludes with much hurt pride that possibly he is not important enough to mention. Also it is a sort of useful alibi to hubby and proves the nature of his roamings.

As a result, let us recall the following visits of notables:

O. V. Southworth, scout, visited from Denver and decorated the main avenues of Rawlins for a number of days with his ever-widening smile. Three broken hearts in Rawlins as a result.

More solemn and with proper regard to the long line of geological ancestry of the Carbon County surroundings was the visit of Major Froyd of the Denver office geological department. His stay of a number of months last summer in field work at Bell Springs made his visit somewhat like a home-coming and Rawlins friends were glad to renew the acquaintance.

"Hoot Mon—"

From the land of heather and no Eighteenth Amendment comes the following letter to taunt and vex us. We think that the writer knows what he is talking about and we hasten to say that we were in error. We should have said that no "screw pipe" larger than two-inch was used in that fair land, and we so forgot as to say that no steel pipe of those dimensions was being used.

We attribute this glaring blunder to our ignorance of pipes with the exception of briars, calabashes and meerschaum, but our grief at having our ignorance thrust rudely forth into the bright glare of public opinion will probably send us to an early grave.—Ed.

"Reresmount,"
Borness, Scotland, 2/12/20.

Sir:

Your Midwest Review—September issue—as you will see from above address, has traveled a few thousand miles.

Allow me you to congratulate on your smart little paper, and, at the same time, ask you to publish the following comments on your article:

"PROMINENT NAVY MAN WITH MIDWEST."

Being within walking distance of the Forth end of the pipeline described, and seeing the American sailors at their part of the job, namely, screwing the lengths of pipe together and rolling them into the trench already made, I may be allowed to add my felicitations to the smartness of Mr. Vandeveer and his squad.

When the writer says that this was an undertaking unheard of by the people of Scotland, and that no steel pipe larger than two-inch had been seen in that country, he is evidently unfamiliar with the manufacture of pipes. The largest factory in the world for steel pipes of all sizes was, at one point of the line, only nine miles distant, and, at the extremity, twenty miles; and I heard an engineer tell one of the American sailors that, as an apprentice in Glasgow fifty years previous, he had screwed a ten-inch steel pipe.

The pipes in track are of eight-inch diameter. The facts are that steel pipes are made here up to any size riveted, but seldom over sixteen-inch drawn out. Cast iron pipes are more suitable, and have a longer life underground, but there was such a dearth of labor in this little country, owing to men fighting and making munitions, that even today the cast iron pipe founders cannot undertake delivery for six months ahead.

Again, the 400 laborers who took delivery of the pipes, dug the track and laid them down ready to roll into position when screwed up were mostly Irishmen.

I wish to make it clear that I am not attempting to detract anything from the utility or smartness of the work done on this pipe line or take one part away from the glorious record of the American Navy during the war, when, at a critical moment in our desperate conflict, they united their strength with ours, to gain one of the greatest victories against the organized forces of evil in all history; but simply to point out that owing to our pipe works being on British war work we had to buy pipes both for this pipe line and for that much longer water one from the Suez Canal to Palestine, and from Egypt out to the Western Desert, from America, and to be indebted to Uncle Sam's handy men for screwing up the pipes for the oil line from Grangemouth to Clydebank.

I could give you further details of steel and iron pipes and their utility and suitability for different jobs, but I fear I have already made this letter too long.

Yours faithfully,
James Harrower.

Laramie Industrial Council

(Continued from page 7)

W. C. BREMERMAN

Born in Waterloo, Iowa, December 2, 1858. After residing there three or four years, moved to Princeton, Iowa. In the fall of 1869 moved to Boone, Iowa, and lived on a farm until 1881; attended college at Burlington, Iowa, in 1884 and then went into the milling business, which I followed for twelve years. After working in different official capacities for the C. & N. W. railroad for seven years, entered the employ of the Streeter-Zouk company, railroad contractors, at Denver, Colo.; helped in the building of the Moffat railroad, the reconstruction of the Big Four, worked on the surfacing of 626 miles of railroad in Wisconsin, opened four tunnels for the N. P. and C. M. & St. P. railroads, worked on the Milwaukee railroad in Montana, the Burlington in Wyoming, the C. & S. in Colorado, and then entered the grocery business at Denver, leaving this business to again follow construction work. I started with the Midwest in March, 1917, and am still here.

W. A. CUMMINGS

Born in David City, Iowa, February 26, 1879. After spending my youthful years attending a country school, fishing and hunting, and after graduating from high school, tried farming, but did not like this, so secured a position as machinist and steamfitter with the Northwest Lumber Company. Left this to accept a position as bookkeeper and assistant cashier in a bank in Iowa. Came west and started working in the machine shop for the Midwest at Greybull October 15, 1917, and was transferred to the Laramie plant January 1, 1920.

R. S. MORRIS

Born in Portage, Wis., April 11, 1880. Graduated from the Bangor, Wis., high school and the ancient classical course of the Wayland University at Beaver Dam, Wis. Held the college record for the 100-yard dash and the running broad jump and was elected a member of the Wisconsin all-star college baseball team. Attended the University of Wisconsin and served an apprenticeship of three years in the engine rooms of the various steamers on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, receiving a diploma from the engineering course of the I. C. S. and became a machine engineer. On account of malaria, came to the golden West and entered the train service as a conductor on the U. P. and the C. W. & E. railroads. While in the train service, studied railroad operation and attended a business college. Served in the ordnance department of the U. S. Army during the war, and in the fall of 1919 joined the Midwest family.

H. L. MINISTER

Born in Zaleski, Ohio, April 3, 1891. At the age of seven years moved to Victor, Colo. Received my grammar schooling in Victor. Graduated from the South Canon City high school, Canon City, Colo., and the Colorado School of Mines. After spending about eight years in the mines and mills of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, I joined the Midwest family at Casper, Wyo., August, 1919, and was transferred to the Laramie plant September 20, 1919.

JESS WILLS

Born on a farm near Cambridge, Story County, Iowa, August 16, 1883. Spent practically all my life on a farm in Iowa until I was 31 years old, except nine years pulling sunflowers on my father's homestead in southwestern Nebraska. Have a thorough knowledge of kicking clods in the corn belt. Went to work for the Midwest the 20th of May, 1915. I have been on pipe work all the time; got my experience by main strength and awkwardness. Married March, 1916; left the Midwest in September, 1916, and worked in the shipyards at Superior, Wis., for two months. Helped do the pipe work on the first ocean-going vessel that was built at the head of the lakes. Returned to the Midwest in December of the same year. Left again in May, 1918. Worked on a shale oil experimental plant in California until it was abandoned in May, 1919. Returned to the Midwest at Casper and was transferred to Laramie, where pipe work still stares me in the face. At home with my wife and two children after 4:30 p. m.

Your Magazine

(Continued from page 1)

from the people of that far northern field was a joy and a bright and shining example.

Grass Creek shared honors with Thanksgiving in November, and R. A. Waltz, chief clerk, earned the non-resting crown for ably assisting in making this one of the best numbers of the year.

The last number, December, contained more children than any baby show in the world. Boys and girls in and out of clothes, smiling, frowning, laughing, crying. You could find any sort you cared for and they were all Midwest children, the finest in existence.

Now, in planning the coming year, we want to say, first, that we are going to ask more help than we have during the past; so when a request comes to you for an article, don't blush and stammer, "Let George do it," but sharpen up the old pencil or brush up the typewriter and give us the dope.

If you've liked the magazine, we're very glad; if you haven't, just let us know and the price of your subscription will be refunded without further question.

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
C. A. Fowler, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
Charles Combs, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
F. B. Smith, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. J. Kelly, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
Charles Thompson, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Croskill, Treasurer
Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President
Wm. Stoddard
E. M. Keefe, Vice President
Frank B. Smith
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

During the coming year, promise yourself

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every living creature you meet.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticise others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

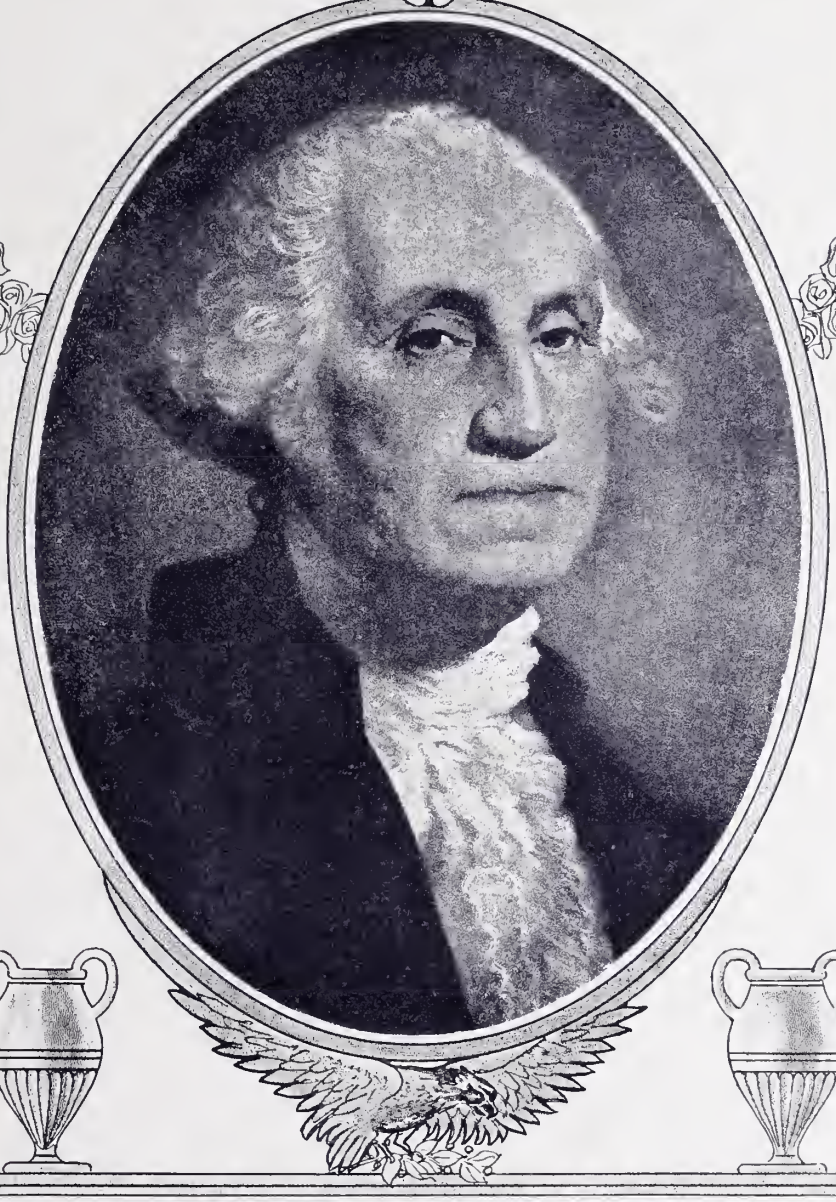
To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words but in deeds.

To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

WELCH-HAFFNER DENVER

SPECIAL GAS DEPARTMENT NUMBER

The MIDWEST REVIEW



VOL. 2 FEBRUARY 1921 NO. 2

PUBLISHED FOR THE MIDWEST FAMILY BY THE MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

A. W. PEAKE

Chief Field Engineer and Superintendent, Gas Department

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | February, 1921 | Number 2

A man serves himself best who gives his best services to the task to which he is assigned. He is a failure who strives only to meet the routine requirements of his job. There is no such thing as standing still; he is either forging ahead by extending the scope of his labor, or he is falling behind by being content with the limited knowledge required to barely handle his work.

Again the true Midwest spirit has come to the fore, and a situation which might have become grave has been met with hearty co-operation and good nature.

When it was found necessary under prevailing conditions to reduce the wages of the Midwest employes, the smallest possible cut consistent with falling prices and other influences attending the depression was agreed upon by a council of the management and employes. It was accepted and work continued in the same way as before.

Do you, Midwest Man, know what Safety First means to *you?* It means your uninterrupted income, with which you are able to purchase the means to well-being and contentment. It means that you are spared to be the logical head of your family, to give the counsel and guidance to your children. It means that you are spared pain and discomfort and possible disfigurement physically.

A few seconds or minutes time spent in taking a few very sensible precautions may mean the saving of expense, pain and possibly life.

Waste

Did you ever stop and consider the enormous waste in material that is borne by the average industrial concern?

It is a waste that can, in a large measure, be overcome by the workmen of the plant, and by overcoming this waste you increase your value to the organization in proportion.

If you see a fitting, a bolt, a casting or any other of the many sorts of material used, lying about, it is your duty to restore it to the warehouse or other storage point. The amount saved in this one instance is small, perhaps, but the yearly total of material saved will be staggering if every man in the plant does his share in reclaiming lost or misplaced materials.

Take, for example, the matter of lost tools: One wrench lost is a matter of small import, but if every man loses a wrench, at the end of the year the company is called upon to assume a big loss in this one department.

The next time you walk through the yard at a refinery or around a drilling rig in the field, just glance around and see the material that is worth money which, by the slightest effort upon your part may be saved to fulfill its original purpose of usefulness.

You'd be surprised.

Alonzo W. Peake

General Superintendent, Gas Department; Chief Engineer

By R. S. Ellison, Vice-President Midwest Refining Company

Alonzo W. Peake was born and raised in Kansas City, Mo. The exact date of his arrival there is shrouded in mystery; a fairly close guess places it at just a little over thirty years ago. It is really immaterial, however, as he has been married to Miss Meredith Elizabeth Knapp since March 18, 1916, and has an April 1, 1918, gift named Meredith Elizabeth Peake.

Furthermore, he has been General Superintendent of our Gas Department since 1919 and Chief Engineer of the Field Division, embracing the Gas, Pipe Line and Producing Departments, since April 1, 1920.

Some time during the interval after birth to his joining the Midwest family in June, 1916, "Al" found his way to California, and working his way through Stanford University, graduated in geology and mining in 1912. Regardless of his degree, and with his usual good judgment, he picked the oil industry as owing him a livelihood, and learned first hand in the California oil fields the road from roustabout to field superintendent.

With the vision of a prophet, he then accepted the opportunity in 1916 to study the gas possibilities of Wyoming for our company, fitting in for a time as field superintendent in the producing department until the construction and operation of the Salt Creek and Elk Basin gas plants in 1917-18 required his entire time. With the gas department keeping abreast of its possibilities and progressing splendidly under the capable supervision of W. R. Finney, Superintendent of Gas Plants, Mr. Peake on April 1, 1920, assumed the important duties as chief of our field engineering work in addition to retaining the responsibilities as head of the gas department.

The foregoing chronicle of a busy life is only too brief. It is highly typical, however, of what an American boy can do who is not afraid to work with his hands as well as his head. It should be an inspiration to a beginner in the oil industry of these days who has ambition, ability and capacity for hard work.

What the future will bring to "Al" Peake is no longer entirely on the lap of the gods. He has been the architect of his own career thus far, and backed by six feet of sturdy manhood, coupled with a clean, trained and resourceful mind, he has only to continue as he has begun.

His associates are proud to think of him as one of them. They delight in his loyalty and independence, in his agressiveness and broad-minded fairness, in his intelligent interest in problems to be solved and burdens to be borne, in his ability to take punishment when merited, in his horse sense and self-control under trying circumstances. And some of us are particularly grateful for his generosity in sharing the prowess, from time to time, of both his rod and gun. Especially do we like his modesty, for it gives us opportunity to say a little of what we think of him without danger of its going to his head.

Meredith Peake, daughter of A. W. Peake, holding 11½-pound trout caught by "Al" at Pathfinder Dam

The Gasoline Industry of the United States

By W. R. Finney, Superintendent of Gas Plants

As explained in Mr. Peake's article which appeared in the April number of the Midwest Review, the gasoline-from-gas industry had its first real start in 1905. Some gasoline was made and marketed by such men as Sutton Brothers and Edmonds of Sisterville, Va.; Fassenmeyer of Titusville, Pa., and Thompsett Brothers of Tidioute, Pa., in the latter part of 1904, but Richards is given credit for building the first pressure casinghead plant at Mayburg, Pa., in 1905.

Progress seemed rather slow at first, but by 1911 the industry had a firm hold with at least nine states having plants, or a total of 176 plants, with a production of 37,000 gallons per day. West Virginia led in gallons produced, with Ohio, Pennsylvania and Oklahoma following.

One reason for the slow progress made was the lack of literature of any kind explaining the principles and practices. Mr. Holmes, director of the Bureau of Mines, realized this, and in 1915 a pamphlet came out on making gasoline by compression, by Burrell, Oberfell and Seibert, which was of great benefit to beginners. During 1916 more government bulletins came out and the same year Wescott published a very complete history of the industry. In later years, while Van H. Manning was director of the Bureau of Mines, he had several papers written by Dykema, covering this work from all angles. These proved to be very educational on all phases of the recovery of gasoline from natural gas.

The bulk of the gasoline is recovered from two main types of plants—compression and absorption—with all sorts of combinations, including refrigeration. Considering all the gasoline made by any method or from gas of any content, the daily production is rapidly gaining headway.

From a government bulletin we find that West Virginia held the lead until 1913, when Oklahoma jumped out far ahead, producing nearly as much as all the other states together. In 1917 Oklahoma still held the lead, having over one-half the production of the United States. The daily production in gallons, for all states, was close to one million.

Plotting curves for the years 1911 to 1917, inclusive, and allowing the same general increase down to the present time, it is highly probable that there is now being made 1,500,000 gallons per day, which at a normal market value will bring in an excess of $75,000,000 per year. This is gross income, and of course many plants are failures, but with careful study by experienced men it can be made a very profitable venture. When we stop to consider it is being derived from gas that might be going to waste, a large amount of credit is due the pioneers.

Wyoming started in this work in 1917, and progress for a time was very slow, for the fields were far from the railroads and the water conditions were very bad. We can, however, at this date claim to ranking about seventh in the standing of the states, and have a plant at Salt Creek with a daily capacity in cubic feet which is as large as any in the country. We hope, during the coming year, with the opening of field development, that we can lay claim to the largest production of any plant in existence. This is, at present, being debated between the Gypsy plant at Kieffer, Okla., and the Noble plant at Burkburnett, Texas. Each of these has a daily production around 50,000 gallons.

Going back to 1911, when there were 176 plants producing a total of 37,000 gallons per day, as compared to the present, when single plants turn out more than 50,000 gallons, it is clearly seen that tremendous progress has been made.

Count your fingers at the end of each day and render thanks thta they are all there and that you have taken the precautions, in your work, to insure their remaining intact in their original numbers.

Life insurance is one of the best provisions you can possibly make for your family to keep them from want in case of your death. The Midwest furnishes free insurance. See your superintendent.

The Salt Creek Gas Plant

By A. C. Andrews, Superintendent

In March, 1917, a new industry was born to the Midwest Refining Company and to the state of Wyoming; as up to this time the extraction of gasoline from natural gas had not been tried commercially. The Midwest entered this field, selecting A. W. Peake from California as superintendent of this new department.

The plans for the Salt Creek gas plant at this time called for a six-unit compression plant, two two-stage expansion engines, boiler house, one 500-barrel tub still with necessary condenser box for the purpose of making blending naphtha from crude, and other auxiliaries, storage tanks, collecting system, gasoline pump station and a three-inch welded line to Casper. This line was installed to pump the casinghead gasoline, which was first blended with naphtha from the crude still, from Salt Creek to the Casper refinery. This welded line construction was an innovation in Wyoming and subject to considerable criticism, but it has more than justified itself.

The machinery installation consisted of six 165-horsepower, enclosed case, horizontal, twin cylinder Bessemer gas engines, driving by belt six 16x8x16 two-stage Laidlaw Dunn — Gordon feather valve compressors.

The work was pushed with the usual amount of exuberance shown by John F. Cullen, now superintendent of the Laramie refinery, but a very muddy winter loomed up. Most of the heavy machinery was freighted out by string teams, and sometimes was a month on the road. The first gas was turned into the plant on the 31st day of December.

The production the first few months was not large. The wells in some instances were two and three miles from the plant and pressure traps had to be installed which were very detrimental to the gasoline content. The wells were all of the first sand and not overly rich. However, each day many things were learned, and the foundation of an efficient working organization laid.

The construction work during 1918 was very light. It was carried on under the supervision of Grant Richardson, operating foreman. Two new two-unit booster stations were started, one completed, several new bunkhouses and the foundation of a larger refrigerating system installed.

During this year the scope of the gas department was enlarged, and W. R. Finney, high in the gasoline circles of Oklahoma and California, joined our staff as assistant to Mr. Peake.

In 1919 a second tub still was added to the crude topping plant, along with additional condenser boxes, pumps and storage tanks. A new warehouse, workshop, the second booster station completed and a third started. Three new units were added to the main compression plant, making nine in all. The new refrigerating system was put in service and many changes made in the collecting system, hooking up the second sand wells as they came in with more efficient traps.

Nineteen-twenty started with the slate full, a new and larger cooling tower with blending towers being erected, new storage tanks added, a complete new nine-unit compression plant with necessary auxiliaries, a new 480-horsepower battery of boilers, water conservation dams, water tanks, water system, additional storehouse, garage, laboratory, club house, barns, office building, water condensing plant and system, and about twenty new cottages and several new bunk houses. The streets were all graded up and oiled and a new street and yard lighting system installed, the juice being furnished by a 60-KW steam driven generator, which was put in service during the latter part of the year.

The working organization was built up to as near as possible 100 per cent efficient. Continuous plant operation brought our production up to the highest possible mark. Our extraction per 1,000 cubic feet came up until it seemed at times we were taking more gasoline from the gas than it contained.

We found that a great saving was effected on boiler repair by the conservation of steam. All low pressure exhaust

steam from the pumps and engines is collected and carried through overhead insulated headers for heating the plant building. After leaving the radiators it is mostly water but the remaining steam is condensed through a heat exchanger and all pumped back for use in the boilers again. We are equipped now to also treat the make-up water for use in the jackets of the gas engines. These items cut down our repair bills to a great extent.

For the main extraction plant and the topping plant we are taking advantage of our laboratory and find it a great protection against air in the gas and specifications on our shipments to Casper.

As the plant now stands we have forty gas traps for separating the gas from the oil at the wells and twelve miles of collecting lines, 1,040 horsepower of direct-connected gas booster compressors for pumpgas into the main plant, two main compressor plants, or a total of 3,180 horsepower, and capable of compressing 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day up to 250 pounds, a crude topping plant of 5,000 barrels per day capacity, a pumping plant and three-inch welded line to Casper with a capacity of 100,000 gallons per day, in addition to all necessary storage facilities, warehouse, office, boiler house, garage, club house and complete camp capable of caring for 175 single men and twenty families.

It would be amiss not to mention at this time the hearty co-operation which Mr. Dave Lewis, superintendent of the field, and his assistants have given us whenever our troubles seemed greatest. Many things have abetted our progress considerable, but withal we are now on the map, rated as one of the largest plants in existence, and as the production curve will show we are still learning and climbing upward.

The Salt Creek Gas Plant Snaps

1—Company Club House
2—Topping Plant and Boiler House
3—Cooling Tower; view from above
4—Daily Run Tanks, new accumulators in foreground
5—Blending Towers under construction
6—Compressors

Hidden Dome Gas Line

By T. K. Bishop, Manager

Dead Horse Gulch

For night onto a year the editor of the Review has been after us for an article on "Hidden Dome Gas Line," and being such a "durn persistent cuss" guess we will have to reward him with a little information about this branch of the family. We say "this branch of the family" because, while you all may not know it, we are related to you on your father's side.

Before starting in on this "copy," technically speaking, it is to be distinctly understood that the writer has never had any experience as a magazine writer and would not attempt it if it were not for the fact that Wes Mortimer is with us now, and he has agreed to act as "proofreader" and "critic," so here is the "how" and "whyfore" of Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company, alias Hidden Dome Gas Line.

During the past eleven years the towns of Basin and Greybull have been supplied with natural gas by the Big Horn Oil and Gas Company and their successor, Wyoming Gas Company. The first supply of gas was obtained about one mile southeast of Greybull and seven miles northeast of Basin. The first gas well in the field was drilled in by one Philip Minor and he allowed it to flow open from a five-inch casing for twenty-two months, so that the remaining gas only supplied the two towns for three years. Just at the time that this gas was becoming exhausted the Greybull Oil Company struck a good gas well in what is known as the Torchlight field, and a line was constructed from it to the main line between Basin and Greybull. As the field appeared to be a fairly large one, an attempt was made to supply the Greybull refinery with gas, and while the supply was entirely inadequate it was successful in establishing the value of natural gas for that purpose. During the winter of 1918-19 the supply of gas from Torchlight depleted rapidly, and the "Gas Company" realized that it would be necessary to secure an additional supply if the two towns were to continue to have gas. The nearest proven field was what is known as Hidden Dome, or Sherrard Dome, located in townships 47 and 48, north of ranges 90 and 91 west, Washakie County, thirty-five miles southeast of Greybull.

During the years 1917 and 1918 the Ohio Oil Company had drilled several wells in this field, in each of which they encountered a very heavy flow of gas. The first well completed showed a rock pressure of 720 pounds and a capacity of 30,000,000 cubic feet per day.

In June, 1919, the Wyoming Gas Company entered into a contract with the Ohio Oil Company for their entire production from this field, but in doing so we realized that our consumption in the two towns would not warrant the construction of a pipe line the distance required and we also hung up the welcome sign for financial assistance.

Camp No. 1 November 3, 1919, "On the Dome"

It has been the writer's experience that when a "feller needs a friend" in promoting an enterprise that is for the good of the people of Wyoming he "hikes" for the ninth floor of the First National Bank building, Denver, and that's where he went with our troubles.

Our representatives met with the officials of the Midwest Refining Company and in thirty minutes it had been agreed that the gas from the Hidden Dome field would be taken to Basin and Greybull; that the refinery at Greybull would use gas enough, in addition to the consumption of the two towns, to warrant building the line, and that the line would be owned by a company to be incorporated under the name Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company, each company subscribing for 50 per cent of the capital stock.

An order was immediately placed for 35 miles of eight-inch O. D. hot-rolled seamless tubing with plain ends, 22 miles to be shipped to Manderson, 10 miles to Basin and three miles to Greybull, Wyo. This order was dated August 15, 1919, and on October 24, 1919, the last car was unloaded at its destination, which, if you remember shipping conditions at that time, shows good work on the part of the Denver office force. At the same time an order was placed for 9,700 eight-inch O. D. Dresser couplings with seven-inch middle rings and equipped with Paranite "C" rubbers, and these were received as the pipe.

Clyde W. Atherly of Basin was employed to do the necessary engineering work, and upon completion of his survey it was found that the line would be 34.6 miles in length, with a fall of 700 feet in elevation, and that the country traversed

Armstrong and his Arctic Explorers

Main line meter house, Hidden Dome-Greybull gas line

was such that a ditching machine could be worked the entire distance.

A. W. Peake and the writer assumed the responsibility for the proper construction of the line and awarded the contract for trenching to the Security Bridge Company of Billings, Mont., and the hauling, stringing and backfilling to R. N. Van Zant of Casper, Wyo.

As it was necessary to cross the Nowood, Big Horn and Greybull Rivers, and they being at low-water mark, work was started on these crossings as soon as the survey was completed. Each of these crossings are constructed of 8¼-inch, 32-pound casing with welded joints and well anchored with six-inch river dogs and 500-pound clamps. As the banks of all three streams cut away badly during high water, it was thought advisable to extend the welded joints well back into the bank and to riprap and cribe at each crossing.

The ditching contractors arrived on the work with two machines and started the trench on September 7, 1919, the contract calling for the trench to be completed by December 1, 1919. Their work did not progress as rapidly as they had hoped for, and a third machine was moved on to the line, which helped a little. After many discouraging accidents to their machines and the severe winter weather they encountered they received the final estimate on February 6, 1920.

The first pipe was hauled to "location" (speaking in terms of the movie fan) on November 1, and the "Arctic explorers,"

(Continued on page 24)

The Natural Gas Industry of Wyoming

By A. W. Peake, General Superintendent Gas Department

The gas production of Wyoming is not generally appreciated, the chief reason being that comparatively little of it is at present used for commercial purposes. This is due to the fact that in Wyoming there is not the industrial demand for fuel that there is in some of the more settled districts.

At present there is an actual developed production of gas in Wyoming of approximately 925,000,000 cubic feet per day from straight gas wells in addition to the gas produced from oil wells. The chief gas fields of the state are Buffalo Basin, Oregon Basin, Elk Basin, Mantua, Byron, Little Dome, Grass Creek, Golden Eagle, Hidden Dome, Torchlight, Powder River, Sand Draw, Poison Spider, Iron Creek, Lance Creek, Medicine Bow, Mahoney Dome and Rock River.

At present the Greybull refinery is being supplied from the Byron and Hidden Dome fields. The latter field also supplies gas for the towns of Greybull and Basin. The Byron field also supplies the carbon plant at Cowley, together with the towns of Cowley, Byron and Lovell. At Lovell the sugar factory, tile factory and glass plant are using Byron gas for fuel. The city of Casper, together with part of the Midwest refinery's fuel requirements, are supplied with gas from the Poison Spider field.

The total consumption at present of the above mentioned users is approximately 40,000,000 cubic feet per day, as compared with the developed production of 925,000,000 cubic feet per day. It is thus seen that the gas resources of the state are being drawn on very conservatively and that this valuable asset will play an important part in Wyoming's industrial development for many years to come.

In addition to the fuel gas supply of the state the production of gasoline from casinghead gas, or gas produced with the oil, has made great strides during the past four years. The Midwest Refining Company has gasoline recovery plants at Elk Basin and Salt Creek, the latter being one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. The Ohio Oil Company has recovery plants at Grass Creek and Rock River. The combined output of the above is approximately 50,000 gallons per day, which is certainly a step in the direction of conservation, when it is realized that this gasoline would waste in the air with the gas or be burned if not recovered in gasoline plants.

The Oldest Midwesterner

Andrew Smith of Elk Basin

Mr. Andrew Smith, the oldest in years, being 74, as well as the oldest in the service of the Midwest Refining Company at the Elk Basin gas plant, having been here four years. He is the busiest, works the hardest and is the most conscientious man on the works.

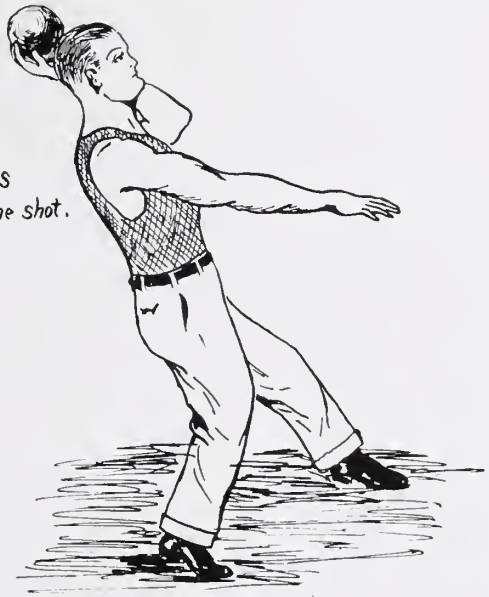
Life insurance is one of the best provisions you can possibly make for your family to keep them from want in case of your death. The Midwest furnishes free insurance. See your superintendent.

Peake plays(?) Golf.

Gas Dep't. Notables.

By Albertson 1921

Finney finds all doors alike.



Andrews puts the shot.

Hardie was in the Army

Harnessing the Buffalo Basin Gas Well

By A. G. Fidel, Chief Clerk Producing Department

At 4:30 p. m. on Thursday, January 6, 1921, our Buffalo Basin gas well fire ceased to exist, having burned three months and three days. The fire was one of the largest of its kind in the history of the oil game, and started, according to information gathered from the men employed at the well, from a spark in the belt house of the rig, and it seems there were two separate explosions at the time; one when the gas in the cellar and derrick caught, and the other when the flash reached the gas at the end of the 6⅝-inch line. The explosion resulting fire occurred at a time when the closing of the well seemed a matter only of hours.

A few days after the fire started Mr. Peake, our general superintendent of the gas department, began making preparations to extinguish the fire, the first move made was the building of two stub derricks, one on each side of the well, about two hundred fifty feet distant, between which a wire cable was swung, the object being to lower dynamite alongside the casing with a view to blowing off the braden heads and fittings and permit the flame to go straight up in the air. Everything being in readiness, the first attempt was made October 13th, ten days after the explosion. Several small trial shots were exploded, but the management decided to attempt to extinguish the fire without destroying any of the fittings or casing.

In the latter part of October twelve 40-horsepower boilers, with the necessary pumps and line pipe, were ordered to be taken to Buffalo Basin, the idea in view being that the fire might be extinguished with steam and water. This material was on the ground, set up and ready for operation by the middle of November, the active work then being placed in charge of F. F. Winger of California, a gas expert who was sent to Buffalo Basin to direct this work on November 24th. The steam and water lines from the twelve boilers were laid on the ground and into the fire, and the second attempt to extinguish the blaze proved unsuccessful by reason of the lines not having been laid in the proper position. The lines were then readjusted, and on November 28th, with an additional line laid into the well, the third attempt was made, resulting again in failure, as the lines were found to be in the wrong position to reach all places from which the burning gas was escaping from the well. At this time it was decided to run trenches into the cellar and lay the lines into them, as by so doing positions could be reached that were impossible to reach by placing lines on top of the ground. On December 12th, everything being in readiness, the trenches running into the cellar at strategic points, water and steam were turned in. The attempt was successful from the standpoint that the fire was actually extinguished for a period of five minutes, but reignited from the heat in the fluxed and molten ground around the well and the white-hot debris in the cellar. Another attempt was made the same day, but without result whatever, as upon investigation it was found that the ends of the steam lines laid into the well were burned off. Work was then commenced laying new lines into the fire, digging additional trenches and deepening and widening the old trenches.

On December 21st, approximately seven hundred barrels of water was thrown into the cellar and over all the heater area, followed by streams of steam and water. The fire was once more extinguished for a minute or two, but again caught from the extreme heat. It was decided at this time that more water was necessary in the cellar and all the heated area, in order to cool the ground enough to prevent ignition from that source, and to attain this end more tanks were ordered brought from Grass Creek. On January 3rd, everything being in readiness, approximately one thousand barrels of water were run into the cellar and all the immediate area surrounding the well, and the steam and water again turned on. The fire was reduced greatly but not completely extinguished. It was planned to make another similar attempt, and at the time when the flames were nearly extin-

guished by use of water and steam to bring dynamite into the cellar in the hope of snuffing out the many flames and blowing off the top of the casing and bradenheads. This was decided upon and when the flames were at the lowest point, five hundred sticks of dynamite enclosed in a drum were rolled into the cellar, blowing off the eight-and-one-quarter casing and throwing the bradenheads and spider, which were fitted on the casing, clear of the fire. This did not extinguish the flames but permitted them to go straight up into the air. Work was started pumping more water to refill the tanks, and on January 6th approximately twelve hundred barrels of water was thrown into the cellar followed by steam and water in greater volume than ever before, and when the flames were smothered down to a low point, two hundred forty sticks of dynamite were set off in the cellar, the resulting explosion snuffing out the remaining flames and completely extinguishing the fire.

The ground around the well was kept well soaked with water for many days after the flames were extinguished, in order that no chance of ignition might be overlooked.

One amusing feature of this most disastrous fire was a vow taken by Mr. Winger, the gas expert from California, who vowed at the time of his arrival at the well that he would not shave or cut his whiskers until the fire was finally extinguished, but it was found that after the whiskers had attained quite some length, that upon his approaching the vicinity of the flames, the whiskers themselves would burn and scorch, causing a great deal of discomfort and some to the personal appearance of Mr. Winger, and in order to facilitate extinguishing of the fire, he found it necessary to remove the offending vegetation.

Life insurance is one of the best provisions you can possibly make for your family to keep them from want in case of your death. The Midwest furnishes free insurance. See your superintendent.

It is not true that when a man has lost an eye the other wears out twice as quickly by reason of doing the work of two, but it is a decided disadvantage, so practice Safety First and keep both.

Office and Warehouse Crew Salt Creek Gas Plant

Left to right: Cameron, Poe, Knudsen, Judson, Marrin, Hayden

The Elk Basin Plant

By Paul G. Hardie, Superintendent

The Elk Basin gas plant was started early in the spring of 1918, under Mr. Peake's direction, with John F. Cullen in charge of the field work. When Mr. Cullen went to the war his work was taken up by W. R. Finney, and the plant put into operation on September 1st of the same year with A. C. Andrews as superintendent. During the summer of 1919 it was enlarged, under Mr. E. S. Murray as superintendent, to its present capacity, and the welded line to Frannie was laid.

The Elk Basin gasoline plant consists of a three-unit compression plant with a vacuum pump in connection, a small pipe still to extract a high gravity blending naphtha from the crude oil received from the field, a pumping station to transfer the blended naphtha and casing-head gasoline to the loading rack at Frannie. There are four 165-h. p. twin cylinder Bessemer engines in the main plant, three operating Ingersoll-Rand compressors and one operating an Ingersoll-Rand vacuum pump to aid in taking the load off the compressor engines by bringing the gas in from the field. There is also a 20-h. p. single cylinder Bessemer engine in the main engine room to act as auxiliary for the purpose of running three centrifugal pumps used for water circulation in the engines and compressors. It also drives the small Bessemer air jammer to fill the air storage tanks, the large engines being started with compressed air. The actual operation of the plant has been covered by Mr. Peake in an earlier copy of The Review.

The pipe still, the chief feature of the topping plant, is one of the first of its type to be used in Wyoming. It is a continuous flow arrangement, doing away with the bother of charging and cleaning. The cold oil first passes through a heat exchanger, where it is heated to a temperature of about 150 degrees by the hot skimmed oil which is on its way to the residue tanks; it is then forced through the coils, where it is heated to 300 degrees, this having been found the temperature at

P. G. HARDIE
Superintendent Elk Basin Gas Plant

which the most desirable cut is obtained. The capacity of the still so far has been limited to the production of Elk 6 lease, but so far has averaged from 450 to 800 barrels per day.

The pumping station is equipped with a 25-h. p. Bessemer engine and two Goulds triplex pumps, which handle our production very nicely, pumping the gasoline "over the hill" to Frannie, where it is again blended with a low gravity naphtha from Lovell until the desired gravity and cut is obtained. The commercial product is then shipped to Montana, a car a day being the average shipments.

Our greatest hardship in the past has been the water proposition, both from standpoint of quantity and quality, but thanks to the new water wells which have been drilled this summer, we now have a

Elk Basin Gas Plant Folks

Left to right: A. P. Snyder, Office Man; F. L. Campbell, Local Engineer, and P. G. Hardie, Superintendent

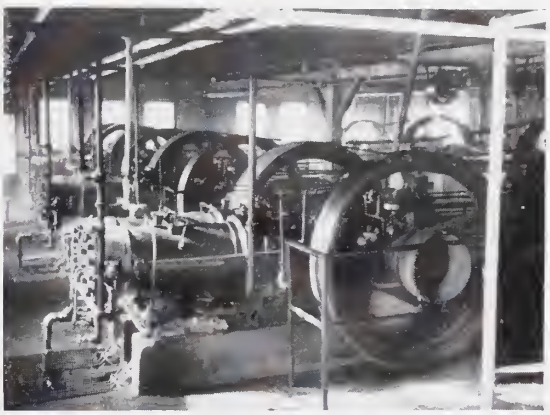
sufficient supply at all times, but the trouble with boilers and that encountered in finding good water for cooling the engines is still with us. At present we have two 35-horsepower field type boilers used at the topping plant for steam radiation; these are to be replaced by two 80-h. p. return tubular boilers in the near future.

The electricity used around the plant is generated from the steam from two 20-h. p. "teakettles."

The payroll at the gas plant shows about 25 men, nine men and a head engineer being a full crew to operate the plant and still. One man takes charge of all gauging, warehouse and office work; another runs the pumping station, and the remaining fourteen are divided into a field gang, repair gang and yard men. The field gang is kept busy following the changes in the field as all pumping powers are being moved to more advantageous positions. This of course necessitates moving all of our traps that are connected to the casing-heads, and the opportunity is being grasped to lay out the entire collecting system at right angles. The repair gang live up to their name and tackle anything that needs fixing, while the yard men travel from painting to digging ditches.

Altho in fairly steady operation, the plant has not done as well as it should have done. One reason for this is the fact that we have never been able to obtain the rich flow gas of the Elk Basin field.

We have, however, done our best to secure efficiency of operation, one of the main items being the saving of exhaust steam for heating purposes and, after it is condensed, returning it for boiler use. We find it necessary to treat the boiler make-up water. We are trying to keep a close check on the quality of all gas treated, and of the specifications on all shipments made and we are looking forward to 1921 being our best year.



Interior View main engine room, showing the three units and compressors

We wish to thank Mr. Warren for his kind co-operation, as we feel that part of our success has been due to his help and advice in topping plant and blending troubles.

Topping Plant

The Gas Plant Laboratory

Hayes W. Young, Research Engineer

LABORATORY STAFF
Left to right: Gunderson, Yansem, Buddrus, Young

Previous to my connection with the gas department experimental work at the Salt Creek gas plant was limited to operating the test car and making a few gravity and end-point determinations. Due to frequent changes in the staff, there was often no one with previous experience available for this work, particularly for operating the test car, hence the results were uncertain and often misleading.

In designing and equipping the laboratory the chief function of such an institution has been a controlling factor, namely, to provide suitable equipment for solving the ordinary problems which arise in connection with plant operation, also special problems involved in testing innovations which seem promising, and to maintain a staff capable of meeting situations as they arise. The experience thus gained will serve to clarify the situation when work of a more refined nature is undertaken.

Laboratory Building, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Laboratory Room, Salt Creek Gas Plant

The laboratory building contains five rooms, a laboratory proper, a store room, a lavatory, a test room and an office. There is also an auxiliary building in which liquid air is to be made.

The laboratory is well supplied with reagents and apparatus for ordinary chemical tests, and in addition is supplied with a Burrell gas analysis apparatus, a Sargent gas calorimeter and a Burrell gas fractionating apparatus. The latter is to be used in making accurate determinations of the methane, ethane, propane, etc., in the gas as received from the field and at various stages in its passage through the plant.

The store room is kept well stocked with extra apparatus and spare parts for apparatus in every-day use. This insures uninterrupted operation even though the plant should be isolated for weeks, as was the case in the spring of 1920.

The office is in reality a combined office and library. The latter is sufficiently varied to cover practically every point that may arise except in the most advanced work.

The test room is at present occupied by an experimental plant, mention of which was made in the December issue of the Review. It is designed to test the feasibility of handling a larger volume of gas at lower pressure, using mineral seal as absorbent, with subsequent recovery of the gasoline by distillation. Work on these tests is now in progress.

In equipping the room for these tests as much as possible of the apparatus has been so chosen and so placed that when the present campaign is finished the minimum of changing will prepare the room for the next series of tests.

A two-inch line connects the test room with the main plant, where a suitable combination of valves and headers makes it possible to draw gas from any stage in the process.

The "liquid air" building is equipped with a four-stage Norwalk air compressor which is driven by a 10-horsepower Fairbanks-Morse gas engine. The equipment for cooling and liquifying the air is either on the ground or will arrive shortly. This plant will furnish about one liter of liquid air per hour, which is ample for operating the Burrell gas fractionating apparatus.

Analysis of gas by fractionation, followed by combustion tests of the various fractions, gives very accurate data on the composition of the gas. With this apparatus in commission we will be able to delve deeply into some of the problems which are at present perplexing us.

The test car consists of a Ford ton truck equipped with a small compressor, coils, accumulator and a five barrel absorber. By blocking up one of the rear wheels of the truck and belting it to the compressor the car can be made to furnish power for operating the plant which it carries. This car is designed particularly for field use and when operated by an experienced man will give reliable data on the gasoline content at any point in the system where a suitable connection can be made.

Following out the plan agreed upon when the work was first started, our energies have so far been largely directed toward solving problems which have arisen in connection with plant operation. These have been, for the most part, disposed of. It is therefore hoped that in a short time the increased equipment available will enable us to turn our attention to work partaking more of the nature of research.

Life insurance is one of the best provisions you can possibly make for your family to keep them from want in case of your death. The Midwest furnishes free insurance. See your superintendent.

They Call Him "Judge"

A. C. ANDREWS
Superintendent Salt Creek Gas Plant

Born, 1892, El Monte, Los Angeles County, California. First few years spent on ranch getting spanked, carrying kindling wood, wiping dishes and other chores dearly beloved to the heart of a kid. Fourteen years' schooling, shooting paper wads, playing hookey, going swimming,

etc. Then married, stenographer, bookkeeper, ranching, real estate, stocks, insurance, packing houses, oil field, rough neck, pipe fitter, gasoline operator, foreman, superintendent * * * Died February 31st, 2004. Here lies—

Big Muddy Booster Station

By E. W. Masters

In the spring of 1920 the company decided to install a booster station in the Big Muddy field with the necessary gas-collecting system to provide fuel for that field's consumption. The construction may readily be divided into two classes, namely: the installing of the gas-collecting system and the erection of the plant proper.

The gas-collecting system consists of three eight-inch pipe lines, which, for convenience, may be called one, two and three, extending from the principal gas wells to a common manifold house, which is so arranged that the booster plant may take the gas from any one of the lines or from all three combined. At the wells the flow lines lead into traps, from which the oil flows out the side through float valves, while the gas is drawn off from the top of the traps. This gas then passes through a Pittsburgh proportional meter for measuring the quantity and then into one of the eight-inch lines leading to the plant intake. No. 1 lines receives its gas from three wells after it has passed through three oil and gas traps and been metered. The gas in No. 2 line is obtained from nine wells after passing through four traps and two meters, while that in No. 3 flows from seven wells through four traps and a meter.

The plant proper consists of two 80-horsepower Bessemer direct-driven 16x20 compressors. The three eight-inch lines mentioned above combined lead into the intake side of the compressors. The rest of the plant consists of the necessary water circulating pumps, a 500-barrel water tank, an air pump for compressing air to be used in starting engines and a regulator for reducing the pressure in the fuel line to the booster engines.

In order to remove any condensate the gas from the booster, before going into the fuel lines throughout the field, was passed through 400 feet of four-inch pipe coils submerged in a 500-barrel tank of water and then into a trap from which the liquid could easily be blown out at the bottom, while the fuel gas passed off from the top and into the lines.

The booster plant has been compressing between 1,700,000 and 1,800,000 cubic feet of gas daily and maintaining a pressure of between 25 and 32 pounds in the fuel lines.

Booster Foreman, Muddy Field

E. W. Masters

Born in Portland, Oregon, May 30, 1895. Went through the public schools of that city and then entered Stanford University in September, 1914, in the geology and mining department. Was employed by the Pacific Coast Steel Company part of the time while attending college. On graduating, in 1919, remained with the company several months. While in school, had always been interested in the oil business, so decided to leave the steel company for better or worse. Entered the Midwest on January 6, 1920, at the Salt Creek gas plant. Experience with the company has been quite varied. Worked on the end of a "muck stick" for two days and then sent to topping plant, where chief occupation was overhauling pumps and general repair work. Was next called to the laboratory. After working there for about three weeks, was sent to operate the absorption plant. When the company decided to abandon the absorption plant after operating about three months, was put in the main casinghead gasoline plant. Remained there until the middle of August, with duties consisting of repair gang work, oiling and operating. Was then put in charge of topping plant. On the 20th of September was transferred to the Big Muddy field to complete the construction and put into operation the new booster and water stations. At present time the booster plant is completed and the water station will be in operation within a few weeks. When completed, don't know what the next work will be; as mentioned above, entered company for better or worse.

A life insurance policy is a good investment even if you have to pay the premium. However, the Midwest pays premium on a certain amount of insurance free of cost to you. If you haven't your policy, see the superintendent.

Some Autobiographies

Hayes W. Young

I was born near Mount Ayr, Newton County, Ind., on September 11, 1876. It is not altogether a coincidence that my Christian name is the same as the surname of one of the candidates for presidential honors that year. Two conditions surrounding my early life should have made me great, but for once these failed: I was raised on a farm and my parents were poor.

Was graduated from the Rensselaer, Ind., high school in 1897 and for five years thereafter taught country school in my home county. Some of my experiences during my career as teacher rivaled those of the original "Hoosier School Master."

Since early childhood it had been my ambition to go west and grow up with the country. During my teaching career this ambition crystallized further—I wanted to become a mining engineer. Went to Spokane, Washington, in 1902 and later worked as miner in Washington, Idaho, Montana and California. In the last named state my experience was largely along metallurgical lines, particularly the cyanide process.

Entered Stanford University in the autumn of 1906 and received my degree in mining in 1911. Was immediately appointed instructor in metallurgy; was promoted to assistant professor in 1915. During my professorial experience I had a widely varied experience along metallurgical lines, particularly work of an investigative nature.

Went to Colorado in 1917 and for nearly a year was employed by the Netherlands Government on an extended ore treatment problem.

My observations led me to believe that there were attractive opportunities in the various branches of the petroleum business, so accepted a position with the Carter Oil Company, and for a time did geological work in Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming.

Geological work proved interesting but my old love for chemistry and experimental work was ever with me. In July, 1919, I accepted an offer from my former student, A. W. Peake, to take charge of experimental work for the gas department.

Since locating at the Salt Creek gas plant I have had the usual difficulties connected with establishing a laboratory at a point far removed from railroad and to cover needs that often could not be foreseen.

Helen M. Wallace

I was born in Chicago and came west with my parents at the age of three. Casper was then the end of the Northwestern railroad and the end of the world, it seemed. Have grown up with the town, going through grammar and high school. Attended the State University at Laramie for a year, taking up the normal course.

In 1912 went to teach the first school out at Salt Creek. There was just one room then and thirty pupils was the maximum. Salt Creek was very crude in those days, but it was all very new to me and I enjoyed every minute of the time. Rode horseback a great deal and came to know Salt Creek and vicinity very well. Also learned something about the production of oil, which has been a great help altho I didn't realize it would be at the time.

Came to work for the Midwest in April, 1914, as switchboard operator. In my spare time on the board learned stenography and typewriting and a year later was given a chance at the stenographic position Miss Ida Porter was leaving to take charge of the Basin office. Later pioneered with Mr. Steel in the purchasing department, coming back to the operating department on Miss Porter's return to the Casper office. Worked for her until we moved into the Oil Exchange building, then did stenographic work exclusively for Mr. N. S. Wilson and Mr. Peake and their assistants. When the gas department was moved down to the fourth floor I came too and have never been sorry of my choice. I am at present Mr. Peake's secretary and attend to much of the detail of the gas department office work.

I am very glad to be one of the Midwest Family for I am sure it is the very finest family in the whole world, always has been and always will be.

Another Midwest Baby

On February 2nd, 1921, H. L. Minister, engineer at Laramie refinery, announced to the world at large and to the Midwest Family in particular that it was a girl. Her name is Joe-Claire Jean and she weighed eight pounds.

Speaking of Insurance

By E. M. Freeman

Let us see what it means to the average employe.

In the first place statistics show that not 50 per cent of the wage earners of the country carry any life insurance at all, and most of those who do insure carry barely enough indemnity to provide themselves with a decent burial. Almost invariably the loss of the breadwinner means privation, frequently real destitution, during the period which those dependent on him for support are readjusting their lives.

To be sure, all are offered the opportunity to buy life insurance, but when purchased *as individuals* its cost seems excessive. This feature alone deters a large percentage from insuring. Many others (about 15 per cent of the total) are ineligible for insurance on account of some physical ailment or some inherited tendency to disease. For these combined reasons literally millions of wage earners go wholly uninsured.

To meet this deplorable condition, and knowing that a contented employe is the best asset of a corporation, the Midwest Refining Company carries a blanket or group policy covering the entire working force for moderate amounts of insurance and *without individual medical examination*—this absolutely *without cost* to the employe. At first some few may have suspected a wholly ulterior motive, but no employe can fail to see—if the plan is clearly explained to him—a sincere and generous desire to benefit him and his family, with the logical result of creating interest and co-operation between employer and employe.

So that every employe might feel this personal interest in their welfare, the plan has only recently been extended to employes over the age of 60 years. These latter are accepted for insurance if they can pass a *reasonable* examination showing they are in *normal* condition for their age.

Another attractive feature of this plan is this: If for any reason the insured should leave the company's service he can himself continue the protection by direct arrangement with the insurance company. He will, of course, have to pay the customary individual rate therefore, but he at least escapes a medical examination, and he is assured of the same "all-wool" indemnity he had before.

The preference of some employes that the cost of insurance be put in their pay envelopes is made by those who have never thoroughly investigated the plan. If this were done it would mean an almost inperceptible raise in their wages—only two or three cents a day, which, if spent for life insurance, would secure but a small fraction of the protection which the company is getting for them for the same money.

It is inconceivable that such a beneficent plan might be received with apathy by any of the employes, but it was recently learned that a surprisingly large number

General View Elk Basin Gas Plant from rear, showing camp in rear

had as yet made no application. We are confident this is through ignorance of the plan, for surely no one could carelessly fail to secure this protection for his loved ones, involving as it does but a few moments' time in making out an application. So again let us briefly explain the plan.

Each employe should fill out an application *at the time of employment.* This will be forwarded by the superintendent to the insurance division in Denver and the employe is at liberty to dismiss the matter from his mind. At the end of six months, without any further word from him, he is issued a certificate for $500. At the end of the first year he receives another $500. Again at the end of the second year, and at the end of the third year he is given his final certificate—the maximum being $2,000. The company pays all premiums and attends to the payment of claims without cost to insured or beneficiary.

If you are in doubt as to whether you have filled out application or whether your insurance is still in force or the amount—if you have any questions in this connection, you are not only asked but are urged to write. We would much rather receive letters from the employes themselves asking about their insurance than those from their widows and dependents anxiously inquiring if they had been given the protection of this plan. *It is a duty. Make out that application today.*

The Midwest Basketeers of the Casper Refinery

Left to right: Smith, Rae, Schaefer, Reynolds, Wilson, Patterson, Erickson, Clowry, Kidd

Byron-Greybull Gas Line

By S. S. Sleeth, Midwest Representative, Byron Field

The Byron gas fields are located in the Big Horn Basin, about 44 miles north of Greybull, Wyo.

The first gas well was drilled in the Byron field in 1907, and the town was furnished with gas in 1908. At present date the Byron fields are furnishing gas for Greybull refinery, the town of Lovell and its sugar factory, tile factory, glass factory, also a small oil refinery at Lovell; the town of Cowley, and carbon company at Cowley, the Cowley oil refinery. There is a small gasoline extraction plant in the Byron field and a small gas plant at Cowley. At present there are six wells furnishing gas in the fields, also eight new standard rigs in the field, three in operation. The present indications are there will be considerable activities in the field this coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sleeth, Byron, Wyoming

Natural gas was first turned in the Byron-Greybull six-inch gas line April 1, 1918, at a pressure of 400 pounds, approximately delivering five million cubic feet per week to Greybull refinery, a distance of 44 miles. The average field pressure April 1, 1918, was 400 pounds, which dropped to 90 pounds on January 6, 1921.

It is not true that when a man has lost an eye the other wears out twice as quickly by reason of doing the work of two, but it is a decided disadvantage, so practice Safety First and keep both.

The Well That Drilled While They Slept

Edgar Kirkpatrick is responsible for creating a little disturbance in Muddy.

Edgar had been called upon to clean out and fish for tools in A. E. Humphrey No. 21, which was brought in February 13th, 1919, with an initial production of 245 barrels and and since that time has been producing on a small scale.

Edgar Kirkpatrick

Much time had been spent in trying to fish out two bits lost during last summer while cleaning out work was being done on the well, but without success, so at last orders were given to sidetrack them, which was done, and two or three feet of new hole was made.

Quitting time came around with nothing happening, but the great surprise was in store the next morning when Edgar discovered a continuous flow of oil running through the oil line to the tanks which caused him to forget the tools which he had been so eager to get. The well drilled itself in during the night of January 26th and up to the time of writing is making more oil than any single well in the fields.

Muddy is now on the high road to again claim the distinction of being the second largest producing field in the state of Wyoming.

We are unable to get the latest picture of our production boss Elmer Klahr, and his deputy, Charley Scott, both of whom were disturbed from their slumbers at about two in the morning, when informed that their immediate services were called upon to take care of a well that had drilled itself in at 100 barrels an hour, their sudden surprise was turned to smiles which have illuminated their faces ever since.

W. R. Finney, Superintendent of Gas Plants

W. R. Finney was born on a farm near Modesto, California. His early years were spent there, doing ordinary farm work and chores. After finishing high school he went through Leland Stanford University, doing ranch and shop work during the summers.

After leaving college he tried civil engineering for a year, gaining some experience but not much money. He borrowed railroad fare to the oil fields in Ventura County, California, and started, in May, 1914, as a laborer with the Montebello Oil Company, with the opportunity of digging ditches, breaking rocks and laying pipe lines.

When Mr. Peake started a small gasoline plant for the Montebello Company, he worked on it as pipe fitter helper, and when it was finished, was first oiler and then operator. During the enlargement of the plant he had charge of the machinery erection and the pipe fitting. He was an operator in this new four-unit plant until given foremanship.

In May, 1917, he left California for Oklahoma, going to work for the Empire Companies at Bartlesville. Here he designed one casing head and one absorption plant, leaving there in July, 1918, for the same line of work in Wyoming for The Midwest Refining Company.

He worked at Elk Basin for several months on construction, then came to the Casper office on construction and general extension work in the gas department, until May, 1920, when he was given title and job as superintendent of gas plants.

He considers his coming to Wyoming a very good move but that the best thing he ever did was to marry Miss Mary L. Rodden of Oakdale, California, on July 9th, 1917, in Kansas City.

He is now the proud father of Rodden Lynn Finney born January 24 at Oakdale, California.

He believes implicitly in the opportunities in Wyoming, and is very appreciative of the treatment of this company.

Measuring Hidden Dome Gas

A Main Line Meter

General View of Salt Creek Gas Plant

"One of Our Cousins"

T. K. Bishop, Manager and Treasurer, Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company, Basin, Wyoming

Thomas Kennedy Bishop of Basin, Wyo., being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That he was born in Bradford, Pa., in the days when it was considered fashionable to have an oil derrick in your front yard. That he did live there for ten years, and that at some period of said time he did learn to read and write the English language. Thereafter he was moved by his parents to the city of Pittsburgh, where, excepting for a one year's residence in Oil City and a two years' residence in Mount Union, Pa., he remained until the year 1910. During his residence in the said cities of Pittsburgh and Oil City he did try to master the requirements of that institution called school, but with very little success.

Affiant further states that for four years he did drive stakes and carry surplus paraphernalia on an engineering corps and that during these four years he did learn more of the said English language; that thereafter for a period of eight years he engaged in railroad construction work for the Drake & Stratton Company, holding the positions of timekeeper, assistant superintendent and paymaster.

Affiant also states that in the year 1904 he did take unto himself a wife said wife having previously been known as Helen Franklin Custer, and that she resided in the city of Pittsburgh. During the month of June, 1906, while affiant was engaged on railroad construction at Mount Union, Pa., he did receive an additional exemption of $200 on his income tax in the form of a small daughter, who thereafter has been known as Marion Custer Bishop.

Affiant further states that in the year 1910 he and his family were peaceably living in the city of Pittsburgh and that he was engaged in doing work for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company when one E. A. Durham of Sistersville did persuade him to buy a one-way ticket to Wyoming, offering said affiant certain remunerative work with the Big Horn Oil and Gas Company and affiliated companies at Basin, Wyo., and that some time thereafter the Greybull Oil Company, Greybull Refinery Company and Swanson Torpedo Company were organized, and affiant did accept salary from each as they were duly organized. In 1917 the Big Horn Oil and Gas Company did sell their interests to the Wyoming Gas Company, which, with the Midwest Refining Company, in the year 1920, organized the Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company, and affiant states that it did not take any "moral suasion" for him to accept the management and treasurership of this company in addition to the duties aforesaid.

Affiant further states that in January of the year 1913 he did receive another $200 exemption on his income tax, said exemption being known as John Thomas Bishop II.

It is the belief of affiant that at the present time he has the assistance of the "durned" best bunch of fellows (and girl) in the State of Wyoming, or any other state or territory of the United States, and invites inspection and tests at any time.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Bosses of the Salt Creek Gas Plant

Reading left to right: Whalen, Steward; Neithamer, Clubhouse Manager; Curtis, Head Engineer; Landey, Topping Plant Foreman; Andrews, Superintendent; Bulson, Head Electrician; Sanders, Construction Foreman

Hidden Dome Gas Line

(Continued from page 6)

Tim S. Armstrong, Field Superintendent

in summer time known as a pipe line crew, under the leadership of T. S. Armstrong, pitched their camp on the top of the "dome" about this time and were ready for work.

The writer has held up his right hand and said "never again" on building a pipe line during the winter in Wyoming. You will recall that there was a coal strike last winter and our camps were entirely dependent upon coal for fuel, for the name of the first river we crossed, "Nowood," described the condition of the country perfectly. As a result we borrowed, begged and stole coal all over two counties and at one time were forced to put men to work in a small mine near Manderson and mine our own supply.

In construction we followed the usual methods for high-pressure gas lines, installing five large "drips" and "blowoffs" in the first five miles from the field. At each river crossing a two-inch line, with pump connections, was run inside of the eight-inch to the low point under the river so that any condensation can be pumped out. All line exposed in crossing gulches has been boxed or covered with pipe insulation. Each river crossing is protected with a slow-acting gate valve and at the Big Horn River an 8x3 tee was placed on each side so that if the main line is broken in the river a temporary three-inch line can be swung across on a cable.

Opposite the town of Basin we installed a Wescott orifice meter with a 6-inch bypass, which measures the flow of gas before any is taken out of the line and gives us a check on line loss, if any, and also is a check on the gas purchased in the field. A short distance from this meter is a six-inch branch line, where the gas is reduced to 50 pounds pressure, measured through an orifice meter and sold to the Wyoming Gas Company for use in the town of Basin.

The line was completed to the refinery at Greybull on February 5 of this year and to the town of Greybull on February 10. On the 11th the gas was turned into the line the entire length for testing and a 200-pound pressure was maintained until 2 o'clock in the morning. At that time the Ohio Oil Company's regulator in the field went on a rampage and allowed 450 pounds pressure to enter the line, and as it had only been backfilled at the center of each joint you with experience know the result. Your answer is correct: it went up in two places, one about sixteen miles and other thirty miles from the field. After these repairs were made it was found that the Greybull River crossing had filled with water and frozen. This required several days and nights of steaming and blowing out and came very near causing the entire force to lose their religion. From the conversation that was carried on it seemed very plain that a certain gas line, river and climate were not in good standing with the fellow citizens gathered there, but eventually the steam and conversation had the desired effect and the line was "blown out" to the refinery.

W. A. Mortimer, Asst. Treasurer, Basin, Wyo.

The necessary work having been completed at the refinery, on March 2 the gas was turned on for general use, and since that date has been delivering several million cubic feet per day. This line, in conjunction with a line from the Byron gas field, supplies gas for the entire Midwest and Standard refineries at Greybull.

The Midwest-Wyoming Gas Company is a Maine corporation and has the following officers and directors: E. A. Durham, president; R. D. Brooks, vice-president; C. N. Kimball, secretary; T. K. Bishop, treasurer; L. A. Reed, A. W. Peake and W. L. Armstrong, directors.

The office of the company at Basin has the following organization: T. K. Bishop, manager; W. A. Mortimer, assistant treasurer. Will C. Feddersen, assistant treasurer; T. S. Armstrong, pipe line superintendent; Miss Floy C. Booth, office assistant, and C. W. Burns, lineman.

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Office Department

Accounting Division

NOTICE

It is imperative that *all* persons be denied admittance till 1920 business is cleaned up, which should be inside a couple of days. Kindly treat this inconvenience with the same consideration you might show on being invited to call on a smallpox patient.

The above notice appeared on the door of Mr. Mort Parsons' domicile, room 820, on Thursday and Friday, Febrauary 3 and 4..

Dr. F. F. Stevens, however, trough error, diagnosed the case as "smallpox," whereas it was an acute case of juggling figures, and as Drs. High, Muehler and Parsons are experts in this line of work the case was handed to them, which accounts for the notice appearing on the door.

It had the desired effect, however, of keeping the rest of the members of the accounting department clear of this room until after this extraordinary operation had been performed.

Three days were required by the doctors to get the patient in the pink of condition to undergo the operation, but the operation itself required but three hours' time to locate the different ailments which the patient possessed.

The operation was a success and now Drs. High, Muehler and Parsons are ready for the next victim to come along.

The doctors wish to thank the other members of the accounting department for their due consideration of the above notice by remaining away until after the operation was performed.

STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS

1. Always come to work at least half an hour late and quit an hour or so early, thereby demonstrating to your superior officers that you are so proficient at your work that it isn't necessary for you to put in the alloted number of hours.

2. Spend at least an hour during the morning in reading a newspaper or magazine. This will please the boss, as it will show that you have ambition to improve your mind by keeping up with current affairs.

3. Visit your fellow employes frequently during office hours and converse on any subject under the sun except the oil business. The boss may overhear and become aware that your knowledge covers a wide range of subjects. Versatility is a great attribute.

4. After lunch never spend the remainder of the noon hour in strolling about the streets or loitering in front of the building. Always occupy yourself in some manner, otherwise the boss will think that you are of a sluggish disposition. Pool-playing furnishes a very commendable diversion. Of course, if you are in the midst of a game at the time you are supposed to return to the office, finish the game by all means. This will demonstrate that you are a person of great tenacity of purpose and not a quitter. All employers dislike a quitter.

5. During the afternoon, when you begin to feel drowsy, find a convenient place and take a nap. You must conserve your mental vigor and not attempt to work when your brain is fatigued and you feel the need of sleep. All employers realize that conservation of health is very important and that plenty of sleep is one of the most important rules to follow.

6. If all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, the logical conclusion is that all play and no work must make him very bright. Therefore if you wish to be bright you must start out in the evening after dinner in search of recreation, and be sure to get plenty of it, even though it keeps you out until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. The nature of the recreation is a matter of individual taste. You might try all-night dances, poker parties or joy rides with plenty of moonshine, any of which provides innocent and healthful entertainment. You may not feel much like going to the office the next day, but that will be all right. You will at least get plenty of sleep Saturday night and be in good condition to attend church the next day, which will please the boss very much and he won't mind what condition you're in the remainder of the week.

If as high as High is high, High is as high as High, its doubtful even though High is as high as High, that High could be any higher than High is high now. Of course, it might make some difference if Phil Korn, the son of Pop Korn, had enough influence on Jolly to make Jolly more jolly than Jolly is jolly now, although if Jolly were as jolly as Jolly is jolly in proportion to High being high, we doubt if Korn could prevail to make Jolly more jolly than Jolly is jolly now. Yet there is a possibility of Wright being able to make it right, because as right as Wright is right, our Wright is not a wheelwright. Maybe Dun-can.

It is rumored that at a card party recently held at McAlpine's home, Kaup Hel(d) big hands.

For sometime past the accounting department

has had just cause for being proud of its almost errorless record, but, lo and behold, facts have been unearthed which disclose thirty-one gross mistakes, together with prospects of twenty more sooner or later. From a recent canvass it is evident that bachelorhood has lost its attractiveness, or some of the boys are fast becoming mentally unbalanced. However, both go hand in hand, as the loss of mental equilibrium seems to be simultaneous with or almost always followed by matrimony. Discretion prevents going into the subject to any great length in view of ignorance as to the attitude of some of the twenty single members, not to say anything of the thirty-one classified as married and harmless.

While we boast of our Apollos, Huegli and VanVoorhees, our Vernon Castles, Clark and Muehler, and our Mercury, Gordon Gin Porter, we cannot refrain from mentioning that we count among our accounting division personnel a few budding DeOros in the persons of Henry Vervalin of tournament fame, Judkins, Geiser, McAlpine and Schwartzlose. These young and unsophisticated exponents of the pool table can be seen on exhibition almost daily during the noon hour in a local billiard parlor.

HEARD IN THE ELEVATOR

Elevator Pilot: "There's room for one more."

Mr. Heerlein: "There's no room for a fat man."

Elevator Pilot: "Well, they're always jolly."

Enter Jolly.

Purchasing Division

"QUOTATIONS—F. O. B. DENVER"

Miss Marie Bellew, whose addition to our department was mentioned in last month's Review, was taken suddenly ill and rushed to St. Luke's Hospital, where she was obliged to undergo without delay a mastoid operation. She is a plucky little lady, and in spite of the seriousness of the operation she is now at her home and improving rapidly. We trust the time will be short until she is able to be with us again. Miss Bellew's place is being filled by Miss McQuiddy.

A new society has been organized with headquarters in room 832 First National Bank building, Denver. This, we understand, is a branch of the American Legion, to be known as the "Association of World War Veterans Post 4-11-44." The following officers are in charge: C. D. McKay, commander-in-chief; Billy Nickol, chief of staff, and "Pat" Hinman, adjutant general. From general observation we would say that the association is a sort of debating society for the purpose of discussing the activities of the A. E. F., the prevention of sea-sickness, cooties and their habits, what *should* have been done with the kaiser, etc., etc., etc. Any and all visitors are welcome at any time to listen to the arguments advanced as these and other weighty problems are discussed at length.

If a certain young man whose initials are John Heuer will bear in mind the fact that in these days of the H. C. L. two girls sometimes find it necessary to have dresses made from the same kind of material, it may save him some confusion. Frinstance: A few days ago "Fickle Johnny" observed with the "tail of his eye" a familiar-looking brown-checked dress in the vicinity of his desk. Without waiting to ascertain who was thus attired, Johnny remarked in a gentle voice, "Hello, sweetheart." The young lady uttered a strangled exclamation, and upon looking up what was Johnny's dismay to see that the wearer of the familiar-looking garment possessed an entirely unfamiliar face. We don't know just what Johnny said, but we do know that he can blush beautifully.

It is easy to know and do right. When in doubt, simply do whatever you least want to do.—Smart Set.

Miss Edith Hammond met with a serious accident while skating at City Park recently. As Miss Hammond was cutting a graceful "figure 8" she tripped over a snowflake on the ice and fell, skinning her shoe badly and knocking two teeth out of a conspicuous place in her back comb. She was, however, able to report for duty the following morning and seems to have entirely recovered from the shock.

"Oh!" exclaimed the suffragette fervently, "if the Lord had only made me a man!"

"Perhaps he did, dear," said the widow soothingly, "but you just haven't found him yet."—Selected.

Mr. Jay Mudgett is anxious to take on all comers in a slight variation of the regular game of pool known as "Sloppy." His pet shot is said to be the "en masse," although he sometimes varies it by a species of pool-hall golf, in which he has demonstrated great ability, having at times shot the ball from the table to the opposite end of the hall. We would suggest, however, that anyone taking up Mr. Mudgett's proposal provide himself with a baseball mask for protection.

The Elk Basin Gas Well

Looking west at rig. Note four 6-inch vent pipes installed to carry gas away from rig while working on shutting well in

Willis: "I see by the paper that it is raining oil in China."

Gillis: "Well, I shouldn't wonder! That's probably the bottom falling out of one of those Texas oil wells that I bought stock in."—Selected.

We understand that sound-proof portable screens are to be a feature of the equipment in the new quarters when the offices are moved. These screens are a recent invention for the benefit of temperamental persons who are easily annoyed and distracted by noises such as conversation, typewriters in operation, etc. The portable feature makes them particularly useful, as they can be set up around any desk, thus seggregating the individual and allowing him to concentrate undisturbed.

"What salary do you expect?" asked the prospective employer.

"At first," was the modest reply, "just enough to live on."

"You expect too much; I can't use you."—Selected.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

After a noon-day shopping tour Miss Sophia Koenig returned to the office the other day carrying an ivory picture frame. In reply to all inquiries she vouchasafed the information that it was to contain her "sweeti's" picture. We don't know just what this indicates—but it sounds interesting.

THE MOTTO THAT COUNTS

If the motto says "Smile" and you carry a frown,
"Do it now" and you linger and wait;
If the motto says "Help" and you trample men down;
If the motto says "Love" and you hate,
You won't get away with the mottos you stall,
For the truth will come forth with a bounce.
It is not the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you *live* that counts.

You may bring to your office and put in a frame
A motto as fine as its paint,
But if you're a crook when you're playing the game
That motto won't make you a saint.
You can stick up the placard all over the hall,
But here is the word I announce:
It is not the motto that hangs on the wall,
But the motto you *live* that counts.

—Selected.

Do you know you are entitled to life insurance free of charge? See your superintendent about it.

Main Engine Room, Salt Creek Gas Plant

And They Didn't Move

(By way of explanation of the following protest, we wish to state that it was written after receiving a "wireless" to the effect that our department would soon be transferred to a distant corner of the building several miles from our present happy home. The answer is appended hereto and speaks for itself.)

We, the undersigned, in committee assembled, having received information to the effect that the stenographic division is about to be removed from its present location to a dark and dismal corner of the building known as the First National Bank building, do hereby wish to make protest, and do hereby make protest, to your honorable body, and for cause of action hereby allege:

1. That for three years last past your stenographic division has occupied the NE¼ of the NE¼ Sec. 8-1-4 West of the Sixth P. M. of said First National Bank building; that during said tenancy seventeen desks, more or less, have been occupied by seventeen expert stenographers (more or less); that owing to the light entering this department from four large windows located therein, and the life-giving rays of the sun pouring in from said windows, your stenographers have been enabled to perform much and laborious work to the entire satisfaction of all concerned; and

2. As a further and greater incentive and reason why we should be allowed to remain in our present quarters, we believe, and hereby state the facts to be, that since the erection and completion of the United States Bank building directly across the street from our present location we have received greater enthusiasm and much inspiration from the sights presented from the windows of said U. S. Bank building, more especially from the windows of the Federal Board for Vocational Training therein located, and it is our belief that should we be cut off from our present association with, and deprived of these most inspiring sights our work might and probably would become less efficient and results less satisfactory;

Now, therefore, in consideration of the premises, and the further fact that we fear a removal from our present quarters would seriously interfere with and hamper our acknowledged efficiency and seriously impair the health and angelic dispositions of your stenographers, we hereby wish to respectfully enter a protest against the rumored action of your honorable body, and ask that you reconsider any such arrangement, and allow us to remain in quiet and peaceable possession of what has been our home for three years last past, and for such other and further relief as to your honorable body may seem right and proper, and your humble servants will ever pray.

Done in committee of the whole, this 2d day of February, A. D. 1921.

ANSWER

Mrs. Baird et al.:

I trust you will pardon my delay in not answering sooner your very humble petition of yesterday.

While this petition is addressed to "A. L. M. et al.," and makes mention of the "honorable body" (I do not know whether this refers to the undressed one across the way), I am taking the liberty of answering same.

I remember well, when I was a trifle smaller and a great deal younger, while sitting upon my mother's lap (can you imagine it?) her words: "I hope my boy will always respect the request of a lady." I would therefore consider myself very ungentlemanly and totally unamerican not to grant a request coming from seventeen ladies (more or less).

You will therefore please be advised that the stenographic department will remain in the old home. However, owing to the extreme light coming from the large windows on the one side, and the sights which are extremely bad for sore eyes coming from the other side ("Why girls leave home"), it has been decided to have all windows heavily frosted.

Yours, for the doctor across the way,

A. L. M.

Midwest Man in Charity Play

E. K. ("Lee") Ballard as Captain Barnable in "Fi-Fi," given at Municipal Auditorium February 3, 1921

On January 24th and 25th a mammoth minstrel show was given at the Denver Municipal Auditorium for the benefit of several charity organizations. The cast included the best local talent, both amateur and professional, and the star of the production was undoubtedly Mr. E. K. Ballard. Bill May as the leader of the dusky chorus ladies in the "olio" also made a decided hit.

Mr. Ballard, playing under the name of "Lee Ballard," was one of the two "premier end men," and the manner in which he got away with his part may be judged somewhat by the fact that since he made his appearance at the Auditorium the first time he has had a number of attractive offers from different organizations.

"Lee" took the role of Captain Barnacle in "Fi-Fi," the big musical extravaganza given at the Auditorium the night of February 3rd. He is now rehearsing "Under Cover" with a local company, which play is to be given in the near future, and he will also take the leading part in the next Little Theatre production. The plays given by the Little Theatre players are noted for their artistic merits, and Mr. Ballard's work in "Fi-Fi" has shown that he can act other parts as well or better than that of a minstrel.

Friends of "E. K. B." in Wyoming who have seen him appear in little shows will be pleased to learn that he has made a big reputation for himself these last few weeks in Denver.

DOES SHE CRY AT NIGHT?

Mrs. Utard has had considerable trouble teething of late. She sprung a new tooth several weeks ago and it is now growing nicely and in good health. She has other troubles coming, as we understand she has had only one attack of the measles and has never had the whooping cough.

We hope her husband will take good care of her, because we should miss her very much should she be away from the office for any length of time.

"POUR QUOI?"

What's the attraction? One by one the stenographers of the traffic department are leaving for California. Bessie Harper left for San Francisco Thursday, February 3rd. Miss Harper expects to remain in California.

Elsie P. Dameron also left for Coronado Beach Thursday, February 10th, for a visit with friends. Miss Dameron expects to return to Denver in about three months.

Post and Ante Mortem

By A. F. Russell

When Old Sol begins his northward travels the days begin to get longer on both ends, the snows begin to melt a little faster and the columns of the sporting pages of the leading metropolitan dailies begin to fill up with the accounts of the exodus of "old war horses" and "green colts" into the southern climes, we come to the conclusion that it is time for us to rub the cobwebs from our eyes and shake the moth balls out of our pockets and herald the coming

spring with a column or two on what we hope to do in Denver during the coming season with our ball club.

It is needless to say that in Denver our team has always been made up of bona fide employes. It is absolutely impossible for us to load up with a lot of professional ball players, as our men must be good office men as well as athletes. The greater part of office work must be done every day and cannot be put off until such time as is convenient. Then, too, it takes some time to break young men in and train them for their various duties, and we could not afford to hire the professional ball player, who would move on just when he was beginning to become a valuable man to us. You can, therefore, readily see why our team is not made up of as fast players as those at our refineries, where playing baseball in the summer is their chief duty.

In spite of this so-called handicap, we have in our employ several high-class ball players. Some of these boys have come to us "green" to office work and have developed into mighty good men for our company. "Bo" Scherrer was secured in the summer of 1918 and was a great help to us in winning the championship that year. He has developed into a good man and is now occupying a good position in our accounting division.

"Al" Ohnemus was first introduced to the company at Greybull in 1919. He left there in the fall of that year and has since been employed in the sales accounting division in the Denver office. "Al" is developing into a good man.

Frank Philbin was secured about a year ago and has been in the employ of the stock department. We do not need to tell anyone who has seen him play that he is a nifty ball player. He is also a hard worker and gives the company all that is in him.

"Shorty" Hanlin is one of the best catchers in the city. He came into our employ early last year and is now chief assistant to E. K. Ballard in the traffic department.

Ray Hamilton was an unknown quantity when he first started with our company. Through some remarkable pitching against the University of California we discovered he had something. His record on the mound last year was perfect, not losing a game. In the office he is just as good, reliable and accurate.

Construction Department the Salt Creek Gas Plant

Reading left to right: Yost, Head Welder; Hamilton, Machinery Erector; Critchfield, Head Carpenter; Wilt, Head Fitter; Bales, Yard Foreman; Sanders, Construction Foreman, and "Bob"

"Bill" May is also a fine ball player and a hard worker. Bill started with us several years ago and is now entitled to wear service stripes.

"Art" Hughes is another sweet young athlete. He is lightning fast and has a good head. Art is also a good accountant.

Floyd Curran and Roy Johnson are two more of our boys who are good ball players and fine workmen. Roy has played on every team since we started back in 1917.

We expect that all the above mentioned men will be with us again this year. Two of them have offers from Des Moines in the Western League, but we are hoping that they will look the future well in the face before making a decision.

The following lads helped to make up our squad last year and as they are still with us we are looking for them to be with us again this year. They are Joe Gaiser, Phil Korn, R. P. McNicholas and Jimmy Izett. Each one is a good office man and hard-working player.

Art Johns, who has lots of ability as a player, will be out of the game this year due to doctor's orders. We will miss his services.

There are several more players in the Denver office and we hope to see them on the field when the first practice is held. If the weather permits we will, no doubt, start our spring training about the middle of March.

There are some current rumors to the effect that the company is thinking about putting in a professional team in this city. As to the truth of this rumor the writer is unable to state at the present writing, but should this be their decision we hope that we will still be able to have our office team as well, for every lad on our teams in the past has been playing for the love of the game and not the "jack" he can make.

That Company Dance

Following a custom that has been inaugurated this winter of promoting social life among its employes, our company entertained the members of the Midwest family on Friday evening, January 21, 1921, at the Woman's Club building by a moving picture show and dance.

Glaring bulletins announced the above event about three weeks ahead and these were generously distributed about the office. A number were also sent to the offices of our sister companies, viz., the Midwest Oil Company, Elk Basin Consolidated Petroleum Company and Western States Oil and Land Company. This gave everyone ample time to arrange their dates so that they would not get them mixed.

The festivities were announced to commence at 8:30 o'clock, but owing to a slight delay, occurring from various causes, chief of which was waiting for the audience to arrive, the picture show did not commence until 9 o'clock. Those who were so fortunate as to witness these pictures saw the "Story of Oil" graphically portrayed, much to everyone's satisfaction and edification. And to those who came late and missed this treat we must say that they missed the best part of the evening.

After the pictures, the strains of Goodman's orchestra called everyone to the dance hall, where several fine exhibitions of the terpsichorean art were given, and everyone proceeded to enjoy himself to the limit.

Refreshments were served between 10 and 11 o'clock and a bowl of punch was "on tap" during the whole evening.

The general opinion that we have been able to sound has been one of entire satisfaction and the big question we hear on all sides is, "When is the next dance going to be given?"

"Saabd" Doings

Yes, this is going to be the regular title of our column in the Review. We happened to stumble across this word while we were in Arabia about a year ago. It is the Arabic abbreviation for sales accounting and billing division. You like it? So do we.

We notice that the announcement of our "jazz orchestra" in last month's Review was swallowed "hook and line" by our readers and everyone is looking anxiously forward to our "debuttal." However, we did not want to spring all the good things at once, so we neglected to mention "Al" Ohnemus. "Al" is a noted musician. He operates the victrola with exact decision of an accomplished master of the art. His musical knowledge is wonderful. In fact, you can name any record and he can tell you what is on the other side.

It is said that the only thing that keeps Art Johns out of grand opera is his voice.

If the new deal goes over to allow the employes to buy stock in the company, Mr. Illius is thinking of selling his Outwest and investing in a "sure thing."

When "Bill" Casey first applied to us for work Mr. Illius asked him what his position was at his last place of employment. "Why, I was the doer," replied Bill. "What is a doer?" asked the boss. "Well, it was this way," said Bill. "The boss would tell the cashier, and the cashier would tell the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper would tell me. As I had no one to tell it to, I would do it."

"I hear your father is sick," said Bill Elliott to Wade Casey.

Office Building, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Office

"Yes," replied Wade.

"Is it contagious," asked Bill.

"I hope not," replied Casey; "the doctor says it is overwork."

Horrible catastrophe! Jake Bohmann shaved off his mustache and the elevator girl took him up to the twelfth by mistake.

An event of great importance took place at fifteen minutes of one on Saturday afternoon, January 29, when Miss Virginia Rose Johns, age four months and eight days, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Johns, made the sales accounting division an official visit. She was well received and a royal reception was given her. We congratulate Art and his wife on having such a fine baby girl.

We overlooked an item of importance a month or two ago, when our representative in a speed contest defeated by a large margin an operator of a rival calculating machine. Spencer Stebenne represented us and operated a Marchant machine. How bad his competitor was beaten is not for us to say, as it would sound like boasting, which we refrain from doing.

Mrs. Stebenne, a former employe of this company, was operated on at Park Avenue Hospital last Friday. She had her tonsils removed. She was reported better today. Best wishes for her speedy recovery are extended by all.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of January 20 a big burly army truck literally sneaked up behind a flivver driven and owned by Roy Johnson and tried to destroy the poor thing. An affidavit signed by two officers who did not see the accident placed the blame upon the army truck, and now Roy has the pleasure of trying to collect from the government.

Along about the 10th of January about twenty or thirty members of the Midwest family gathered at Washington Park Lake to enjoy the skating. Floyd Curran, who promoted the affair, declares that it was a huge success.

Our column would be incomplete without mentioning Tom May. Tom is an ex-typist of renown. He still believes that he is as good as the best and has hurled a defy in the face of all rivals to the effect that he can type more figures in one minute than any male typist in the company. All who accept this challenge must weigh in at the ringside fifteen minutes before the contest.

We believe that the traffic department representative overlooked an important item of news, and one which would no doubt be of interest to many of the members of our family, when he failed to make mention of the fact that "Wild

Big Gas Well at Elk Basin and Men Who Capped It

1—Looking north at the well. 2—Close-up view of well and men working left to right: S. E. Smith, Dee T. Beck, Guy Clifford, Charles Berridge, Robert Lowery, Homer Biswell, Earl Wymer, Harry Wynn. 3—Close-up view of control head after being placed on casing and before was was turned into line.

Bill" Comer, as he is affiectionately known in the railroad fraternity, a former employe of this company, has been made local representative for the Illinois Central railroad. Mr. Comer is a hard worker, and we know that success will follow him wherever he goes, and the Midwest employes wish him his share.

Fearing that we might run out of enough to fill our column, we called on a few "cubs" to assist us in our endeavors along these lines.

The following excerpts have been submitted:

Ray Hamilton and party started to motor to Greeley on New Year's eve about 9 o'clock, but finally arrived at Paris at 12 o'clock the same night, according to Ray. He thought the life was too high there, so he threw up the whole thing and arrived in Denver the next day—New Year's Day—at 1 p. m. Ask Ray.—S. A. E.

Here is another: Several of the male members of the Midwest family like to play pool, and any day during the noon hour recess they may be found at the Stout street pool hall. As our noon hour falls half on and half off with several other large corporations of this city, it is generally necessary for them to await their turn. Little Jimmy is the proprietor of this pool hall, and the general salutation that greets him from our boys when they arrive is, "How many are ahead of me." When told that there are three or four, their heads drop in great sorrow. This pool hall is staging a pool tournament and our boys have entered a team composed of four of the leading cue artists of this office. Their present standing is second. They are confident that when the finish is sighted they will be resting securely in the lead.—O. W. A.

Still another contribution: It is rumored that our battery, composed of Hamilton and Hanlin, have received a very good offer from Pine Crest to play there during the summer months. They are being persuaded to remain in Denver, however, as we believe that the altitude at Pine Crest is too high, especially for anyone with a weak heart—for the ladies. It is reported that Hanlin, the receiving member of this pair, is bout to take a leap from the twelfth floor of the First National Bank building and embark upon the balmy sea of matrimony. It is hoped that he will have better luck than other ball players we have known, but beware of the "Ides of March."—C. W.A.

Unloading machinery at Salt Creek Gas Plant

Laramie Stuff

By H. L. Minister

The new year did not come in as in years gone by—everything around Laramie was quiet and peaceful.

Mr. Larson of the chemistry department returned from his vacation trip to Cripple Creek, Colo.

The business men of Laramie have formed a club for daily exercise, taken in the evenings under the directorship of Coach Corbett of the Wyoming University. A number from the Midwest have joined the club and already there is apparent much improvement of these physical bodies.

Jack Ambrose, formerly of the machine shops, has returned and he states the Mormon colony is fine and the people all O. K.—but Laramie for him.

R. G. Cocoanower of the traffic department was in Laramie the middle of January looking after the shipment of crude oil from Rock River to Laramie, occasioned by the Illinois pipe line being unable to get the necessary supply through its line.

The first shipment of casinghead (high gravity) gas from Rock River was received January 26. Since the 15th of the month about twenty cars of crude oil per day have been received, as the Illinois pipe line from Rock River to the Laramie plant has been giving considerable trouble.

Rumors have it that an indignation meeting is to be called to ascertain which of the two, F. O. Blair, assistant superintendent, or R. G. Rummel, brick foreman, should dispose of their mackinaws. Both men are about six feet high and of the same build and both wear the same kind of mackinaw. The reason for this is because of the unsettled condition of various workmen when one of these two men approach. Superintendent Cullen believes it would pay the company to purchase several more of these mackinaws.

Burke Sinclair, director of industrial relations, was here attending the Joint Council meeting Thursday, January 20.

It has been reported that Mr. Sleeper left the still and tank-cleaning job to accept a position on the graveyard shift in the Black Coffin mine in the Funeral Mountains of Death Valley.

The various clubs of Laramie, together with the Council of Industry and the Midwest Refining Company, have been trying to devise a scheme by which a baseball park can be built closer to town. To date nothing definite is at hand, only that we are coming out strong this year and all opposing teams will realize that Laramie has the best baseball aggregation in this section.

Mr. Meecham of the Foamite Company has been in Laramie for several weeks completing the installation of the Foamite system. On Monday, January 24, a big fire demonstration to test the new system was pulled off, and the management was well pleased. At a distance of approximately seven hundred feet from the Foamite pump house a large oil fire was started,

a signal given and in three minutes the pump had been started and the Foamite was being sprayed over the fire. It took one minute to extinguish the blaze. There was sufficient force to throw a stream of Foamite 135 feet.

H. L. Wolfenden, president of the Rocky Mountain Firefoam Company, together with several other Foamite officials, were in Laramie January 24 to witness the fire-fighting demonstration.

William Schilling of the Midwest field department at Casper was a visitor at the Laramie plant January 26.

W. R. Finney, superintendent of gas plant, spent Thursday, January 20, at the Laramie refinery.

W. B. Maxwell was in Laramie on December 31 on his way back from California to Casper.

Earl Harmon of the engineering department and Miss Lora Maynard were quietly united in the holy bonds of matrimony on January 12. May success accompany them through life.

H. E. Dailey of the land department, Casper, was in Laramie on January 4 on his way from Rawlins to Casper.

"Whitie" starts to sing joyously.

Harry Bennett: "What's the trouble, Whitie?"

Finney: "Someone dropped a nickel in him a week ago and it's just taking effect."

Dodge (pipe fitter) to Oscar Brannan in warehouse: "How's that blind girl, Oscar?"

Oscar: "What blind girl?"

Dodge: "The one I saw you had to keep your arm around to take home last night."

Oscar: "Oh! h'm, h'm. She's better, thank you. It's nothing serious—sort of intermittent attacks."

The pipe gang is wondering where Fred Wills would have stopped when the last fire at the stills started if the ice in the river had held him up.

Yet unfinished—the story that Walt Walters was telling when the whistle blew.

"See you later, Whitie."

"I don't know. Not if I see you first."

Frank A. Miller, warehouseman since the beginning of construction work at the Laramie refinery, has been transferred to the clerical force at the Casper plant of the Midwest Refining Company.

Clyde (Dinty) Moore is now in the warehouse office as transfer clerk.

H. C. Hornsby, assistant timekeeper, is the unconscious object of considerable betting and much interest on the part of his fellow employes of the general office. "Alabam" is so much in request by a number of the members of the "chicken" family that he is waylaid every afternoon upon his way home from work by at least three, and it is reported sometimes five, of them. The bets are concerned with which one, or two, succeed in effecting the capture.

M. E. Reyneke, formerly material accountant in the office of the warehouse at Laramie, has been promoted to the position of warehouseman made vacant by the resignation of Frank A. Miller. Mr. Reyneke was for twenty-five years in the employ of the American Steel and Wire Company as shipping and order clerk and as warehouse manager of the Pittsburgh mills. He left the employ of the American Steel and Wire Company on February 1 last on account of climatic conditions and on July 26 entered the employ of the Midwest Refining Company as material accountant, going first to Salt Creek and being transferred to Laramie October 15.

G. L. Norstrum, who entered the service of the Midwest at the Casper office on December 1 last, has been transferred to the warehouse office at Laramie and is now material accountant there.

J. A. Desha has been transferred from the office of superintendent Cullen to the warehouse office.

Miss Adolphine E. Reyeneke, stenographer, has been transferred from the warehouse office to the office of Superintendent Cullen.

Do you know you are entitled to life insurance free of charge? See your superintendent about it.

A Still Small Voice

From the Casper Field Carpenter Shop

Located near the Casper storage yard, hidden behind the stock of lumber, there is located a very industrious place known as the carpenter shop.

There has been very little said about us, because we have been too busy to write and we have sold our hammer and bought a horn. Therefore we trust that we will be able to tell you more about ourselves in the future.

We have been rap, rap rap, for such a long time it is hard to toot our own horn, but practice makes perfect. We hope you don't mind our practicing.

This said shop is in charge of Mr. Perry Arner. That is the first time that there has been a title stuck in front of his name. We trust that Perry appreciates the handle. We have been asked what makes Perry look so happy. It's because his family consists of his dog. For everywhere that Perry goes that dog is sure to go.

Mr. H. Capps is always busy counting nails and bolts to see that all are accounted for. It sure keeps him busy. Also his duty is to see that son of his, Harold, keeps busy and away from the trains, and Harold tries to keep track of "Dad," so the circle is complete.

The construction of the producing department in all fields work from this "joint," so it keeps everyone busy. Got to start in knocking (nails) again, so will quit.

Klahr Camp

We wish to take this opportunity to extend to the great Midwest family our best wishes for the year 1921, and we are resolved to carry out our small parts in such a fashion as to attain a higher degree of efficiency and make things a little better all the way 'round than they were in 1920. The Family at Klahr Camp.

The past month has seen many improvements here in the camp. A force of carpenters under the direction of Mr. Humphrey has greatly improved the condition of bunkhouses and family houses, and adequate fire protection is being provided in regular city fashion by the laying of a high-pressure water line and installation of fire plugs and hose houses along Klahr avenue. This work is nearly completed and will fill a long-felt need.

Paul Miller is back on the job following a week's vacation in Denver with home folks. The orchestra and entertainers of the camp can now continue their nightly meetings, which were held up while our cornetist was gone.

J. H. Flair has returned from Casper, where he underwent an operation, and is now slapping paint in the executive mansion. We meant to say "interior decorating," but we've seen the paint. The "crumb boss" says it will take a month to get the paint removed from the window panes and hopes it will take till spring for the stuff to dry.

Mrs. C. R. Kearney and daughter Winifred have moved into the cottage opposite boiler-house No. 4. Mrs. Kearney is a sister of Andy Conway.

Johnny Cookston, an old-timer of the Muddy field, is working here in the camp following a month's vacation in California.

One of the favorite indoor sports here is to have some fellow tell us all about the orange blossoms, the beach, etc., when it's forty below outside.

A number of pictures intended for the Review this month are still with the photographer and will be back too late for this issue.

Invitations have been received by all the men in the camp to attend a party given in their honor by the ladies of the camp on January 6 at the home of Mrs. Carl Chase. It is not known just what will take place, but we know the women of the camp are no shirkers and will entertain us in a royal manner. "Nuff sed."

A MAIN PIPE LINE MAN

C. G. Bagent came to Casper last summer to show us some real main-line work. He was born in Gaynesville, O., but has been doing main-line and station work in the Kansas and Oklahoma fields for the past several years.

Gilchrist-Preston

Miss Eleanor Gilchrist, formerly one of our stenographers, was married to Mr. E. O. Preston on Thursday night, January 20. A newspaper item said that the event was a matter of interest and surprise in college and social circles, and while the news was interesting it did not, however, result in lifted brows and exclamations of astonishment in the traffic department, it having been a well-known fact that Miss Gilchrist (pardon us, Mrs. Preston) was in love.

Her husband is a chemist in the sugar factory at Sheridan, Wyo., and he took her up there to live with him shortly after the wedding.

Mr. H. G. Naylor was on a business trip in the East from January 23 to February 5. Every time Mr. Naylor steps out something happens. Last time he was on a trip the prices went up—this time they went down *twice*. There is no telling where prices would be now if he had not come back in the nick of time.

Mr. E. M. Freeman
c/o Midwest Refining Co.,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of my late husband, Robert Rowland's insurance amounting to $1,500, which reached me thru Mr. Murray February 1st, and to thank the Midwest Company for making this wonderful benefit possible. I take pride in the fact that my husband was a happy, useful employe of so fine an organization.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. Mollie Rowland.

Feb. 10, 1921.

As the bill before the Legislature at this time making Armistice Day a legal holiday in Wyoming to be called American Day, brings to mind the fact that Captain J. E. Frisby of the Casper refinery power plant was the first Wyoming officer to enter Berlin after the armistice. Captain Frisby arrived in Berlin March 2, 1919, special courier of mail and official dispatcher to the German government.

Elk Basin Gas Plant Notes

One morning last week Charles Bates, our field lineman, came down all smiles and very joyfully announced that he was daddy again. This time a girl, too. Charles has a right to smile, for what is a family without a girl, especially where there are four boys as Charles already has.

We were greeted with a happy smile one morning last fall, but it cannot come up in any way to this one, when Dunham announced to us that he was proud daddy again, and a minute later said, "Another girl," and when asked how many said, "Oh, just six."

The pipe gang had quite a treat last week, so Sweede says. They were all in Frannie doing some work at the blending station. This was heaven for Swede; he could go fussing every night and not have to turn out the jitney lights to keep awake when he came home afterwards. Cheer up, Sweede; it will soon be summer and nice long evenings again.

One cold evening in January Mr. A. F. Russell of the sales accounting and billing division was very comfortably lying in bed when his wife suddenly nudged him and said:

"Listen! I believe there's somebody moving about downstairs."

Al listens.

"Yes, he's just scratching a match, and I'll bet he's found that box of cigars you gave me for Christmas."

Both sniff.

Al (snuggling down): "He's smoking one. We'll find his body in the morning."

The company is making some improvements and addition to the refinery at Greybull. A battery of six coking stills is being built and repairs and remodeling are under way with a large force of workmen engaged.

Operation Crew, Elk Basin Gas Plant

Left to right: Austin, H. Jackson, Jones, Scott, Lawrence, Sandsness, C. Jackson, and Slick

Casper Refinery Warehouse News

This was perpetrated by R. H. Cooley of the Casper refinery warehouse. We offer no apologies, only sympathy, for his family.—Ed.

Last night as I sat reading,
An alarm began to ring;
The darn thing kept right at it,
And the others began to sing.

CHORUS

Refinery, refinery,
Are you burning down?
Midwest or Standard,
Or the whole damn town?

The whistles ranged the entire scale
Of sounds both new and old,
And in peering from our windows
The wife and I caught cold.

CHORUS

Hose, Hannah! Hose, Hannah!
Chemicals and water, too!
Throw up the extension ladders,
Work hard, for men are few!

Then our curiosity mastered,
And jumping into our truck
We hastened to the scene of action
Only to find
the whistle
had
stuck!

(These tracts may be had at 72 cents per 100, $7.25 per 1,000.)

R. H. Cooley.

On January 12 Mr. Silver was a business caller at the warehouse.

Mrs. F. E. Potter, wife of Fay E. Potter, in the receiving department, has recently returned from a visit with her parents at Lemon, S. D. She also visited at points in the Black Hills, being gone about a month.

Concerning the mystery of the hard cider, see Charlie Black.

Mr. Granger, representing the Denver firm of Hendrie & Bolthoff, called at the warehouse January 10.

If you had seen Ray E. Robertson making his record time trip to town a few days ago you would have wondered what dire calamity had befallen his home. The story runs like this: He was summoned by a revenue officer to appear at a certain office in Casper at a given time, and suggestion was made that he see Article — (which was intended to secure his prompt appearance at the stated time). On hearing the charges which were preferred against him, friend Ray caused them all to be withdrawn by the utterance of one magic sentence, "I'm married now!" Moral (attention, all bachelors): It pays to be married.

Friends of Alec Stewart are glad to see him back at the refinery at work. His friends will remember that on August 31 he suffered a serious accident in the machine shop, a three-quarter-inch steel drill passing through the fleshy part of the thigh, causing him to be in the hospital until December 8. At this time, being still unable to work, he went to his home in St. Louis, Mo., and spent the holidays with his father and mother, returning to Casper January 12.

C. W. Kaylor is a new member of the warehouse force.

Chemical Warehouse Notes

L. E. Hussion, who has worked at the chemical warehouse for the past eight months, has been transferred to the main warehouse as secretary for Mr. Sloan.

J. J. McDermott, another old hand at heaving pipe, soda ash and lime, has been transferred to the pipe gang. We are sure Mac will make good, as heaving 12-inch pipe seemed to be his main hobby while at the chemical warehouse yards.

Levi Markel, also one of the old-timers, has left our midst, having been taken on the No. 2 crane as helper. The latest report on Levi's progress is that he has been transferred to the heavy gang. We all wish Levi success in his new venture.

Material Yard Checker G. W. Torrance, Jr., has been off from work the past week on account of sickness.

Gus Anderson, our local policeman, stationed in the chemical storage yards, was also sick for a few days, but is now back with us as usual.

Card of Thanks

Through the Midwest Review I extend my heartfelt thanks for the many acts of kindness shown us throughout the long illness of my dear husband, Wm. T. Hann; also for the beautiful flowers sent at the time of his death. Mrs. Rose M. Hann.

Big Muddy Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Haines of Parkerton have been entertaining as their guest Miss Mildred Rogers of Balboa, Panama. Miss Rogers is the daughter of A. E. Rogers, a prominent engineer in Panama. She is secretary to Governor Harding of the Canal Zone and is visiting the States for the purpose of gathering data and studying our rural school system, spending a great part of her time at the Parkerton school. Though Miss Rogers had planned upon a longer visit with Mr. and Mrs. Haines, it was terminated upon the receipt of a cablegram from Panama, announcing that she had been selected by several noted artists to act as chief lady in waiting to the queen of the Carnival de Balboa. The Carnival de Balboa, which is held during the month of January, is the festive season of the Panamanians, and this year Senorita Carmencita, the famed beauty of Panama, has been chosen queen. It can be readily seen why Miss Rogers has been selected to play such an important part in this carnival, as she is of the distinctive brunette type and a really beautiful girl. Her departure is regretted by all, as dur-

ing her short visit here she made a host of friends by her charming and gracious manner.

George C. Koogle returned from Denver, where he spent the holidays, registering a gain in weight of about 120 pounds. As our readers may suspect, George had been planning to embark on the sea of matrimony. Which he did. At first a feeling of compassion was shown toward him, but after we met his "manager" this feeling changed. Mrs. K. is a very charming person and a welcome addition to the Midwest family. Having eaten sixteen (actual count) of Mrs. K.'s home-made biscuits the writer can proclaim to the world that she "shaketh a clever set of cooking utensils," and if the saying is true that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," we forecast a life of bliss for our newlyweds.

Joe Robinson of the engineering department, who was in Big Muddy for a few weeks, has left for Salt Creek. We hope to have him back amongst us, so we can reorganize our orchestra. Joe is an excellent violinist and his entertainments in the bachelor's quarters will not soon be forgotten. Our orchestra now consists of the old reliables, namely, Bob Vidler, who operates the bones, and H. Mumphrey, who wiggles the jewsharp.

H. N. TRACY

We regret to report the death of H. N. Tracy, baker at Big Muddy. Mr. Tracy was 53 years old and died January 27 after a short illness from pneumonia. For about a year he was chef at the Salt Creek boarding house, later coming to Big Muddy. Mr. Tracy was a man of excellent character and had a host of friends and in his death there was the passing of a prince of good fellows. The funeral was held at Glenrock on January 29 and was attended by the entire cook house force and a score of men from the field.

Salt Creek News Items

The new Salt Creek Hotel is at this time nearing completion. The exact date of the opening dinner and dance has not been set, but it is very probable that it will be a valentine affair and announcements will be made later. We wish to extend a cordial invitation to all Midwesters to be present and help us to show our appreciation for this much-needed improvement. [The hotel was opened with much ceremony, mirth and music February 19 and will tell you about it next month.—Ed.]

The Bell Telephone Company has recently installed a service station and office in the building formerly used as an annex to the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Holt, who come here from Torrington, are in charge.

Ralph Harris, formerly a driller for the Midwest but now with the Trail Canon Oil Company, sustained a very painful accident when his hand became caught under the cable while drilling and was crushed. However, word from the Casper Private Hospital indicates that he is recovering nicely, and due to the timely assistance of Dr. J. E. Roach he will not lose any of his fingers as was feared at first.

Superintendent and Mrs. D. W. Lewis took advantage of the good roads and better weather and motored to Casper last week. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Filo Kinnear and Mrs. N. M. Cain.

Mr. and Mrs. James Paden were overnight visitors in Salt Creek recently, and we wish to extend our congratulations and best wishes for many years of happiness together.

F. H. Greer, formerly of the Hamilton dome field, where he had charge of the pipe line department, has accepted a position as timekeeper with the carpenter department in this field.

Harry Ridley has moved his tailor shop from the hotel annex building to the portable opposite the company offices and has installed a steam press, which will enable him to take care of all kinds of cleaning and pressing.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Cochran are rejoicing over the arrival of a twelve-pound baby girl. Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

The American Legion held its annual election of officers on the 14th of December and the following were elected to offices for the period of one year: Dr. C. H. Carpenter, commander; George Scott, vice-commander; Lyle C. Gardner, adjutant; John A. Grant, finance officer. The executive committee is composed of A. B. Allen, chairman, Harry B. Ridley, Ray S. Clary, C. N. Henry and J. H. McClain, and the entertainment committee of A. J. Martin, Fred Erickson and H. B. Ridley. Special credit is due Harry Ridley for the success of the weekly Saturday night dances and especially the New Year's masquerade, for which he secured costumes from a costuming house in Denver.

On December 26, 1920, at the Methodist parsonage in Douglas, Wyo., occurred the marriage of Miss Hannah M. Ause of Canton, S. D., and Lee Cramer of Salt Creek. The bride will be remembered by many in Salt Creek as one of the grade teachers of a year ago. She will finish her school in Worthing, S. D., where she holds the distinction of being the highest salaried grade teacher in the state before coming to Salt Creek to make her home. Mr. Cramer has been an employe of the Midwest for a number of years, and the Review joins their host of friends in wishing them a long and happy married life.

Another holiday wedding of interest was that of Miss Sophia Greening, daughter of H. M. Greening of Crawford, Neb., and W. E. Brockman of Salt Creek. Mr. Brockman has been an employee of the Midwest for the past four years with the exception of thirteen months spent with the colors in France. Mrs. Brockman was a visitor here during Thanksgiving time and made many friends, who will be glad to know that she is going to make her home in Salt Creek. The best wishes of the Midwest Review are included amongst those of their many friends.

The Sage of Salt Creek

"Joe"

My name isn't Moses or Manasseh, but I'm not going to tell you what it is, but everybody calls me Joe. I was Born on July 15, 1871, and first gazed into this beautiful world in the far-away city of Warren, Pa. (but I don't believe they appreciate the fact). I spent my boyhood in that locality and after I grew older I worked For the National Transit people and then for the Buckeye pipe line for nearly fifteen years. Then about five years ago I came out to Wyoming and Salt Creek. Am married and slightly inclined to embonpoint, but it Doesn't make any difference in my young life.

To Greybull Blackhanders

At a recent meeting of the Greybull Joint Industrial Council Superintendent Warren brought to the attention of the council the fact that many employes about the refinery were not taking the proper care of the buildings and other property insofar as cleanliness and sanitation was concerned. Mr. Warren pointed out the fact that there were innumerable instances where men had put their black, greasy hands on pipes which had been newly insulated with clean, white insulation. Black hand prints show up all over white walls and on doors and even on freshly painted ceilings.

The Greybull council is very anxious that the employes take more care in the future and see that all the property is kept as clean and in as good condition as possible. In fact, the council insists that a regular "blackhand" warning should be sent out throughout the refinery.

"Black Hand"

It is not true that when a man has lost an eye the other wears out twice as quickly by reason of doing the work of two, but it is a decided disadvantage, so practice Safety First and keep both.

"Oil and Pep" from Greybull

Why does the delivery truck from one of the local grocery stores make daily—aye, several times daily—trips to the Midwest office? It must be to deliver the goods, of course, but *what* goods, and to *whom?* He always takes away something Nice, but so far we haven't been able to see what he brings.

Mr. Shoog joined the warehouse department early in January.

The boys of the office say "Jack's" voice no longer rings out with grand opera, but has been heard often recently singing an original song entitled "Open Wide Your Mouth and Let the Moonshine In."

Early in January Mr. Watson of Mr. Gooch's department started work at the Greybull office.

To the laboratory boy: "You treat 'em, Ernie, you've got the stills."

General Superintendent L. A. Reed attended to business matters at the Greybull refinery on January 21 and 22.

Superintendent B. L. Warren and Mr. Lee Anchor motored to Billings on January 26, returning to Greybull the following day. The purchase of a new three-ton White truck was the main object of the trip.

"And now, Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell us what is raised in Haiti?"

"Aw, I know what you want me to say, but ma told me I shouldn't talk that way."

J. M. Watson was confined to his bed several days in January with an attack of rheumatism, but is again able to be at work.

A good baseball fan, while not as important as a good baseball player, is as much a part of the great game as the leading men. And little Viola May Moore, who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Moore in January, will no doubt prove to be a good rooter and make as much noise as anyone at the games next summer when her daddy is on the diamond.

Homer Williams of the shipping department left on February 1 for Lincoln, where he expects to undergo an operation.

On January 25 Thomas R. Kelly and Miss Bernice Hill of Scottsbluff, Neb., were united in marriage at the Christian parsonage. On January 27 Carl Ericksen and Miss Rosalie Stephens were married. Both Mr. Kelly and Mr. Ericksen are employes of the Midwest, and congratu-

Dixie, daughter of C. H. Derby, Greybull

lations and all good wishes are extended to them and their brides.

The small, snippy stenographer says: "Some folks seem to think they will have to die before they can find heaven. They overlook the fact that the book of truth says, "The kingdom of heaven is *within you*."

Just a Word from the Osage Field

We have looked in vain for some issues past but have failed to notice much comment on the Osage field, with the exception of Field Superintendent Guenin's Christmas greetings, so think it high time we *request* the editor to inform the readers or Midwest family that they have some "relatives" in the northeast part of Wyoming putting forth every effort toward "increased production." Our space will no doubt be limited, for which reason the space for humor will be limited; therefore let's first have a few interesting notes:

This has been and is more or less of what might be termed a "freak" field and leads us to believe that it has the geologists, better known as rock hounds, guessing. We hesitate to give any figures on production, but if the editor will ascertain if this is permissible and can allow us sufficient space in some future issue we will endeavor to give him something of interest to print. However, much credit is due Mr. Boggs, shooter for the Independent Torpedo Company, for the work he has performed. Most of the wells have been shot with 40 quarts and in many cases has risen the dead. The Mississippi Delta had a three-barrel well on the east half of the southeast quarter of section 24-46-64 and since shooting has averaged 30 barrels per day. Their well No. 3 was good for not more than five barrels and is now flowing an average of 40 to 50 barrels per day. It is thought that many of the shallow, or shale wells, for which this field was noted before the big gusher on section 19 broke loose, will be shot, these with probably about 10 quarts. If the percentage of increase of these shallow wells compares in the least with the deep wells, we surely will have to step on Mr. Naylor to secure more spots daily at Clay Spur.

We have read with great interest of the Hotel de Trudgeon at Big Muddy, the new hotel at Salt Creek, and are aware of the fact that these hotels are under capable and experienced management, saying nothing of the superintendent, Mr. O'Donnell, but we fear there must be a little jealousy over the Hotel de Osage. Mr. Stone of the Casper office, who is not only well acquainted with the Osage field cook house but also with the leading hotels of the city of Osage, will vouch for the superiority of our Hotel de Osage, recently christened. The same applies to the main camp, located on the northwest quarter of section 19-46-63, more commonly known as the Walker lease. Through the efforts of J. R. Paden, superintendent of buildings, we believe that the Osage camp is among the best. We also wish the same sentiments might be true of the office force; however, we wish to refrain from any comments on that subject.

In behalf of the boys of the Osage field we wish to extend our thanks to Col. Burke H. Sinclair for making the Midwest traveling library possible, and to say that it is appreciated is without expression.

The new power for pumping wells has been received and all eyes are now turned on Col. Frank Hood—authority on black jack and always ready to raise the pot a nickel when holding 21—for its speedy completion. The toolies and drillers are all holding their breath until it is completed, in order that some of the rigs may be relieved and new holes started. If you don't believe us, we refer you to our able superintendent, O. E. Rhinesmith.

Sand Shots from the Osage Field

If you were in the habit of eating in the kitchen at home, we want you to feel at home at Osage cook house. This applies to all.

It seems that all eyes are turned to the producing end of the game, and if it's at all possible we feel sure that T. M. Guenin, field superintendent, can do 'er.

Please don't forget sufficient space for our efficient cook, Mr. Anderson, and our baker, Mrs. Buchanan. They are adhering to the wartime policy of "economy" in order to cut down our H. C. L. without robbing the inner man.

To L. J. Lynch, who absolutely would never survive if he didn't have his mid-day breakfast: "What makes you do as you do do?"

Our student truck driver, Charles Hasket, has not as yet enlightened Herriman and Lynch as to the difference between a "popular" tree and a "poplar" mechanic. We wish to inquire through the columns of the Midwest Review.

Boggs (shooter) and Herriman had a narrow escape on returning to Osage with 80 quarts of nitro. An approaching autoist failed to put on his dimmers and the death wagon ran into a bad hole, breaking up the car quite considerably. The party stopped to investigate the extent of the damage and exclaimed, "My, you had a narrow escape, Boggs," to which he replied, "Didn't have a thing on you." After the fellow scratched his head and realized the fact he agreed to have the car all fixed up in A1 shape.

H. E. Walling, the guy what put the noise in the Illinois pipe line.

Mrs. I. W. Buchanan, our "sturdy" baker, has applied for patents on her new method of stopping a runaway team with a broom. We have no need of vaudeville.

Paul Revere Pierce, our energetic tool pusher, is having his troubles trying to solve the problem, "When is a well completed in the Osage field?" Answer: After they have finished cleaning out a dry hole.

A washboard is often a reminder to a widow that her husband did not practice Safety First.

Is your life insured? If not, take the matter up with your superintendent as soon as possible. It costs you absolutely nothing.

Casper Storage Yard

By Tregelown

The storage yard desires to take its place in the sun—the sun in this case being the Midwest Review. To accomplish this aim, we desire the help of every employe in the yard. Let's make the space provided for the Casper storage yard so permeate with life, pep and activity that all departments will turn to our page like people turn to "Mutt and Jeff" or "Bringing Up Father." Anything you know about the other fellow, either write about it or let "Ed" know and he will write it. We might be the goat, but let them hear from the goat.

We have been very busy here at the storage yard cleaning up the remains from the past year. We have made great headway and are about ready for the new year, going over the old orders and getting ready to handle the incoming material for the spring rush. We have swept the warehouse clean and made space for the 1921 files. We are ready! Let's go!

T. B. Virgne would make a perfectly lovely police sergeant for the U. S. army. He has the yard looking like a parade ground. There is not a cigarette butt or a match to be seen. He had all of our windows washed—not before they needed it—and now we can see daylight. If he keeps up the good work we will be coming to work in our Sunday clothes.

We think we have some of the best looking, finest truck drivers in the state. To prove this statement we are going to have them face the camera, if we can get them to leave their trucks long enough. If you don't think so, or if any of them do not come up to the standard, let us know and we will have them made over.

L. A. Robinson begged, pleaded, coaxed and almost bribed me not to mention his name. So I won't. We wouldn't mention a fellow's name if he didn't want us to.

We understand that there has been quite some knocking going on out at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman. We understand they are preparing for a new guest that's coming to stay. Now, now don't get excited; it's only a Dodge. Girls, if you can persuade him to leave friend wife at home, maybe he will take you for a ride and show you the beauties of Casper and the surrounding country.

The pretty little waitresses at the Salt Creek boarding house are very happy. We understand the reason is that "Andy" is back on the road again. But, then, they are not the only ones that are happy—we are all pleased to have him with us again. He always has a smile that makes us happy, even when he cusses.

What do you think of St. Louis' truck? Or can you think for the noise it makes? We always know when St. Louis is in town? We even hear him on the Salt Creek road. When we see the jack rabbits and prairie dogs all hiking for their holes, then we know who is coming.

Now, August Theiden is different. We think all is well along the Platte until we hear August breathing beside us. Then and not till then do we know he is nigh.

Have you had the pleasure of hearing "Shorty" Gooden tell how he pulled the elk's teeth? The next time you see him have him tell you. He has the teeth, so you can believe him.

Has Ed Donahue had anything to do with any of you lately? Don't pay any attention to him. We haven't as yet learned her name, but judging by the number of trips he has been making she must surely be the classy kid.

Harley Mathews thinks he has the world by the ears. After several attempts at making a trip he finally succeeded in getting to Salt Creek. Then he made three trips without stopping, except to take on water—and that on the fly. Good work, Harley! Keep it up and you will beat Ed yet.

J. R. Dunbar had a very pleasant time at the dance out at Salt Creek the other evening. His wife wanted to go home before he did. They must have a lot of pretty girls out there.

William Mertz, the Clintonville, Wis., factory representative for the F. W. D. truck, has been with us for the past few days and it is his intention to remain until the roads become bad. We hope he will have the "pleasure" of seeing a truck turned into a boat. We certainly enjoy having Mr. Mertz with us, as what he doesn't know about F. W. D.'s is not worth knowing. There has been and always will be things we want to know. Mr. Mertz has co-operated in every manner and way possible with our force and needless to say has been of great assistance.

Bell Springs Notes

James Doyle and Robert Roe, who were in this field several months last year, returned after a two months' motor trip through the southern states and California.

King-Roe

The marriage of Helen King to John M. Roe was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James King, in Rawlins, January 15. Rev. R. F. Philbrook of the Episcopal church officiated. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James King and is a very charming and talented girl. The groom is assistant to the general manager of the producing department of the Midwest Refining Company. Their honeymoon has been postponed until more favorable road conditions, at which time they intend to motor through Yellowstone Park, Washington, Oregon and to Mr. Roe's home, San Gabriel, Cal., and back by way of the summer home of the bride's parents in Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. Roe will make their home in Casper.

Albert (Pap) Clark and Mrs. Clark have returned to this company. Pap is considered one of the most experienced drillers in this vicinity.

Mrs. K. E. Holmes of this camp made a hurried trip to Langdon, Kan., on account of the illness of her small daughter, Maxine.

Messrs. Knickerbocker and Bingaman of the accounting department made this field a short visit to take inventory.

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
C. A. Fowler, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
Charles Combs, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
F. B. Smith, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. J. Kelly, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
Charles Thompson, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Croskill, Treasurer
Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President
E. M. Keefe, Vice President
Wm. Stoddard
Frank B. Smith
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

The Set of a Sail

One ship drives east, and another drives west,
With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales
Which tells us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—*Exchange.*

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

SPECIAL CASPER OFFICE NUMBER

The MIDWEST REVIEW

VOL. 2 | MARCH 1921 | No 3

PUBLISHED FOR
THE MIDWEST FAMILY BY THE MIDWEST REFINING CO.

N. S. WILSON
General Manager Producing Department

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | March, 1921 | Number 3

The Midwest Spirit

Contributed by E. L. Estabrook,

Petroleum Production Engineer, The Midwest Refining Company.

The Midwest Refining Company, like other young and rapidly expanding organizations, is frequently in search of men who are willing and able to assume the responsibility of handling its operations in various new oil fields and refineries. The officers of the company naturally seek to find men capable of holding these positions among those now in their employ. That they are not always able to do so and must go outside to secure men with the requisite experience is inevitable at this stage in the company's growth, but we should all realize that this is done only as a last resort and that it is the hope and expectation of our management that the time will soon come when every new position can be filled from among the men who have made good by hard work and faithful service in our ranks.

One of the difficulties in the way of properly utilizing the abilities of every member of our widely scattered organization has been, no doubt, the fact that the officials have not always been familiar with our personal records. This should be remedied to some extent through the plans that are now under way to further systematize the methods of recording the experience and abilities of every person employed by the company. Every man's record should show the good work he has been doing at his present job so that when the opportunity arrives he may pass on up to a job with greater responsibilities; if he is slacking this job, that also must be on his record, for the fellow who slacks his small job will slack a better one. This work of trying to fit the man to the job is one of many new problems which have been thrust upon the company by its rapid growth, and although many other corporations are working along the same lines the methods devised are not always applicable to Midwest conditions, and progress is necessarily slow. Immediate results may not be apparent, but every member of the Midwest family should feel that it must be the ideal of the directors of the company to build up an organization in which each of us will stand on his own feet and will be rewarded on his own merits as measured by his value to the Midwest Refining Company. For our own part, we must all recognize the fact that mere seniority or length of service with the company is not much of a reason for advancement, or even for holding what we have. The oil business is a strenuous one that demands more of its people than just being on the job. We must be ready to give our best efforts day or night, in fair weather or in winter blizzard, to advance the interests of the company, since only by the prosperity of the Midwest Refining Company will we prosper. The more that each one of us feels that the company's good is his good and is constantly on the alert to advance its interests the more he has partaken of the Midwest spirit and put himself in line for taking the lead in the work of the company.

There is still another side to this problem of advancing one's self in the Midwest organization. The business of producing and refining oil is constantly becoming a more complex matter, involving technical knowledge of geology, mechanics, construction, engineering and chemis-

try. Because many men all over the world are studying this business as it has never been studied before and are constantly finding new and improved methods of producing and refining oil, no one can keep up with the progress of the business unless he makes constant use of the books and magazines in which some of those other men are telling of the things they have done and the methods they are using in their work of helping to supply the world with its requirements of gasoline and other petroleum products. No great amount of schooling is necessary to enable a person to learn all of these things. Certainly a college degree is no indication that a man can or will learn them. Night schools, correspondence courses or just plugging along at home with the help of a friend who has had the advantage of a little more schooling will enable anyone to master the technical obstacles which might stand in his way. A little mathematics and a lot of horse sense will solve most of the problems involved in handling oil from the drilling of the discovery well to the final distribution of the refined product to the consumer.

Loyalty, to be effective, must be something more than the doing of your day's work to the best of your ability. It must mean that you have tried to link up your work with that of the next man and then pulled together to accomplish something for the company's good. If team work is necessary on a football team, how much more so is it where hundreds of us are playing a great game together? The man who hustles the last hour or works a little overtime to finish a job, so that the next shift can go ahead with its work promptly and efficiently, is doing team work. So it the foreman who remembers that his job is but one link in a great chain of operations and plans to do his share with the least possible delay or inconvenience to the next gang. The superintendent who is "playing the game" for the whole organization, instead of thinking entirely of his own field, is always looking for a chance to promote the men who are worthy, even though it means he must break in new men for their places. So it goes all through the organization. Everybody can help to cultivate the Midwest spirit.

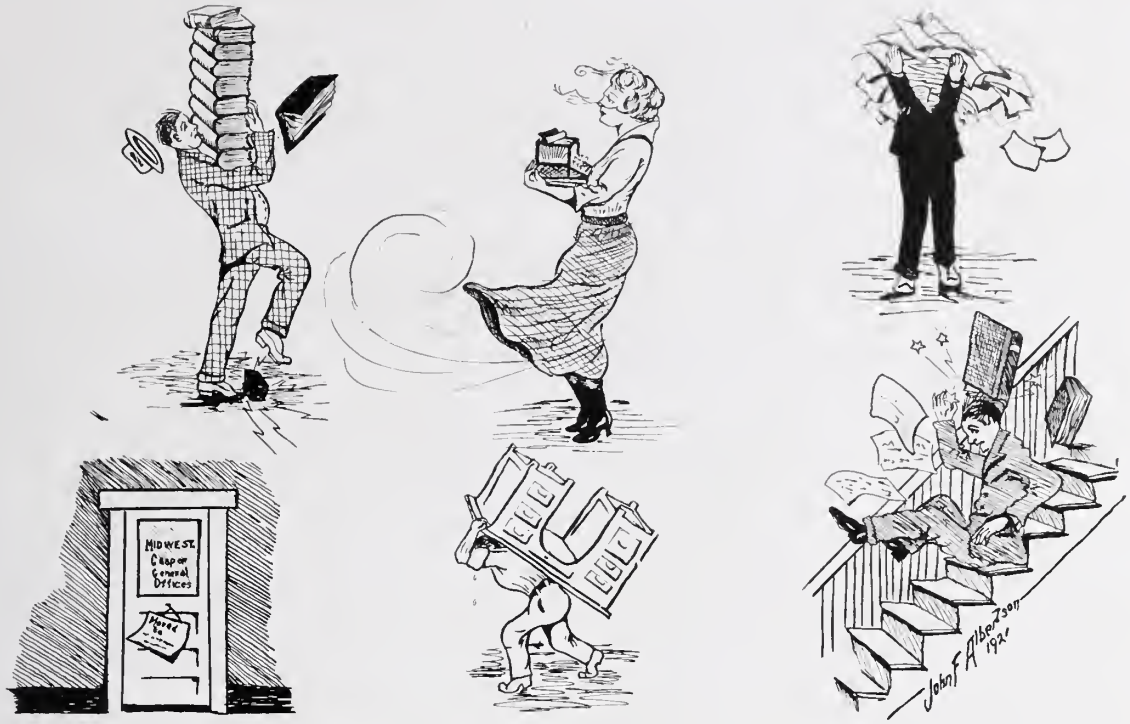
We Are Moved

Moving day is over. The Casper office of the Midwest Refining Company occupies the fifth and sixth floors of the new Midwest Building on the corner of Wolcott and Second. The building is 100 feet square and is the largest office building in Wyoming. The building is constructed of reinforced concrete and brick, the first floor being occupied by the Wyoming National Bank and Kimball's Midwest Pharmacy. The latest steam-heating system is installed, which will insure against the frosty weather we endured in the other offices. Indirect lighting throughout and the best of woodwork make the offices very cozy and attractive.

There are 170 office rooms in the building, sixty-eight of which house the Midwest. On the fifth floor the legal department has 501, 502, 503 and 533. Rooms 504, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510 and 511 bear the sign of the geological and land departments. Rooms 512 and 513 contain all the stationery and mailing paraphernalia. Rooms 514, 530, 531 and 532 were given the department of industrial relations. Room 515 is the office of J. J. O'Donnell. The traveling auditor has 516. Rooms 517, 518 and 519 are the executive offices of the material accounting department, while from 520 to 525 inclusive the rooms were remodeled into one large hall to house the many accountants. The chief clerk's department has 526, 527, 528 and 529.

On the sixth floor Mr. Ellison has 601 and 631. Mr. Wilson and staff of the producing department have 602 and 606 inclusive. The purchasing department has 607, 608 and 609. Room 610 was reserved for a reception room. Rooms 611 and 612 house the telephone and telegraph operators. The building and painting department can be found in 613 and 614. The field engineering and gas departments have 615 and 627 inclusive, and, for the first time in the memory of man, they are not howling for more space! Mr. Van-

Moving Day



daveer, superintendent of pipe lines, and his secretary, Mr. Flynn, have 628 and 629 and are apparently well satisfied. Room 630 fills a long-felt want, as it is reserved as a conference room.

The move on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th, was attended by some little confusion but was satisfactory in every way. Colonel Sinclair endeavored to "lose" an antediluvian map of Wyoming and was congratulating himself upon the fact that it was entirely missing when Lou Robinson, foreman of the truckmen, walked in with the map under his arm. Several other incidents of this sort were reported.

N. S. Wilson

On the inside of the front cover will be found a very good likeness of N. S. Wilson, our new general manager of the producing department. While new to this position, Mr. Wilson is really the first Midwest man. We dedicate this number of the Midwest Review to him because he embodies the true Midwest spirit of progress and fair dealing. He is never too busy to hear a tale of woe and to render square and impartial judgment. He is a man's man and we of the Casper office are for him.

How about that insurance? Have you made the application? It will pay you to ask your superintendent about the company insurance.

Stenographic Staff of Vice President, Mr. Ellison

No. 1, Ruby Sipprell; No. 2, Blanche Toland, Secretary

Card of Appreciation

We wish at this time to thank the many members of the Midwest Family for their kindness and sympathy at the time of the death of our baby, Rex.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Chandler.

OFFICE STAFF OF GENERAL MANAGER PRODUCING DEPARTMENT
No. 1, Frances Harrington, Stenographer; No. 2, H. W. Ladd; No. 3, Verna Burnett; No. 4, F. Knickerbocker, Traveling Field Accountant; No. 5. A. G. Fidel, Assistant to General Manager

Personnel of Engineering and Gas Department

Mr. A. W. Peake is chief engineer of the field division and general superintendent of the gas department. He has general supervision of the engineering and gas departments, having assistants under him covering the different branches of engineering and the casing-head gasoline extraction.

Mr. W. R. Finney, sometimes known as "Cap" or "Slim," is superintendent of the gas plants and has direct charge of operation, construction and special design. His one weak spot is the name of "Wallace," and one should beware the consequences in using his name in his presence. Recently Mr. Finney has acquired an assistant, who will no doubt prove very valuable to him in the future. Some of us can guess who this might be, but for the enlightenment of all we may add the young gentleman's name, which is Rodden Lynn Finney.

Miss Helen Wallace is Mr. Peake's secretary, and also keeps all reports pertaining to the operation and production of the gas department.

The engineering department is divided into several sub-departments, covering mechanical and electrical, civil engineering, pipe line engineering and construction, and architectural design.

Miss Dorothy Williamson is stenographer and filing clerk for the heads of these four sub-departments. She is a frequent recipient of violets from Arkansas. We hear that they come from her mother, but——

The mechanical and electrical work is carried on under the direction of Mr. Frank O. Prior, with Mr. L. L. Langworthy as his assistant. Betwen Mr. Peake and Mr. Langworthy rests the honors in trout fishing. When the two get together and begin passing it back and forth, it is time for the ordinary fisherman to hide his blushes.

Under Mr. Prior in the drafting room are Mr. L. W. Barnhardt and Mr. R. M. Tucker. "Tuck" has the reputation of being the champion heavyweight draftsman of Wyoming, weighing ninety pounds. Barney's aspiration, outside of the office, is to become champion billiard shark.

The civil engineering work comes under the direction of Mr. John B. Cleary, sometimes known as "Honest John." Mr. Cleary is a strong supporter and booster of the famous engineering banquets.

Mr. D. C. Showman is Mr. Cleary's office engineer, and is one of the most conservative members of the engineering department. For one of his age, the outstanding feature of his character is his seriousness and his love for home life. In the drafting room, Mr. Karl Semenetz and Mr. Julius Mueller preside. At other times, Mr. Semenetz may be seen the center of a circle of the gentler sex, with whom he seems to have quite a reputation. Mr. Mueller being a family man, we dare not pub-

No. 1, A. W. Peake; No. 2, W. R. Finney; No. 3, E. S. Murray; No. 4, F. O. Prior; No. 5, J. B. Cleary

FIELD ENGINEERING

No. 1, R. M. Tucker; No. 2, L. W. Barnhart; No. 3, John K. Anderson; No. 4, Carl Semenetz; No. 5, Dorothy Williamson; No. 6, Mrs. W. L. Hedge; No. 7, D. C. Shawman; No. 8, L. L. Langworthy; No. 9, Helen N. Wallace; No. 10, Julius Muller; No. 11, A. F. Scovil; No. 12, Karl Krusmark; No. 13, W. L. Hess; No. 14, C. C. Heyer

lish all we know in a magazine of such wide circulation. Mr. John K. Anderson is at present taking care of the revaluation work of the Salt Creek field in connection with Mr. Cleary. In the past, while away from Casper, Mr. Anderson used to act as first lieutenant for the Virginia Military Institute Troopers, but since the most important event, which happened in the past few months, Mr. Anderson has been acting in the capacity of a buck private under a much abler leadership.

Pipe line work is carried on under the direction of E. S. Murray, who reports to Mr. Peake on engineering details and to Mr. Vandaveer on general pipe line data. Outside of the office, but of course only during the summer months, Mr. Murray acts as "gillie" for Mr. Gratiot on his numerous fishing trips. Mr. W. L. Hess, Mr. Murray's draftsman, is a very thoroughgoing young man who always wants to know "Why?"

Mr. Karl L. Krusmark is our architect and expert on oil stocks. Anyone wishing any information should see Mr. Krusmark, and upon obtaining his opinion should immediately proceed to go exactly against his advice. Mr. Krusmark's assistants in the drafting room are Mr. C. C. Heyer, Mr. A. R. Scovil and Mrs. W. L. Hedge. Mrs. Hedge has the distinction of being the only draftswoman in Casper For further information concerning Mr Heyer, one should frequent Shembeck's Winter Garden, where Mr. Heyer cuts quite a figure. Mr. Scovil is one of our most studious draftsmen, spending his odd moments with a large set of books of the International Correspondence School.

Special Council Meeting

The Industrial Council of the Casper refinery met in special session Tuesday, March 1st, to consider the cost of living.

Visitors—men who are doing things toward reducing the cost of living—were present and made talks on the subject. Don Lobdell, assistant director of industrial relations for the Standard Oil Company, outlined briefly the work of his department in gathering statistics and figures to back the popular demand for a downward trend of foodstuffs and other commodities. Mr. Kimball and Mr. Blaine of the Kimball Drug Company explained to the council the policy they were instituting in their stores and spoke appreciatively of the patronage they received from men of the refinery and other departments of the Midwest.

C. West spoke on tobacco prices and costs and the possibility of a further reduction along those lines.

John A. Murray of the council made a short talk in which he emphasized the need for strenuous means being employed to bring a reduction, as he said the prices for some things were exorbitant in the extreme.

It was one of the best meetings held by the council.

Benefit Directors Meet

The directors of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association held their semi-annual meeting February 24th at the offices of Burke H. Sinclair, president of the association. Disposition of routine business and new matters pertaining to the betterment of the organization was made. John B. Barnes was chosen as counsel for the association.

Those present were Earl Foft, director for Salt Creek district; Green R. Simpson, director for Big Horn district; Dan Trudgeon, director for Casper district; Bernard McCann, Jr., director for Denver district; Burke H. Sinclair, president; Gordon Crosskill, treasurer; Hal P. Riney, secretary.

A report was read showing business handled by the association. This report showed $19,848.00 paid into the association, and of this amount $16,306.22 had been paid out in 241 claims.

Ellison Gets Job

R. S. Ellison, vice-president of the Midwest Refining Company, was elected vice-president of the Casper Chamber of Commerce at a meeting of the directors of that body. The selection of Mr. Ellison was a wise one, as he is one of the big business men of Casper and no one has a greater interest in the welfare of the city.

The shipping department, Casper refinery, had a very bad scare the other morning. When Mr. Canaday arrived about 8:30 we noticed an awful bump on the right side of his forehead. We all thought that the rolling pin had come into use on Mr. Canaday for some infraction of the rules and regulations, but he hastily informed us that he had, through no fault of his own, connected with a door in the dark in his haste to get to the telephone. We believe him this time.

R. T. Ivie.

The Land, Geological and Petroleum Depts.

The land, geological and petroleum production engineering departments are grouped together in a suite of offices on the fifth floor. They seem to enjoy each other's society, and it saves steps when all three want to use the same map at the same time. The geological office is the center of the combination, so that the land department on one side can get the latest dope on new and old structures and the petroleum production department on the other side can utilize for its work the information that has been collected by the geologists.

Our geologist, Mr. E. G. Sinclair, is a newcomer in Casper, but is well known to the land and operating departments for his work at Osage and around the Black Hills last summer. Mr. Sinclair has been with the geological department at Denver for several years, engaged in work that has taken him all the way from Oregon to Florida. We welcome his transfer to Casper, where his vigor and ability, applied to Wyoming geological problems, is certain to produce results. Under Mr. Sinclair's supervision there are several geologists working in the state who make Casper their general headquarters. Messrs. C. M. Rath and E. A. Froyd are now at Salt Creek. D. E. Hegeman and W. B. Case are studying some interesting areas in the northeastern part of the state, and J. H. Pearson, with H. T. Morley, is working in the Big Horn Basin.

The work in the petroleum production engineering department is carried on by E. L. Estabrook, with the assistance of Miss Davis and Mrs. Melvin, together with field men borrowed for various periods from the geological staff in Denver. Briefly stated, the object of the work is to assist the production department to secure every possible barrel of oil from our fields. Detailed studies are made of the underground conditions in the producing areas, and various measures recommended for increasing the recovery of oil. Miss Davis handles the drafting and office work and Mrs. Melvin spends most of her time making up graphic charts showing the production of wells and leases in the various fields.

Mr. M. O. Danford is the energetic chief of the land department, but he is away so much of the time closing deals all the way from Billings to Burkburnett that if you want action you see his able lieutenant, Mr. H. E. Dailey. "Herb" has but recently returned to Casper, after several years in the traffic department at Denver, and we hope he is as glad to be back as Casper people are glad to see him. Miss Clare is clerk and general utility woman for the department. Miss Tuohy is the overworked stenographer for the whole group. In addition to its efforts to lease on the most favorable terms any lands upon which the geological department considers there are possibilities for oil, the land department, through its scouting forces, endeavors to keep posted on the operations of other companies. They are always on edge for fear that someone will bring in a new field and catch them napping. It's a hard life!

A Lumber Romance

Now young Cy White was rather spruce, while little Rosa was a goose, but rather poplar, too. Si met her at the beech, they say, last summer on a sultry day; a "fiting place," say yew. And when Si cedar on the sand, he took her palm within his hand and said, "For yew I pine."

I passed and saw Cypress his suit. With sallow face, like ash, though cute, she said, "I must decline."

Cy asked if Rosewood grant a kiss—a nervy thing to ask a miss—but she was firm as oak.

"Don't pull that chestnut, sir, on me; my friend, Jack Whitewood, angry be. Take that fir yours, you bloke!" And Rosa slapped him on the face and said, "You'd butternut embrace me here where dad might see, or maybe daddy's dogwood chase you all around this sandy place, for daddy dotes on me." "Oh, gosh all Hemlock," murmured Sy. "Though you may swat me in the eye, I'd wed you if I could, for I've succumbed to you complete; I love you from your head to feet; a man of ironwood."—Rock River Review.

We wood say he maple through.

GEOLOGICAL, LAND AND PETROLEUM ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTS

No. 1, Mrs. W. F. Melvin; No. 2, E. L. Estabrook, Petroleum Production Engineer: No. 3, Margaret Tuohy; No. 4, Ninetta A. Davis; No. 5, Agnes Clare; No. 6, H. E. Dailey; No. 7, E. G. Sinclair

DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS
No. 1, Burke H. Sinclair, Director; No. 2, Hal P. Riney, Assistant Director; No. 3, Tracy N. Shaw, Assistant Director; No. 4, Robert H. Covington, Department Representative, Casper Refinery; No. 5, Jane Adams, Stenographer; No. 6, Alice James, Stenographer

We Have With Us

The Midwest Review takes pleasure in announcing that a new member has been added to the staff of the Department of Industrial Relations in the person of Mr. Tracy N. Shaw, whose picture assists in the adornment of this page. Mr. Shaw's autobiography appears on this page also, so we will say nothing of his experience and general qualifications and will also let his picture speak for itself when it comes to his beauty and general architectural arrangement.

Like Mr. Riney, Mr. Shaw comes as an assistant director of industrial relations with a lot of specific jobs, such as manager of the new Employment Department, manager of safety, and several other things.

Mr. Shaw was discovered working on the "Bull Gang" at the Casper refinery and other locations in the company; so he has literally "risen from the ranks."

We should be very glad, indeed, to have Midwest employes generally call at the office of the Industrial Relations Department, gaze upon Mr. Shaw and shake his hand.

Shaw

By Shaw

The editor of The Review has requested that I write a short synopsis of my past depredations. Of course, modesty forbids that I write in the glowing terms which my sins rightfully deserve.

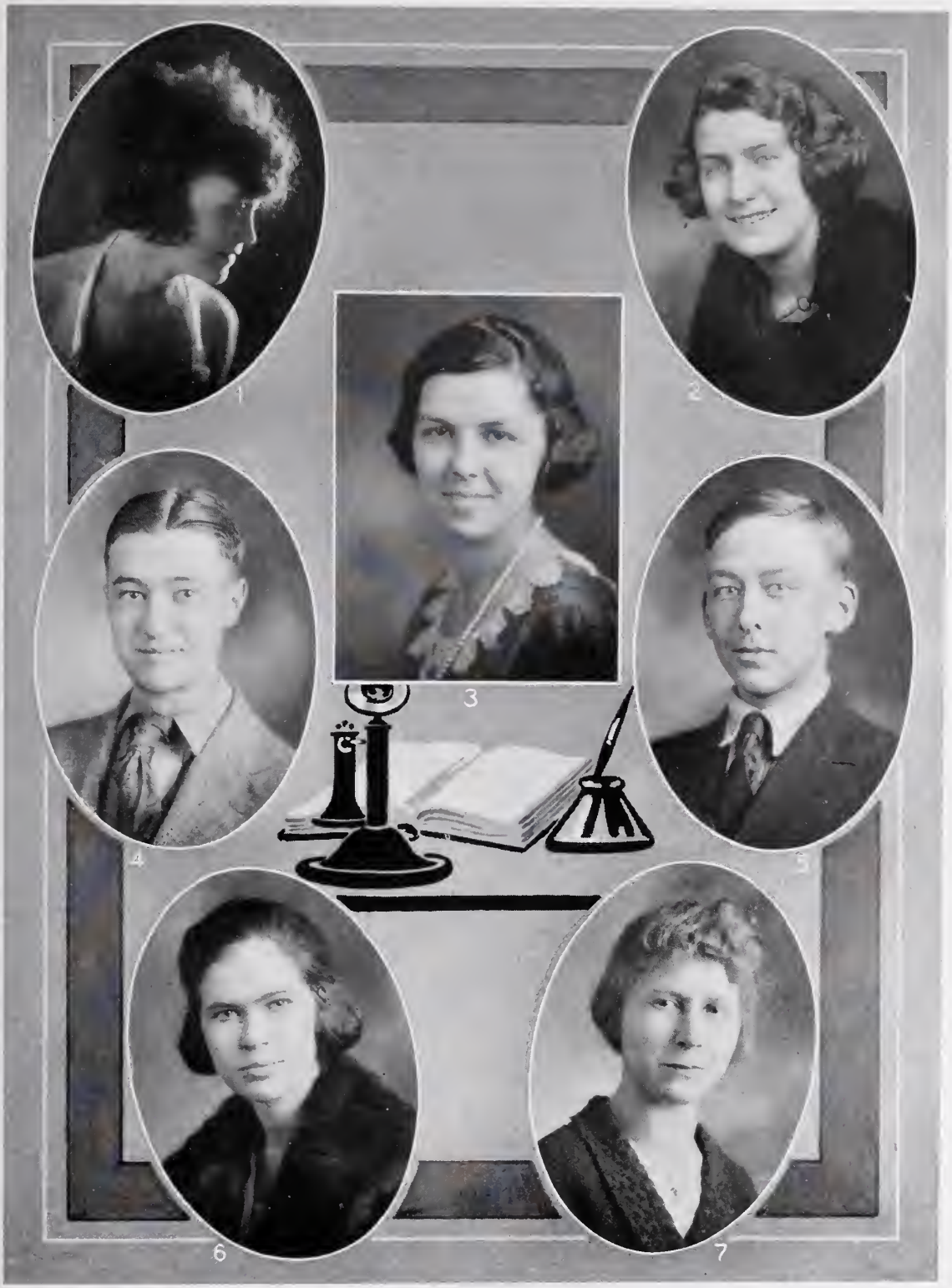
I chanced to be born in the middle '80s in the city of Rockford, located in the northern part of Illinois. There I grew and attained a very early manhood, as red-headed youngsters are prone to do. It was not long before I knew more than either teachers or parents, and the age of eighteen found me in the employ of Barber-Colman Company, Rockford, Illinois, builders of high-grade machinery, where I remained for about fifteen years.

In June, 1920, the "call of the West" became so strong and the pot of gold at the rainbow's end seemed so near that I decided to move to Denver and serve the Gates Rubber Company in the capacity of personnel manager.

The Gates Rubber Company, owing to the depressed conditions in the tire business last fall, found it necessary to cease operations for an indefinite period and, consequently, with many others I was forced to seek new pastures. I considered myself very fortunate, under the general business conditions prevailing at that time, to land a job in any capacity offered by the Midwest Refining Company. The "Bull Gang" was the only opening at the time and I grabbed it. Needless to say, I am very glad that I availed myself of the opportunity.

My family consists of one wife and one boy. We like Casper and expect to make it our home for some time.

I am always glad to meet Midwest employes and may be found in Room 532 of the new Midwest Building.



OFFICE SERVICE FORCE

No. 1, Esther Doran, Reception Desk, Sixth Floor; No. 2, Edith Gylling, Reception Desk, Fifth Floor; No. 3, Mable Holliday, Telephone Desk; No. 4, Russell Yunck, Stationery Department; No. 5, Harry Engleson, Mailing Department; No. 6, Laura Howell, Messenger, Sixth Floor; No. 7, Mrs. Zetta Blatt, Messenger, Fifth Floor

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

No. 1, C. L. Hudson; No. 2, James G. O'Connor; No. 3, Mrs. J. C. Glover; No. 4, Marjorie Gannon; No. 5, Mrs. Lynn Garton

Purchasing Department

C. L. Hudson

Mr. Hudson came to Wyoming in September, 1920, from Houston, Texas.

Believing Casper to be the metropolis of Wyoming he decided to make this place his home, and on September 8, 1920, joined the forces of the Purchasing Department.

On November 1, 1920, Mr. Hudson was appointed assistant purchasing agent, and immediately began to build up his organization with a view to giving the various departments prompt and efficient service.

Mr. Hudson is a conscientious and untiring worker and through his efforts and the efforts of those associated with him, the Casper Purchasing Department has come to be looked upon as one of the real live departments of the Midwest organization.

Before coming to Wyoming Mr. Hudson was in the employ of the Hughes Tool Company at Houston, Texas, having served as private secretary to the president, purchasing agent and assistant general sales manager. He is 28 years old.

James G. O'Connor

Mr. James G. O'Connor came to Wyoming from Chicago and joined the force of the Purchasing Department at Casper on September 1, 1920, as assistant to Mr. Hudson.

Before coming to Wyoming Mr. O'Connor was in the employ of the Inland Steel Company as steel roller in their rolling mill. Much credit is due him for the general efficiency of the department.

Mrs. J. C. Glover

Mrs. J. C. Glover came to Casper from Kansas City, Mo., on November 1, 1920, and entered the Purchasing Department on January 5, 1921, as invoice clerk.

Mrs. Glover has charge of the invoice desk and the checking and approval of all invoices for payment. Much has been accomplished through her efforts and the way in which she handles her work, in bringing about co-operation between the various departments and the Purchasing Department, in the matter of expediting the handling of invoices.

Marjorie Gannon

Miss Marjorie Gannon came to Wyoming in November, 1920, from the state of Massachusetts. Before coming to Wyoming Miss Gannon was in the employ of the New England Westinghouse Company and later in the employ of the Government at Washington.

Miss Gannon came to Wyoming to visit a sister and, becoming attached to the rugged western country, decided to remain here, and on January 26, 1921, became associated with the Casper Purchasing Department in the capacity of cost clerk. She is responsible for the checking of prices on all commodities and much credit is due her for the manner in which this work is handled.

(Continued on page 20)

Material Accounting Dept.

The material accounting department is a new department of the Midwest Refining Company and was started August 1, 1920, as a part of the new accounting system being installed by Mr. H. S. Gooch, chief accountant of the Midwest Refining Company. The functions of the material accounting department are to keep records of material purchased, received and issued by quantity and value and to carry a perpetual inventory of all material on hand at the various warehouses, both as to quantity and value.

This system has been started at sixteen main warehouses which include fields, refineries, gas plants and pipe lines and twenty-nine smaller warehouses at the various maintenance shops.

While this department has not as yet perfected its system, it has eliminated a majority of the obstacles and within the next two or three months should be running very smoothly.

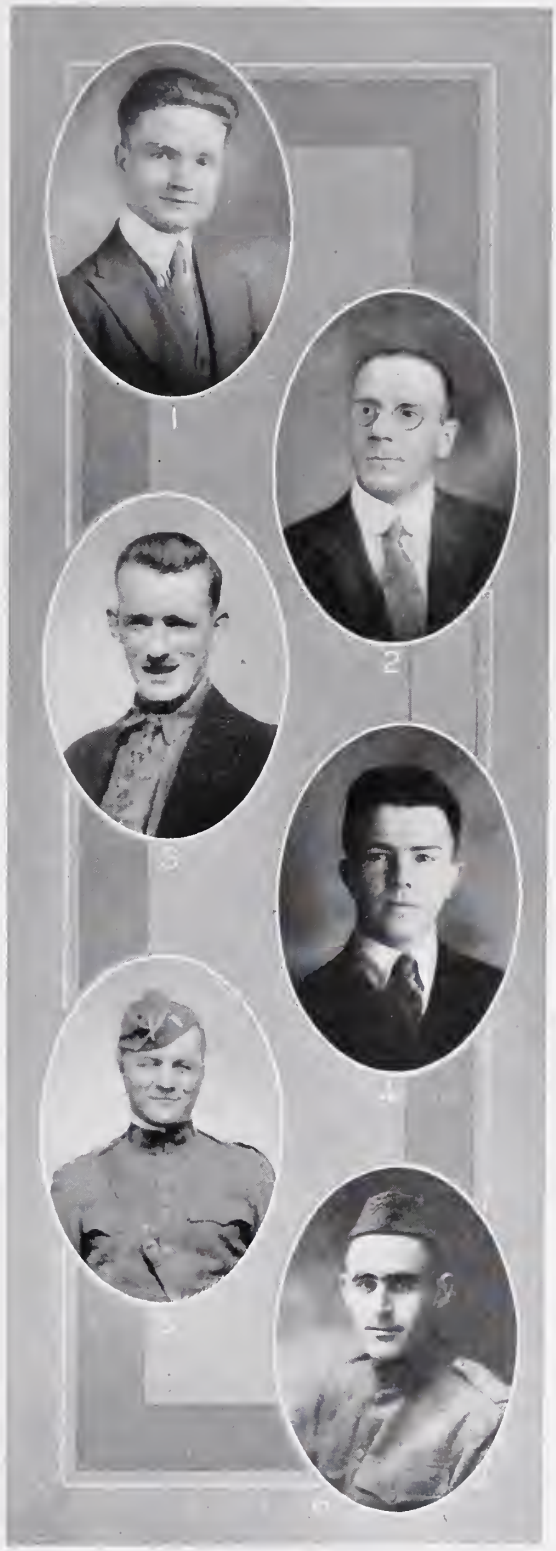
On account of the congestion at the old Casper office the material records were kept at the various fields, refineries, etc., but on completion of the new offices the material records of all the fields, gas plants and pipe line departments will be kept at Casper and the material records of the various refineries will be left where they are.

This department is under the supervision of Mr. H. F. Comfort, chief material accountant, who has had twelve years' experience in material accounting and was formerly chief commissary accountant at the nitrate plant built by the government at Mussel Shoals, Alabama, at a cost of $120,000,000, Mr. Comfort having complete charge of the accounting of the financial end of fifty-one different welfare activities, doing a daily business of from $30,000 to $40,000, or a total cash business of better than $4,000,000 in ten months.

Mr. S. L. Arledge is in charge of all transmittals and acts as assistant to Mr. Comfort.

Mr. H. M. Templeton and Mr. F. P. Kirk are in charge of the control journals and accounts.

Mr. J. H. Rutz takes care of the records of Elk Basin field.



No. 1, Robert O'Brien; No. 2, G. L. H. Middleton; No. 3, M. G. Marvin; No. 4, H. M. Templeton; No. 5, C. L. Gibson; No. 6, D. Bingaman

MATERIAL ACCOUNTING DIVISION

No. 1, N. R. Traylor; No. 2, Mrs. Margaret Lambert; No. 3, Mabel Davidson; No. 4, S. L. Coledge; No. 5, George E. Lilly; No. 6, Fred Powers; No. 7, S. K. Beere; No. 8, L. P. Gay; No. 9, C. L. Gustin; No. 10, Ethel Mead; No. 11, H. F. Comfort, Chief Material Accountant; No. 12, C. E. Marsh; No. 13, Arthur Mills; No. 14, J. W. Parker; No. 15, F. B. Kirk; No. 16, J. H. Rutz

Mr. M. R. Traylor is in charge of the main accounting room.

Mr. George E. Dilly, Arthur Mills and Robert O. Bryan are material accountants on Casper storage yard records.

Mr. G. L. H. Middleton, C. E. Marsh, C. L. Gustin and L. P. Gay, material accountants, in charge of Salt Creek field warehouse records.

Mr. M. G. Marrian, formerly of the Denver office, now in charge of the records of Salt Creek gas plant and Elk Basin gas plant.

Mr. C. L. Gibson, material accountant, in charge of Big Muddy records.

Mr. J. W. Parker, in charge of Casper garage records.

Mr. Fred Powers, S. K. Beere and Mabel Davidson, in charge of invoice department.

Mr. D. Bingaman, in charge of the physical inventories for the material accounting department in the various fields.

Miss Ethel Mead, Mr. Comfort's stenographer.

Mrs. Margaret Lambert, comptometer operator.

The Finest In the World

Should you travel across a desert and suddenly come upon a city in every sense of the word, situated in the desert forty-five miles from a railroad, your sense of the fitness of things would be jarred, to say the least.

If the city should happen to be Salt Creek, then the jar would be a little heavier, because it is a real city. They have electricity, gas, water, sewer and all public utilities that are found in the cities, with the exception of trolley and subway.

All this leads to the fact that we have a hotel, rather a boarding house, there that is second to none in the world. It was built by our own building department, partly because we wanted the best that could be had in the way of workmanship and partly because we wanted every dollar to be represented by a dollar's value in building.

The outside dimensions are 80x126 feet. The structure is frame and two stories high with a porch for both first and second floors extending across the entire front of the building. This, coupled with the fact that the three halls of the sleeping floor open on this porch tends to give the maximum in ventilation to the twenty-eight sleeping rooms.

The dining room is, of course, the show place of the building. It is 69x80 feet, a total of over 5,500 square feet of floor space, and as the seating capacity is only 300 it can readily be seen that the seventeen feet each person has to himself gives him ample elbow room.

The kitchen, always an interesting place, has added glory here because of its size—38x69 feet—and because of the fact that it contains the latest in labor-saving machinery. For the twenty pounds of coffee that is necessary for each meal a coffee-grinder run by electricity is used, grinding it in twenty minutes. Then there is the item of potatoes. Imagine the number of kitchen police necessary to pare four bushels of spuds needed for a meal. An electric peeler undresses them in less than an hour and a vegetable steamer cooks them in fifteen to twenty minutes.

To care for the Midwest family who occupy this home the following people are necessary: Six cooks, two bakers, one yardman, two dishwashers, one silver girl, two pantry girls, eleven dining room girls, one head waitress, two chambermaids, a cashier and a steward. Each of these people take a personal pride in the appearance and functioning of the establishment, and to this feeling is due the 100 per cent perfection found at all times.

Of course there are all the facilities for preserving and storing the various commodities. A refrigerating plant with a capacity of one and one-half tons of ice and fifteen tons of refrigeration daily takes care of the perishables.

On the day the writer last visited the boarding house the following items were found in the various departments of storage: 9,500 pounds fresh beef, 400 pounds fresh sausage, 500 pounds pork loins, 500

"The Finest In The World"

THE SALT CREEK BOARDING HOUSE

No. 1, Dining Room; No. 2, Cooks; No. 3, Dining Room Force; No. 4, Salt Creek Boarding House; No. 5, Kitchen; No. 6, Mrs. Welch, Cashier, Mrs. Harris, Head Waitress; No. 7, Bed Room

pounds fresh ham, 200 pounds pork spare ribs, 100 pounds brains, 200 pounds liver, 2,000 pounds bacon, 2,000 pounds ham, 50 cases eggs.

The above items, coupled with immense quantities of fresh fruit and vegetables and the hundreds of boxes and bags of foodstuffs to be found in the basement, bring the total to an amount valued at from $23,000 to $25,000.

When famine threatens, go to Salt Creek, and Jack Russell will make Fred Harvey turn in his grave and say once more "Slice the ham a little thinner," because the ham is sliced too thick at Salt Creek.

Growth of the Pipe Line Department

On April 1st this department will celebrate it's first birthday. It may be of interest to note a few of the many changes which have been made during the brief eleven months of our existence.

During the summer of 1920 we laid our second combination eight-inch and double six-inch line from Casper to Salt Creek. This gives us now two combination eight-inch and double six-inch and two six-inch oil lines between these points and one three-inch gasoline line. While our line capacity has been increased less than half, the runs have more than doubled during the past year.

However, one of the six-inch lines is soon to be converted into a water line, to supply Teapot and Salt Creek with water. Our water station, which we are erecting across the river from the refinery, will probably be put into commission by the middle of April. This station will be equipped with a 200-horsepower electric motor and one 5x18 and one 4¼x18 pump. Twenty thousand barrels of storage have been erected at No. 1 station, near Salt Creek, for water.

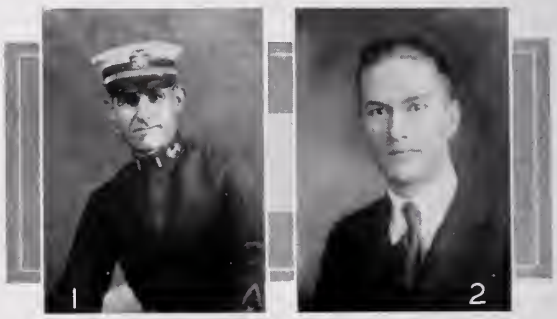
At the Casper tank farm we anticipate erecting quite a number of storage tanks to take care of the field production. We have erected two additional houses, making a total of three—one for the engineer at the water station and two for tank farm gaugers.

Teapot station today presents an entirely different view from the Teapot station of a year ago. During the past summer and winter a new engine and pump house, new manifold building, boiler house, two bunkhouses and a mess hall have been erected. Our new equipment here consists of a 500-horsepower oil engine, a 6x24 pump, one 37,500-barrel tank, in addition to smaller machinery, such as dynamos, etc. We expect to lay out streets and make of Teapot a first-class station in every way.

Our No. 1 station, near Salt Ceek, is our largest station. Here, too, are noticed many changes. During the past year we erected some 240,000 barrels of oil storage and 20,000 barrels for water. We increased our steam, electric light and oil systems; enlarged our pump and engine house, boiler house and gate house; increased our pumping capacity by half; established twenty-four-hour telegraph service, as we did at Teapot station and Casper tank farm; put steam coils in all oil storage tanks, and made a reservoir for the station by changing the channel of Salt Creek and using the old channel for a reservoir.

The pipe line department has its own office and warehouse buildings and force at Salt Creek. We also have a large new barn for the six horses which we have for use of our field gaugers in their work.

During the past year field work has been very heavy. We laid about twenty miles of three-, four- and six-inch gathering lines, and at present we are laying an eight-inch gravity line.



No. 1, G. M. Vandaveer, Superintendent of Pipe Lines; No. 2, E. A. Flinn, Jr., Secretary Pipe Line Department

CHIEF CLERK'S OFFICE

No. 1, Andrea Terreere, Stenographer; No. 2, W. F. Upson, Accounts Receivable Clerk; No. 3, J. G. Croskill, Chief Clerk, Casper Office; No. 4, Melvin E. Edwards, Cashier; No. 5, F. L. Work, Bookkeeper; No. 6, Freeda Peterson, Freight Clerk; No. 7, Nancy Sullivan, Comptometer Operator

Legal Department

No. 1, H. M. Gunn, Tax Department, Casper Office; No. 2, J. B. Barnes, Jr., Attorney; No. 3, Lois Henley, Stenographer; No. 4, John J. Hancock, Compensation Department

(Continued from page 12)

Mrs. Lynn Garton

Mrs. Lynn Garton came from Sacramento, Cal., in May, 1920, and entered the employ of the Land Department September 25, 1920, and was transferred to the Purchasing Department on November 1, 1920, as stenographer.

Mrs. Garton has given this department her undivided attention and time, and a great deal of credit is given her efforts and assistance in building up the efficiency of the Purchasing Department.

Ohio Company Thanks Midwest

I wish to express my sincere thanks to Henry Hessler and other employes of the Midwest Refining Company at Parkerton for the splendid assistance given us in keeping under control the fire which destroyed the Ohio company's machine shops recently. If it had not been for the good work of the Midwest men a number of other buildings would have been destroyed and the loss would have been much greater.

FRANK REDICK,
Supt. of Shops, Ohio Oil Co.

Guy Warren, Secretary, Building Department

Peter Johansen

As we go to press news comes of the death of Peter Johansen, a pumper from Salt Creek. Some weeks ago Mr. Johansen was stricken with appendicitis and after the operation proved too weak to withstand the shock and died Monday, March 14. Funeral arrangements have not been completed at this time.

A Bouquet

720 Ulrich-Laclede Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 15, 1921.

Mr. Editor:

As a stockholder in the company for several years, I want to compliment you on the magazine you are getting out. I am pleased to receive it. It gives one an idea of the life and surroundings in the field, etc., and must be a pleasure and relief to those engaged in the company's work.

Very truly yours,
John E. Thomson.

Pep

Vigor, Vitality, Vim and Punch—
The courage to act on a sudden hunch—
The nerve to tackle the hardest thing,
With feet that climb, and hands that cling,
And a heart that never forgets to sing—
That's Pep.

Sand and grit in a concrete base—
A friendly smile on an honest face—
The spirit that helps when another's down,
That knows how to scatter the blackest frown,
That loves its neighbors and loves its town,
That's Pep.

To say "I will"—for you know you can—
To look for the best in every man—
To meet each thundering knock-out blow
And come back with a laugh, because you know
You'll get the best of the whole blame show—
THAT'S PEP.

—"The Grid."

Salt Creek News Items

The opening of the new Salt Creek boarding house on the 19th of the month stands foremost amongst the events of the season. It is safe to say that everybody was there and everybody had a good time. Amongst the out-of-town visitors were Mr. Merritt and Mr. Truby of Denver and the majority of the Casper office force and officials were in attendance.

The fore port of the evening was given over to the banquet, which was prepared under the excellent supervision of Mr. P. Fleury, the boarding house chef. The tables were adorned with bouquets of large red and white carnations, which were furnished by the Department of Industrial Relations, as were also the souvenir menu cards and dance programs. More than nine hundred and fifty partook of the banquet and were served in less than three hours, which in itself speaks well for the management.

Immediately after the banquet the large dining room was cleared and transformed into a huge dance floor, where both young and old proclaimed the music furnished by the Big Six was adverse to lobbying. In the wee sma' hours of the morning, after the elder dancers had betaken themselves to places of peace and quietness, the younger set, still full of pep, lingered to play a few games of ring-around-the-rosy and London-bridge-is-falling-down to the accompaniment of home talent and incentive.

It was with great reluctance that old Sol peeped his head over the hill the following morning and broke up one of the most enjoyable events in the history of Salt Creek.

A word of praise is due to Jack Russell, the manager of the boarding house, for the harmony with which everything went off and the apparent interest taken by everyone in the boarding house coterie towards making the event successful.

Mr. F. E. Lucas, manager of the Salt Creek division of the Midwest Commissary Company, is in Rochester, Minn., where he is under the care of Mayo Brothers. It is reported he will have to undergo an operation, and Mrs. Lucas has hastened to Rochester to be with him.

Mrs. George Smith has accepted a position as telephone operator at the company board.

Major and Mrs. H. D. Moore were Casper visitors the latter part of the week, where the major was called on official business.

W. C. Welch, an old-timer of Salt Creek, is in Rochester, Minn., where he went to undergo an operation for tumors. At the present writing he is doing nicely and it is hoped he will soon be back amongst us again.

Dr. C. H. Carpenter, who has been practicing dentistry in Salt Creek for the past year and a half, will move his offices to Casper the first of March, spending two days of each week in Salt Creek in order to care for his practice here. It is with much regret that we speak of losing Dr. Carpenter, and we wish to extend to him our best wishes for a successful career in the new field he has chosen.

On the eighth of February, in Casper, Wyo., the Reverend Father Mullen officiating, occurred the marriage of Miss Tessa K. Bowes of Denver, Colo., to Mr. Roderick L. O'Hara of Salt Creek. Mrs. O'Hara was prominent among the younger set of the Colorado capital and

I BEEN HERE FOUR YEARS AND JUST STARTED TO SAVE MONEY NOW ILL HAVE TO QUIT SAVING
I SUPPOSE IF I USED MY BRAINS I COULD GET A JOB IN THE OFFICE
IN GETTING SIXTY DOLLARS LESS THAN I WAS
YOU WONT HAVE SO MUCH INCOME TAX TO PAY
I'D LIKE TO MEET THE GUY WHO CUT MY WAGES. BE SOMPUN DOING.
IM GOING BACK ON THE HOMESTEAD. AND EAT PRAIRIE DOGS AND SAGE HENS
HE HAS NONE
THEY EVEN CUT SOME MORE MEAT OFF THE BONE

THAT WAGE CUT.

TRUCK DRIVERS WHO FIGHT SALT CREEK ROAD

No. 1, B. R. Hixon; No. 2, L. A. Robinson, Foreman; No. 3, E. J. Donahue; No. 4, H. L. Matthews; No. 5, E. T. Stewart; No. 6, E. K. Anderson; No. 7, John Sturgeon; No. 8, E. B. Stewart; No. 9, C. A. (St.) Louis

has been accorded a hearty welcome into the inner circles at Salt Creek. Mr. O'Hara, who is lately from Denver, holds the position as warehouseman for the Salt Creek district boarding houses, and during the short time he has been here has made many friends, who will be glad to know he will make his home in Salt Creek.

Very little satisfaction has been voiced amongst the employes of this district with respect to the cut in wages and everyone seems to be glad to be able to do their share towards bringing conditions back to normal again. Equivalent to the cut in wages comes a ten per cent reduction in board, which emphasizes the fact that those who hold the reins have the interests of the men at heart in the changes which the times demand.

J. Gordon Crosskill, chief clerk of the Casper offices, was a Salt Creek visitor last week, attending to business connected with his department and visiting with his many friends.

J. J. O'Donnell, superintendent of hotels, spent a few days in Salt Creek prior to the opening of the new hotel, seeing that everything was in readiness.

Mrs. Peter Brow, sister of Superintendent Lewis, has accepted the position as housekeeper in the new hotel and took up her duties as such on the nineteenth.

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yard

By E. J. Treglown,

Chief Clerk Casper Storage Yards

The Central Machine Shop is now under construction. Situated in the heart of the field activities and being in close touch with material, it will be one of the finest in the West when completed.

R. Hughes, Timekeeper, Casper Storage Yards

Charley Kear passed the cigars the other day. The occasion? A brand new baby boy. Luck to you, Charlie!

Will he ever be satisfied? Lou Robinson, truck boss and versatile linguist is "on the pack" again. Being the last of the month, he wants more tonnage. Only made 1,518,000 pounds in January, and, as this is February with only twenty-eight days, we ought to beat that record. We only made 1,418,000 pounds though, and he's peeved. Oh Death, where is thy sting? Look alive, Lou, and have a heart!

Oh, yes! Andy's on the water-wagon. He took the Pierce and tried to haul water to the test well, but lost his carburetor. Better stick to the old line, Andy.

St. Louis is in his element now. Mr. Mertz from the F. W. D. factory is here and "Saint" can use his factory lingo pretty effectively. Gives the old drivers a rest.

Daily question at Salt Creek boarding house: "Where's 'Christmas'?" "Oh, he's coming."

Great stuff when you have Christmas and August coming in February.

We, the truckdrivers, wish to thank the shop and loading crews at Casper and Salt Creek for the co-operation and service which have enabled us to make time and more tonnage for the past two months.

(Signed) The Truckdrivers.

Prior to January 1, 1921:

Truckdriver: "How much have I got on?"

Checker: "Oh, about five thousand."

Truckdriver: "That's enough. What do you want me to do—haul the whole works?"

After January 1, 1921:

Truckdriver: "How much have I got on?"

Checker: "Oh, about sixty-eight hundred."

Truckdriver: "Well, put some more on. What do you want me to do—work for my health?"

Words and phrases we all know: "Stepping through the dew."—Stewart. "Balling the jack."—St. Louis. "We sure mobiled."—Flat. "Let's go."—Gooden. "Is that as far as you could get?"—Dunbar. "An F. W. D. has a good wheel-base."—Robinson.

Gasoline Gus Gush

Bert Stewart likes the ladies;
He thinks they are divine,
But leaves the Salt Creek girls alone,
Because it's—Iodine.

His brother Al drives 75;
He thinks it is the flue.
He only hauls about 86,
A-stepping through the dew.

And Flat, the boy on 45,
Has a dry-farm in the sage;
Each summer raises spuds and things
Since he has come of age.

St. Louis, he's on 59,
A factory man is he.
He came out here to help the boys
And the Salt Creek Road to see.

And Shorty, he's on 60—
A man who craves to hunt;
The senior driver on the road,
He's never known to flunk.

Ed Donahue from Joplin,
He drives G-48,
And also holds the tonnage,
For such decreed by fate.

Hox, the five-ton wizard,
Has compromised on 4.
He makes his trips to Salt Creek,
And always yells for more.

And Hixson—Sailor Hixson—
He smokes his pipe and smiles
While 47's bellering
And making short the miles.

Carl Werner drives the oil drag
And learns the Gas Plant ways.
He's only just been married—
At Casper he always stays.

August, he herds 76,
Is quiet, glad and bold.
He's very unobtrusive,
But in poker get's the gold.

The "suel-wheeled truck" has Andy,
With a "Davis Special" clutch.
A ready smile breaks down each mile
And everything goes hutch.

Lou Robinson, he bosses us,
A regular guy is he;
"Don't monkey with the governors,
Or you're fired automatically."

—E. K. Anderson.

Page 22 shows pictures of "Dunnie's Own," the truckdrivers of the Casper field. They form one of the finest regiments of the Midwest Family. They are the happiest, best natured, hardest workers that ever rode a bucking truck across the prairie.

We wish to extend our sympathies to Mr. W. J. Green and Fred Green in this their hour of loss, they having lost their mother and grandmother, aged 78 years, who died at her home at Morristown, S. D., February 20th.

We announce with regret the death of an old employe, Charles Russell, who gave his services to the Midwest the past four years. He is gone from us, but his memory lingers near. We may not be able to see his face and hear his voice, but we cannot forget so true a friend.

Mr. F. Deegan is taking a rest, not from choice but from necessity. Mr. Deegan went to the hospital to have a bunion removed from his left foot. He is doing nicely and we await with pleasure his return to his duties.

Who said that spring is not here. Mr. Dell Fink spent Monday, February 28th, housecleaning. This is a dark, black secret. Don't tell a soul that I told you, for, if you do, Dell has promised to skin me alive, burn me in oil, kill me by inches, or any other such punishment as a villainous mind might invent. Here is the secret:

On or about the 28th of February, a call came for a handy-man around a house—we can supply any kind of a man—and inasmuch as Mr. Fink is a married man, we thought he was just the man for the position. Mr. Fink arrived at the scene of activities and proceeded to make himself generally useful. We learn that his usefulness was expended on cleaning the bathtub and other fixtures of a bathroom, cleaning woodwork and such other work as has a tendency to make an exceedingly useful husband. He reported at our headquarters very proud and exhibited a very clean pair of hands. He inquired whether or not any more calls had come in during his absence for a handy-man and displayed great remorse when informed in the negative. He is very anxious that his wife be informed of his accomplishment, but being a modest and retiring sort, does not like to inform "friend wife" himself. Therefore, will some kind soul take compassion on him and locomote himself, via "Shank's mares," and whisper the glad tidings in her shell-like ear?

Mr. Daily is building a house? Who is the lucky girl? A house or home without a wife is not attractive. Therefore, we would like to meet "her."

The employes of the storage yard wish to express their appreciation to the employes of Salt Creek for the excellent entertainment which was given and enjoyed on the evening of February 19th. It has been suggested that a new hotel be opened every month.

In Parting

The material accountants are about to leave our humble abode. The association has been enjoyed by the employes of the Casper storage yard, especially Mr. Morris. He personally feels the loss, as he and Mr. Mills were great chums and quite some bantering passed between them. Both no doubt will feel the loss for some time to come.

We hope that "Bobby's" new associates will have the same elevating and helpful effect upon this tender plant as we have tried to have. He is young and unsophisticated and needs proper training.

Mr. Lilly and Mr. Traylor are men of mature years, and therefore do not need such close attention.

Therefore in this, our hour of separation, we feel the loss of friends both tried and true. Therefore our loss is someone's gain. Here's hoping we meet again.

Midwest Field Garage

Superintendent E. W. Davis and family and H. L. Wilson and family were among the many Casperites who motored out to Salt Creek on the 20th to the house warming and dance, Mr. Wilson returning home in the medium-sized hours of the morning while Mr. Davis returned later in the day. All reported a pleasant time and are loud in their praise of Salt Creek hospitality.

Mr. L. B. McCormick, our genial shop foreman, is the proud owner of a "whoope," otherwise known as a "Tin Lizzie." Mac says he is sure going to enjoy the summer evenings.

B. Landon of the welding department purchased a new Dodge touring car last week.

Mr. Sullivan and H. C. Murray of the blacksmith shop are making preparations for the coming fishing season. As soon as the fishing season opens they are going to the Red Lakes, where Mr. Murray says the trout weigh from four to ten pounds, and the best way to catch them is to go in and chase the fish out on the bank and club them to death.

R. E. Cushman lately purchased a light Buick Six touring car and is preparing for a lot of outdoor enjoyment this coming summer.

C. S. Midert was laid up a few days ago with a piece of steel in one of his wrists and is now back at work again.

Laramie Refinery Notes

On Monday, February 7th, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Peterson became the proud parents of a fine six-pound baby girl.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell of the boiler and tank department and Mr. H. P. Riney, secretary of the Industrial Relations Council, were at the Laramie refinery February 17th on business.

LOADING RACK GROUP

Left to Right—P. A. Ward (Prince Albert Ward), Ed "Red" O'Malley, H. J. "Kid" Buck, Willie George

Laramie's best family man—Mr. Webster, of the engineering department.

Varn: "Where is the best place to live?"

Al H.: "Laramie, Wyoming."

Varn: "Why?"

"Al H.: "Five proofs: In one year the scales were stretched—C. Loucks has gained eighteen pounds, F. A. Walsh has gained twenty-five pounds, Jess Wills cannot get enough sleep, H. L. Minister has gained twenty-three pounds, Dick Williams has gained eighteen pounds."

Harry Oder of the shipping department has decided to enter into the "holy bonds of matrimony," as may be clearly understood by his desire to have a few days off in March so that he can take a trip to Missouri. Good luck, Harry, for we have done all that is possible for your welfare.

Due to poor health, Mr. Louie Pilger, our office janitor, resigned and Mr. Grosse has been appointed in his place. We will all miss Mr. Pilger, for he always had a pleasant smile and a good word for everybody.

Mr. Beyers of the Babcock & Wilcox Company was a visitor in Laramie during the fore part of the month.

Mrs. Grosse, wife of the new janitor, is confined to her home with pneumonia.

Many have been exceedingly busy this month trying to figure out their income tax reports. Some have lost considerable sleep figuring up the amount of tax already spent on soft drinks, cigars, clothing, shoes, etc., and, on careful investigation, it was found that a couple of the fellows had figured up their detailed tax reports and then wrote to Washington, D. C., requesting refunds of two and three dollars each, as they had overpaid the government these amounts.

Can You Feature the Following?

Ted F. lassoing antelope on horse-back?

Curve Cut S. after he had cleaned his machine?

Doyle having hat trouble?

Jim E. not bawling someone out?

August M. not kicking about something?

Curve Cut S. working?

Speed M. not sitting down?

Bert W. not chewing tobacco?

Al H. as Laramie's most lonesome man?

Ted F. carrying six hundred pound weights from a wagon?

Cummings late for work?

Doc S. not working?

Joe C. with an all-day smile?

Fanny W. wrestling the heavyweights?

Jess Wills getting enough sleep?

Jim D. not getting his check first?

Van V. without that old "Well, now, I'll tell you"?

John D. with clean clothing?

Ed Duke D. weighing one-ten and not talking about the Dodge?

THREE BASEBALL PLAYERS

Left to Right—L. A. Varadore, F. Walsh, Al Hornsly

Ted F. not telling of some superhuman stunt that he did?

Bill B. not in a hurry?

Frank B. driving slow?

Charlie L. not wanting something in a hurry?

Fred S. building castles in the air?

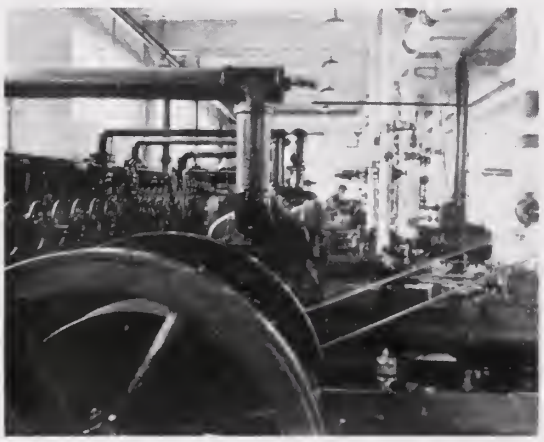
Baseball

Last year we were in our infancy, yet we won more than half our games. This season we intend to boost our percentage of games won up to about 850 per cent. Watch us. We will put a team of polished veterans in the field, headed by that world-famous war hero, Mr. Art Forest. Mr. Forest will come to Laramie March 4th, bringing with him two first-class pitchers and an A-number-one infielder. At the present time he has Mr. Clark Varian of California on the string, and from all reports Mr. Varian will make the journey to Laramie, the mertopolis of Wyoming. Mr. N. Lynch, better known as "Red," will be with us again this season. Three members of last year's team have spent the winter with us. They are: "Pop" Varnadore, the family member of the baseball team, who is a member of the time-keeping department; "Pep" Hornsby, the ladies' man, and a member of the time-keeping department; "Fanny" Walsh (last year's captain) has been driving the truck. These three players have done much to help put Laramie on the map, and we have not only enjoyed their company this winter, but the quality of their work speaks for itself.

Mr. Vanderhoef has been promoted to pump inspector.

A High Official

If Curve Cut was boss
The shop would be run
Without a penny loss.
No loafing would there be,
Everybody would see
He was a High Official.



Interior View Oil Pump-House

If he was master mechanic
This shop would be known
From Pacific to Atlantic;
No one would have a hollar,
We would all get into the collar,
Because he is a High Official.

If he was foreman
He would not hire a woman,
Because, says he, no work do they do;
Because they are all too lazy too;
But he would if he had to,
Because he is a High Official.

If he was only a High Official,
We would all have to kneel
When we see initial;
If we didn't, no more job would we have,
Unless we wanted to sell carbolic salve,
Because he is a High Official.

—By Dad.

Laramie Warehouse Personals

Russel S. Morris, chief clerk in the warehouse office, left about the middle of the month for Wisconsin, where he will spend a two months' leave of absence. Mr. Morris has been suffering for some time from ill health and his physician advised a rest and change of climate. The warehouse force and his co-workers upon the Joint Council committee hope to see him back at the end of his vacation completely restored to health.

Mr. Fairfax Lapsley arrived from Denver upon the 14th to take the work of Russel S. Morris while the latter is away. Mr. Lapsley comes from an insurance company, where he has been employed for several years.

Frank R. Calkins, of the yard force, suffered a sad bereavement in the sudden death of his wife February 25th. Mrs. Calkins died after a very short illness from diphtheria. Where the infection came from cannot be discovered.

N. T. Thompson arrived February 17th to assume the duties of stenographer in the warehouse office. He was recently with the Great Western Sugar Company at Loveland, Colo.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reyneke, wife of Mr. E. M. Reyneke, warehouseman, was called to her home at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 26th by the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. H. F. Comfort, chief material accountant, and his "wild-cat playmate," Mr. Bingham, formerly of Big Muddy, were welcome visitors at the warehouse office last week.

Mr. G. L. Norstrum, material accountant, is getting his fishing tackle in readiness and "Dinty" Moore has finished telling him just where to go to bag the first and largest catch of the season.

Ade A. and Ralph Methvin of the pipe gang are members of a family which is perhaps the largest connected with the Midwest—largest in more than one way. Ade is 24 years of age, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 200 pounds. Ralph is only 18 years of age, is 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 172 pounds. The father of the boys has twenty-one children, half brothers and half sisters. All except two of

the children are living and fourteen of them are own brothers and sisters. All of the boys are about the size of the two brothers in Laramie. The family home is in Arkansas, but the members are pretty well scattered over the United States.

Mother (to small daughter whom she discovers before the looking glass tying a piece of lace tightly about her throat): "Mary Louise, what are you doing?"

Mary Louise: "I'm tying my head on like Mrs. Brown does when she is dressed to go out in the evening."

Arthur Linden (the corporal): "No police judge would find me guilty of gambling, if I do shoot craps."

Jess Wills: "How's that, Corporal?"

The Corporal: "I could prove by all of the pipe gang that I never gamble with them. I just donate to them."

That prices must be falling,
Some people claim to see;
It is most aggravating,
They have not yet hit me.

Big Muddy Field

On Saturday, February 19th, Dan and Mrs. Trudgen, Elmer Klahr and daughter and H. Humpbrey journeyed to Salt Creek to celebrate the opening of the new hotel which has been built by the Midwest Refining Company to meet the ever-growing need of the field. Notices were sent broadcast that all who could conveniently attend were welcome, and the favorable weather conditions made it a comparative easy matter for the big gathering to make the trip. Much surprise was expressed by many who came from the neighboring camps at the elaborate hotel and dining hall, which is capable of feeding about 350 people; the up-to-date equipment and all modern conveniences for handling big numbers, which easily places it in first rank with the dining halls in the state. All were much pleased with the manner in which the Midwest exercised their efforts to give all such an excellent time.

Glenrock Entertains Masons

On Friday, February 25th, the Glenrock Masonic Lodge entertained the Big Muddy Masons, their wives and families at a banquet. Much speculation had arisen as to how it would be possible to accommodate the crowd, due to lack of facilities in Glenrock. The vacant storeroom in the Lincoln Building was secured and tables were set for 215 to take care of the Masonic family. Every seat was occupied.

This effort on the part of the Glenrock people was a return compliment to the Big Muddy Masons, who entertained Glenrock at the Ohio camp cook house late last fall. Much credit reflects on the ladies of the Baptist Church, who prepared a large portion of the provisions at their homes preparatory to being placed on the banqueting tables; and also for their untiring efforts in catering to so large a gathering.

In connection with the banquet, Mr. Lockhart and Captain Nusbaum of the American Legion were entertained as members of the Masonic fraternity and many decided to attend their entertainment at the opera house, which was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. After this, an adjournment was made to the dance hall, where all indulged in the fantastic art until the early hours of the morning.

Johnnie Ford Leaves

John J. Ford, who was timekeeper at this field for over a year, left the early part of February for the Cat Creek field, Montana, where he will assume the duties of chief clerk for the Mid-Northern Oil Company. John J. has been with the Midwest for several years, gradaully advancing to the position which he now holds.

Success, Johnny, is the wish of the boys in Muddy.

Bell Springs Notes

Paul Roe, brother of Superintendent Jack Roe, has moved his family to Parkerton, Wyo.

The marriage of Al Autterson, who has been associated in this field for the past year, was a great surprise. Directly after the wedding the bride and groom left for an extended honeymoon through California.

Albert Ryan, otherwise known as "Judge," has left for California to spend the remainder of the winter.

L. C. Laurie and L. J. Walkenshaw, who have been in the employ of this company for several months, have gone to Universal City, Cal., to enter the moving picture game.

G. A. Richards, J. E. Omelia, Clyde Hammers and John Ederington are now in the employ of this company in this field.

Mrs. K. E. Holmes had as her guests for a few days Mrs. J. M. Holland and Miss Maxine Holmes of Rawlins.

Greybull Refinery Notes

Burke H. Sinclair, director of industrial relations, attended to business matters in Greybull a few days early in February.

N. E. Loveland was quite severely burned with acid early in the month while working at the plant, but was able to return to work within a few days.

Superintendent B. L. Warren went to Casper on February 8th, returning home on the 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mechling of Casper were guests in the Charles Heckard home a few days in February. Mr. Mechling is district manager of the Oil Well Supply Company.

The air chamber on the 350-H. P. oil engine at the refinery was blown off February 6th, putting it out of business until repairs can be received. "Ching" Weinert was slightly injured by a small piece of the broken part striking him.

Homer Williams returned from Billings on February 16th and was back in the office a few days later.

W. T. Hughes left for Denver on February 18th, returning to Greybull on the 24th.

George Rimer has recently purchased an attractive little bungalow on Third Avenue North.

G. R. Simpson went to Casper on February 24th in the interest of the Midwest Employes' Benefit Association.

On February 19th a fine son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Dobbins.

Mr. H. S. Comfort was in Greybull on February 20th and 21st.

Immediately after the 10 per cent reduction in wages had gone into effect the Greybull Industrial Council published the following notice:

"To all Merchants, Druggists, Coal and Building Material Dealers, Restaurants, Hotels, Rooming Houses and Gas and Electric Companies, etc.:

"As the representatives of three hundred families, we ask your co-operation in not only assisting us, but the entire population of Greybull, along the road of getting back to normal. The employes of the Midwest Refining Company have done their bit by accepting a 10 per cent reduction in their wages, effective immediately.

"During the war the employes of the Midwest Refining Company of Greybull, when called upon for any financial or moral support to help fill out the quota for Greybull, always went 'over the top.' Whenever you were compelled to raise the price of your commodities we accepted the same, feeling that it was necessary to carry along your line of business.

"Now we ask you to show your appreciation of these facts by helping to decrease the cost of living so that these men may feel that they are not compelled to carry the full burden.

"As we are speaking for the majority of Greybull's population, we feel that you cannot let this appeal go unnoticed.

"Kindly understand that we are for a bigger, better and more prosperous Greybull, but in order to have all this we must all co-operate, and remember that we will be only too glad to receive any communication from you along these lines.

"Hoping that you are inclined to assist in this readjustment, we are,

"Yours very truly,

"The Midwest Industrial Council of the Midwest Refining Company of Greybull."

Salt Creek Gas Plant

Mrs. T. J. Landry left last week for Springfield, Mass., to pay a visit to her parents.

Our new warehouse has been completed and was put into full swing Monday.

Mr. Burke Sinclair paid a visit to the gas plant Tuesday.

Mrs. Art Hayden was spring shopping in Casper the first of the week.

The Ladies' Club gave their regular monthly party in the gas plant club house Saturday night.

All of the members of the Casper gas plant department came to Salt Creek to celebrate the opening of the new Midwest Hotel at Salt Creek, and spent Sunday going through the plant.

Mrs. Gladman is visiting relatives in Thermopolis.

Mr. Henley, chief clerk, and Mr. Ingersoll, timekeeper, are new additions to our office force.

Booster No. 4 is near completion and will be in operation in a few days.

"Judge' Andrews was on the sick list last week, but is back on deck with his big smile again.

The liquid air plant is near completion, and Mr. Young expects to be doing big things in a few days.

Tony Nelson, 6 feet 4 inches, weight 260 pounds, and a match for Sampson, had a touch of "flu." Dr. Roach, considering his size, gave him pills in proportion (same calibration as hen eggs). He is now feeling better than ever and believes in the doctor's judgment, even if his pills had to be taken in two swallows.

If you want to know anything about mail schedules between Springfield and Salt Creek, just ask Tim Landry; he knows down to the minute.

The gas test wagon has been in the field for the last two weeks making tests of the gas from the new wells. They report an exceptional high gasoline percentage.

"Professional advice on telephone courtship. Apply Prof. Cameron. Holds two-hour classes every evening, and all Sunday afternoon."—Adv.

Casper Refinery

Calvin Smith and Emogene O'Neil were married by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Presbyterian minister, on Sunday, March 13, at Casper, Wyo.

F. N. Sanford, civil engineer, has returned from a trip to the Greybull refinery.

Mr. Wood, master mechanic, has moved into his new offices in the cold settling plant.

Frank Smith of the pipe department, who has been away on account of illness in his family, expects to return to work about the first of April.

James F. Hook of the first-aid station and C. A. Hughes of the lubricating department have each started to build new homes and expect to be comfortably located within a few weeks. Mr. Hughes will bring his mother and sister from Alabama to make their home with him. Arthur Davidson is building a new home on South Beech street.

Mr. Charles A. Fowler has purchased a home in South Butler addition.

Mr. William D. Ford has purchased the Matherly residence on South Chestnut street.

Our baseball fans are beginning to make themselves heard.

Carl Durbin, one of the veteran workers at the acid plant, suffered severe burns about 4:30 a. m. on March 8th. He had a close call but the physicians have hopes of saving his eyesight.

We expect to see the tennis courts in use in a short time now.

William Stoddard is planning some pleasant

fishing trips the coming summer. He always remembers his friends when he returns from such trips.

Casper Field Garage

They all come back. Yes. The latest is Charley Austin. Back at the old grind. Eh, Charlie? We're glad to see you!

"No, young man, this isn't the F. W. D. factory; just a couple of trucks getting the once-over so a wealthy truck-driver can earn his daily wage."

We note with interest the opening of the new paint shop. As usual, Ed Davis gets the gravy. His roadster is in for repainting and will mark the success of the experiment.

W. W. Runkle, warehouseman for the pipe line department, visited us at the garage last week.

Mr. McCausland, chief clerk at the field garage, resigned his position the first of the month. Sorry to see you go, Mac.

"Heavy" Murray, our eccentric blacksmith helper, is looking for a wife. Yes, girls, he's quite a catch, being wealthy, fat and forty. We caught him studying a matrimonial paper recently.

Eckersly, the motor expert, has left the Midwest to accept a position with the Standard.

Mr. Campbell, the company special agent, detected a car passing him on the Salt Creek road when he returned from the hotel opening and ball last Sunday. He certainly gave his machine the gas, but, as he had his wife with him, the other car beat him in. For further particulars, ask Mr. Campbell.

Wanted—Ballplayers. See "Doc" Wilson, Casper field garage.

Denver Office Notes

Accounting Division

We are pleased to announce the arrival of John F. Mellen Jehova, a week or so old, who is just stopping with us while on a visit from heaven. John F. M. Jehova can be seen daily while performing his duties in connection with the warehouse department.

The large amount of merit in the accounting division is the pride of the Denver offices.

Instead of calling members of the accounting division kidders, why not try calling them Ewers?

He said "Heuer a liar," but nevertheless he fell for Heerlein, so that it wasn't necessary to use any vamping Power. After calling at the homes of various Parsons, they finally found one at home, and were married—she in her dress of many Hughes, and he in his Nugent's clothing purchased ½ off at Ganos. Yellowstone National Park was chosen for their honeymoon in order to be near the Geisers. After their honeymoon, most of which Wass spent in climbing High mountains, they journeyed to Denver to make their home on the south of the two Platz. Being a rather economical woman it wasn't long ere she became a member of the Larkin club, which her husband assured her was the Wright thing to do.

McNicholas was a wild, wild man
From a wee sma' child,
But now
He's meek as a lamb
And mutters,
Continually,
"Ain't luv gran'?"

One Night

I got out my rod and looked it o'er,
Laid out my lines on the kitchen floor,
Took out my flies and sharpened the hooks,
Then I dreamed of some trips I took.

My thots went back just a year gone by;
There was Henry, and Allen, and Jim and I.
We rode all day over a mountain road,
Perched up high on top of the load.

Well, the Henry just managed to get us there,
So we pitched our camp with the greatest care,
Got all set for something to eat,
But, dog-gone my buttons, where was the meat?

We scratched our heads and racked our brains,
But the meat remained from whence we came.
Well, anyway, we had some eggs,
Until Jim, he dropped 'em on my legs.

Our camp it lay in a little park.
Gee! 'twas great till after dark,
When the frost came down, and the wind it blew;
When morning came we were chilled clear through.

Then we started to fish with the first daylight,
But the dog-gone fish refused to bite.
We tried out flies, bait and our spinner, too,
But the gosh darn things they wouldn't do.

So we loafed around, then started back;
Gee, but the world sure looked black.
We knew we'd get laugh for fair,
But now it's over and we don't care.

For soon the time will roll right by
And we'll go again,
Just Allen, and Jim, the Ford, and I.

—F. M. W.

Then You're Drunk

When your heels hit hard, and your head feels queer,
And your thoughts foam up like the froth on beer,
When your legs are weak, and your voice is strong,
And you laugh like ——— at some fool song,
Then you're drunk, by Gosh, you're drunk.

"Saabd Doings"

Take it from us—the Special Gas Department Number was a "howling" success from start to finish. The hot-air contributions from the Denver office gas artists were indeed interesting. It is evident that our reporting staff must have been working under a pressure of about a million cubic feet or so. Nevertheless, we would not care to continue our column without expressing a word or two of appreciation for the interesting articles in this number which were written by those on the ground. Each number of The Review becomes more and more interesting, and the Special Gas Number was no exception.

Now that the month which is noted for Presidents' birthdays, ground-hog day, and Valentine's day has been recorded in history, we are all willing to accept the coming spring with outstretched arms. Spring is the time when old Mother Earth comes to life again, and everything takes a new lease on life. Spring poets crop out with exhilarating sonnets to the effect of the call of the great outdoors.

When the Mauldins were living on their ranch down near La Veta, Colorado, some years ago, Ole's dad had some pretty fine horses, and he was mighty proud of them, and justly so. But Olaf was an observative youngster, and he had once seen a neighbor lock the wheels of a wagon when going down hill. This precaution appealed to Olaf's sense of SAFETY FIRST. So he reported this occurrence to his father, and begged him to get a lock chain. "My son," said Olaf's dad, "if I ever send you out with a team that can't outrun the wagon, let 'em go to hell."

"My husband drank some yeast in mistake for buttermilk last night," said Mrs. Bohmann.

"What happened?" asked her neighbor.

"He rose three hours earlier than usual this morning," replied Jake's wife.

Jake recommends this for all who have trouble in getting to the office on time.

About a year ago the well-known writer and lecturer, Irvin S. Cobb, visited this city. Al Ohnemus and Ray Hamilton went to hear his lecture. "He's a mighty well-known man," said Al. "They've named a cigar after him." "Yes," agreed Ray, "and there's a good old pipe called after him, too."

On Washington's birthday, Bill and Wade Casey motored to Genesee Mountain to witness the National Ski Tournament. But something collapsed in the innermost part of Casey's boat, and they had to make the return voyage on foot.

Speaking of Casey's, we submit below a picture of some members of the Casey family which represents four generations. This picture was taken a few years ago, but all the participants are still living. It includes Bill Casey's boy, himself, his dad, and his father's mother.

"Caseys"

"Can you drive with one hand?" she asked.

"Sure," replied Joyce de la Gardie, eagerly.

"Then won't you please pick my handkerchief up off the floor?" she asked sweetly.

Tom May dining at the Manhattan: "Waiter, how came this button in the salad?"

"That is from the dressing, sir," replied the waiter.

Bill Elliott made a trip to Chicago some years ago, and when attempting to cross a street was accidently knocked down by an automobile. A crowd instantly surrounded him with condolences and questions.

"Are you hurt, my friend?" kindly asked a gentleman, who was the first among the rescuers, as he helped Bill to his feet and brushed the mud and dust from his clothes.

"Well," replied Bill in a cautious manner, who is given to noncommittal brevity of speech, "it ain't done me no good."

Roy Johnson at the wheel of his flivver:

"The engine seems to be missing, dear."

His girl: "Never mind, darling; it doesn't show."

Mr. Illius is getting his rods and tackle out of the mothballs, preparing for the coming season which opens about the latter part of May. He has long promised the Midwest Family a real fish story, but being an exception to most fisherman, he finds it easier to catch fish than to tell stories.

Sunday School Teacher: "The lesson today will be from the Old Testament. Can any boy or girl tell me what people it was who read the handwriting on the wall?"

Art Johns: "I know, teacher—the Democrats."

Many years ago when "Spin" Stebenne was in school, his teacher asked the class one day this question: "Where did Washington catch the British army napping?"

Spencer spoke right up and replied: "Philadelphia."

Just a Word from the Denver Training Camp

March 5th saw the first call for practice, and the response was of a large and satisfying variety. All the old guard, together with some new recruits, were on hand. All indications point to a stronger team than last year. A light workout was indulged in with a team from Hendrie & Bolthoff. Among the new men who look promising were Mullen, Anderson and Waltman.

A meeting will be called sometime in the next few days to complete our organization for the coming year. The results will be recorded in the next issue of The Review if space permits and the editor is willing.

The policy to be followed will probably be as in former years; that is, it will be our honest endeavor to put out the fastest team in the city playing Saturday afternoon baseball. This policy has been successful so far, and seems to be satisfactory to all concerned.

As the league season will not start until about the first of May, an effort will be made to secure games with some of the local colleges.

Traffic Department

Al Ohnemus and the Vivacious Wildcat

While on his vacation last fall a little incident happened to Al Ohnemus which he would like the public to know about.

The whole story in a nut shell is this: He was kicked in the face by a wildcat.

It seems while out hunting in the North Park country one day, Al got caught in a cold, drenching rain when miles away from camp, and he was thoroughly soaked before he found shelter, but finally spying a cave he made a dash for it. It was quite dark inside, but fairly warm, and Al lay down to wait for the rain to stop. The sand in the bottom of the cave was comfortable—so much so that Al fell asleep. Soon his snores reverberated through the hills like the noise of the ninepins which lured Rip Van Winkle to his doom. How long he slept he never knew, but something awoke him and he knew immediately, being naturally quick-witted, that it wasn't an alarm clock. He jumped to his feet, bumped his head against a rock in the roof of the cave and sat down again. He saw many stars, which was natural under the circumstances; but when he got his second eye opened he saw something which was twice as natural but not nearly so wholesome. 'Twas a wildcat, seven feet long and four feet deep. Al said "Scat!" Whether the animal thought this was a personal insult or one of the customary preliminaries to a cat fight remains unknown. Be that as it may, the beast kicked him in the face, and Al didn't remain to argue the point. A vacuum was where Al had been half a second before. [Note: The forest ranger of the vicinity reports that the little pines are growing very nicely in the scorched pathway made by Al while on his homeward journey through the woods.]

"Kahn-Sarn It"

Shakespeare says—or is it Henry Ford?—at any rate someone, somewhere, sometime says, "A sucker is born every minute," which recalls to our mind that Milton A. Kahn is no exception to the rule. We also agree with "Tad" that Mr. Kahn is entitled to the grand prize—"the bowl of nickel-plated goldfish."

It all happened this way—

Mr. Kahn, as everyone knows, is given to moments of deep thought, and on such occasions he has a habit of tapping his gold tooth with his pipe stem. On the particular occasion we have reference to, he very thoughtlessly tapped this gold tooth with his fountain pen. Not satisfied, he put the pen in his mouth and inhaled a deep drag. Horrors! what a catastrophe. A quick exit to the washroom; but no amount of soap and water applied with exceptional vigor would entirely erase the effects of such concentration. For a week or more he was expectorating a beautiful green.

Moral: Too deep thought is fatal to beauty.
—M. A. D.

In the Springtime of the Year

Our friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. M. A. Deitler, has been showing considerable signs of spring lately. He has been accusing almost everybody in the office who is not already married that their proclivities run in that general direction. "Straws tell which way the wind blows," and putting this and that together (that is, Mr. Dietler and someone else), and taking into consideration his own "engaging" smile, we should say the sum total of these symptoms would indicate that he is about to come down with nuptials himself. It wouldn't surprise us in the least. Very soon, we fear, some poor girl will have to kiss her mother goodbye and leave her happy home forevermore.

Midwest Employe Sonstruck

On February 18th Mr. C. A. Grant, better known as "Al," was sonstruck. The name of this new income tax reducer is Robert Cortland Grant. Let's hope that he may some day become as good a rate clerk as his daddy is.—R. M.

Added Attraction

Miss Ella Curtz entered the employ of the Midwest the early part of February and has become a member of the traffic department. She likes work and does a generous share of it in the order department.

A Bandit Captured

Mr. Lawrence W. Hanlin, alias "Shorty," while attempting to evade the police on Friday evening, February 25th, fell into a lasso of Cupid and was woven into the bonds of wedlock by winning a miss from Texas, Anita L. Stewart of Dallas, the knot being tied by a minister who had not visited the police courts.

"Shorty," whose chief duty as a member of the Midwest Family is to take orders from the Continental Oil Company and the Texas Company, having become so proficient therein, hastily decided that he could also take orders from Miss Stewart.

As the strains of "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight" peeled forth at the Hanlin residence on Broadway, "Shorty," in acceptance of the sad truth of the refrain, gleefully led the young lady from Texas to the altar of sacrifice, which when performed the minister in a tone of pity for the poor girl spake "Wilt thou?" —Shorty replied, "I wilt." Then they both wilted.

During the excitement incident to the fatal "eve" Shorty, while on the job at the office, hastily wired Mr. Leavitt to ship the Continental a car of demoralized naphtha—then the office sleuths got busy and, after taking finger prints of Shorty, concluded he was on the verge of indecision and something was wrong, but nothing so serious was expected to develop.

Seriously, Mr. Hanlin is one of the most popular young men in the employ of the Midwest and his services are valued highly, not only in the office but on the baseball diamond, where he is one of the stars of the Midwest Club. There is not a member of the Denver office but who is confident that Miss Stewart is fortunate and, knowing "Shorty" as we do, we are positive his judgment was just as good, so wish them all the happiness and success possible.—E. K. B.

Safety First means that every man values the life and well being of his fellow workmen as well as that of himself.

Burke H. Sinclair, director of industrial relations, spent a few days at Salt Creek late in February.

The Knights of the Old Tin Can

You can live in a flat,
You can live in your hat,
  In a hotel, or keep house alone.
You can live in a city,
Or a bungalow pretty,
  Or a mansion all of your own.
You can live by the sea,
Or in fair Manatee,
  Or on highest mountain span,
But the one who lives longest,
Is happiest and strongest,
  Is the Knight of the Old Tin Can!

If you're a lounge lizard,
Have no sand in your gizzard,
  Then it isn't the life for you.
But if you love LIFE,
Take the kid and the wife
  And join the big skiddoo.
Go buy, steal or rent
A stove, bed and tent,
  Cups, plates and a frying pan.
For the fellows who KNOW
Are the fellows who GO,
  The Knights of the Old Tin Can!

You will look like the devil,
But you'll live on the level,
  Beneath God's old blue sky.
You will live in the hills,
You'll forget all your ills,
  Why, campers don't know how to die.
You'll have no time table,
You'll own your own stable,
  Either open, or closed, or sedan.
You can stay or depart,
You can stop or can start
  When you're a Knight of the Old Tin Can!

And when it comes night,
By your campfire's light,
  You open your old tin cans.
You have soups, you have meats,
Corn, peas and beets,
  All ready to put in the pans.
You have puddings and pies,
And preserves, if you're wise,
  Tea, coffee, and milk—OH, MAN!
Then with the sky overhead
And the earth for a bed,
  You're a Knight of the Old Tin Can!

New Yorker Is Shocked at the Names in Montana

A geologist from New York City was recently in Denver on his way to Montana for an eastern oil company. He was making inquiries as to what fields he should visit. He was informed that some oil had been found in Devils Basin; geologists were examining the Dry Blood district; that the Hailstone Basin was attracting some attention; that a test was going down in Dead Man's Basin, and that the prospects looked favorable for oil in the Crazy Woman's Pocket Whereupon the easterner replied that, judging from the names, Montana must be a hell of a place, but that he would take a chance.—*Petroleum Age.*

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
C. A. Fowler, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
Charles Combs, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
F. B. Smith, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. J. Kelly, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
Charles Thompson, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District — Jesse Wills, Laramie District

G. R. Simpson, Greybull District — Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek District

D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District

J. G. Croskill, Treasurer — Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President — Wm. Stoddard

E. M. Keefe, Vice President — Frank B. Smith

Geo. Carpenter

R. H. Covington, Secretary

The father of Success is
Work.

The mother of success is
Ambition.

The oldest son is
Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are
Perseverance,
Honesty,
Thoroughness,
Foresight,
Enthusiasm,
Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is
Character.

Some of her sisters are
Cheerfulness,
Loyalty,
Courtesy,
Care,
Economy,
Sincerity,
Harmony.

The baby is
Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—Anonymous.

WELCH HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

The MIDWEST REVIEW

APRIL 1921

Published for
The Midwest Family
by
The Midwest Refining Co.

VOL. 2. NO. 4.

OUR NEW BUILDING

MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY GENERAL OFFICE AT CASPER

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | April, 1921 | Number 4

It has been said by some wise and worthy man that "Procrastination is the thief of time."

This is not a headline to a story of a Greek stealing someone's Elgin, although that would be the first thought upon reading it.

When we procrastinate we put things to be done upon that calendar whose leaves we intend to turn in the future rather than the present, and in doing this we do ourselves the greatest possible injustice, as by so doing we make it a little easier to shove aside some work each day that will bob up in the future with a diabolical insistence little short of marvellous.

When we put things by to be done tomorrow, we truly steal time by not doing each day that day's work and as much of the work of tomorrow as possible.

It is a deplorable fact, but true that the working girl of today subjects herself to a great deal of adverse criticism by her style of dress during office hours.

A man, whose word is law in a certain corporation, said not long ago:

"It is too bad that a girl in the business world today should so subject herself to ridicule and slighting remarks by affecting dress that conceals but little, and is as suggestive as were the dresses worn during the bloody days of the French Revolution. I have heard men who work in the same offices with girls who wear the extremes of the rather extreme fashions now in vogue discuss quite frankly the charms of these girls in a manner that would be an insult to be avenged by a brother if they should come to his ears. These cases are not exceptional; rather they are the rule, and the tendency seems to be toward less clothing in the future instead of more."

Pretty clothes are a woman's pride and glory, but it would seem that they should be worn in a way that would not cause slighting and crude remarks.

Give a thought to the time when you will be here no more and the care that you have given those who look to you for all the things of life should be provided, by looking after insurance and investment matters at this time.

Insurance, especially good insurance, is one of the best means of safeguarding the future of your family. When you make up your yearly budget, see that it includes all the insurance that your income will carry. Then if something should happen your wife and little ones will not miss the things that you have provided during your life.

"I am quite sure that, if complete sets of comparative statistics were available, it would be shown that carelessness has been responsible for the loss of more lives, for the maiming of more human beings, and for a more stupendous total of human misery than was ever caused by any other agency.

"Pestilence we may guard against; famine we may alleviate; wars perhaps some day we may prevent; but against the criminal recklessness of the individual thoughtlessly endangering his own safety or the safety of some innocent victim, the world, until lately, had neither adequate protection nor sought for any."

—Irvin S. Cobb.

Safety is the corner stone of efficiency.

First Aid to the uninjured is Safety First.

The Bank of Safety pays 100 per cent return on its investment and never fails.

Accidents are always some one's fault. Do not let them be your fault.

The Diamond Drill

By M. O. Danford, Land Department

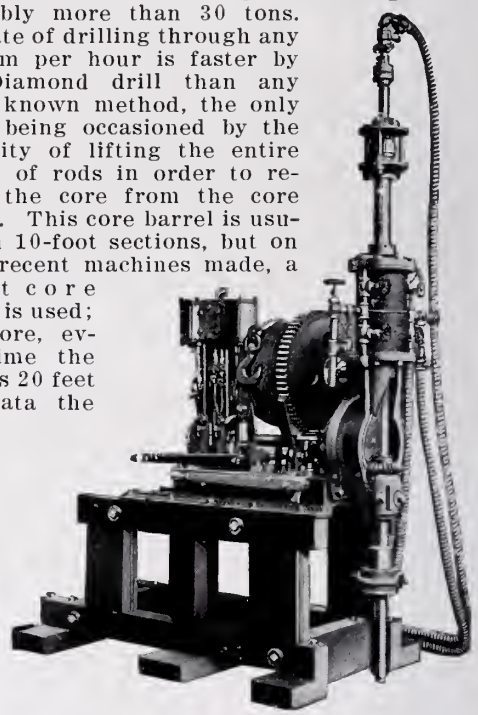
Considering the amount of money employed in the development of the oil industry it is a strange fact that but little improvement over the original method has ever been found. Practically the same tools and powers are used today as when Colonel Drake drilled his first well in Pennsylvania. Advancement has been made in the handling of casing and cementing of different formations to a great extent, but the character of the tools and method remains practically the same.

The Rotary drill was introduced and showed considerable advancement, but was not applicable to all conditions, so has not met with general favor throughout the entire industry. There is no explanation of this fact other than that those engaged in the business have accepted the conditions as being adequate, and have made no particular research for improved methods and reduction of cost of drilling.

Now that the areas of land contiguous to transportation facilities have been largely exploited and it becomes necessary from now on to go farther and farther away from lines of transportation, more thought is being given to improved methods of wild-catting. One method which has already been tried in other departments of industry is now receiving thought and consideration in the development of wild-cat oil lands, namely, the prospecting by Diamond drill. The drilling of holes by Diamond drill has long been in vogue in the metal and coal mining industries, but until recently has had no recognition from the oil fraternity. This fact can be explained in one way—that the manufacturers of these Diamond or core drill machines have had capacity business in years gone by from the demand for their use in the metalliferous and coal mining development, but recently, as that particular industry has suffered a setback, the manufacturers of core drills are now putting forth propaganda advocating their machine for the prospecting of oil, particularly in sections of the country where transportation facilities are hard and costly. The appealing feature of the use of this machine from a geological standpoint is that it provides the geologist with an absolutely visible record of all strata passed through, and the knowledge so gained is extremely valuable and essential in the drilling in the event the field proves commercially productive of subsequent wells. One engineer expresses the fact that for this information alone the installation and drilling of a Diamond drill hole upon any known oil structure would be of sufficient value to offset the cost of drilling such well. Be that as it may, the character and condition of your oil sands can be seen from the core produced by the Diamond drill.

The description of the operation of this drill is not necessarily one of interest at this time, but suffice it to say that the arrangement and operation is so conducted that the strata as they are cut by the drill are retained in a core barrel and subsequently lifted to the surface and kept for a permanent record. In the case of cutting an oil sand, the percentage of saturation and porosity of the bed can readily be determined by analysis of the core, and this information would be extremely valuable in calculating the value of oil land acreage.

In cases of wild-catting far from lines of transportation, the compactness and lightness of the equipment furnishes economical installation in the first instance. The entire equipment outside of houses for the employes necessary to drill a 4,000-foot hole would weigh but little more than 30 tons, and this, in comparison with an outfit necessary under the Standard and usual method of drilling a wild-cat well, is but a small item as the casing alone in any hole 4,000 feet deep would weigh considerably more than 30 tons. The rate of drilling through any stratum per hour is faster by the Diamond drill than any other known method, the only delay being occasioned by the necessity of lifting the entire length of rods in order to remove the core from the core barrel. This core barrel is usually in 10-foot sections, but on more recent machines made, a 20-foot core barrel is used; therefore, every time the bit cuts 20 feet of strata the entire length of rods must be pulled and the barrel emptied. The rate of drilling through sandstone with a Diamond drill is in the neighborhood of 130 to 140 feet per hour, actual drilling time, while through shale the speed averages 12 feet per hour. Naturally, the predominant strata in oil structures is shale; therefore, the rate of drilling would probably be estimated at 12 feet per hour.



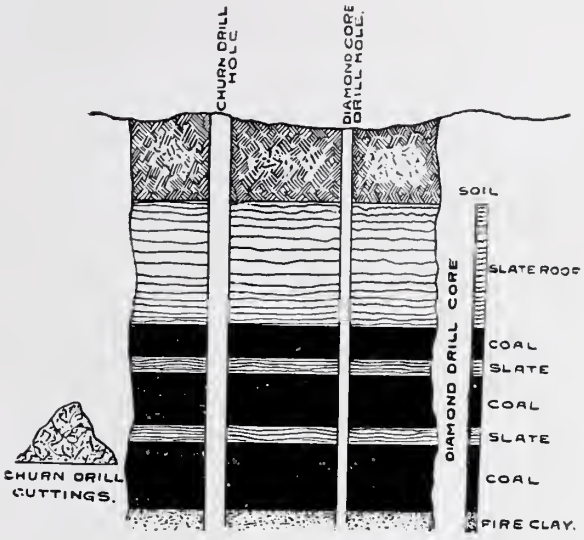
A Diamond Drill

One of the serious objections advanced by oil men against this method of prospecting is the fact that the hole when it reaches the objective horizon is not of sufficient size to make a commercial oil well. This is true—and yet, if commercial sand is tapped and under pressure, it is the opinion of the writer that the well would make sufficient oil to return the cost of drilling the same. It is also possible by a special constructed cartridge to shoot the the oil sand in a Diamond drill hole. It is true that if there is pressure there will be a strong tendency for the hole to fill up at the bottom and bridge over, which, of course, on account of its size there is no method known at present of cleaning out. When one considers that in wild-cat areas, if one structure out of ten proves commercially productive, developing companies are able to recover their investment and make money; and if a more economical method can be introduced in the original testing of structures, just that much more saving will be effected to the industry.

Briefly, the advantages covered by the Diamond drill method are as follows: Economy in freighting and transporting material to the field; accurate geological knowledge gained by visualizing the core; complete salvaging of all material, including the casing employed in the operation. In the matter of time, it is also possible to move in and rig up and commence actual drilling operations much quicker than under the old method—so possibly what time is lost as the hole gains considerable depth is offset by the shorter time required in the actual commencement of drilling. As against these advantages, there appears the outstanding fact that after the hole is completed we do not have an oil well, and it then becomes necessary to drill actual oil wells with the usual tools.

The Diamond drill can also be used in deepening holes which for some reason or other have had to be abandoned. For instance, if a hole becomes crooked at a depth of 2,000 feet by rigging up with a Diamond drill you can avail yourself of this 2,000 feet and continue your hole to the objective horizon at a greatly less cost than it would take to drill an additional hole 2,000 feet to the same horizon.

The operation requires necessarily a trained man in charge, and one who has had experience in handling the machine. The crew usually consists of three men on a shift, each shift working 12 hours. Therefore, the cost of labor would not be any in excess of that employed in the usual method. The casing is smooth joint and not of great weight and is usually entirely recoverable and usable in another hole in the event abandonment is desired. The cost of a machine adequate to reach 4,000 or 4,500 feet is in the neighborhood of $28,000, f. o. b Rocky Mountain common point. This includes $7,500 worth of carbons or diamonds to be used in the bit, with rods, cable, drilling machine boiler and casing sufficient to go 4,000 feet. The entire outfit can comfortably be loaded for transportation upon one standard gauge freight car. With ordinary care the entire equipment is only slightly depreciated by use. Diamonds or carbons after use and found good are more valuable than untested stones and wear but very little.



Showing the Manner in Which a Log of the Well is Kept

Each string of casing maintains the same size usually to the full depth of the hole and the saving in this instance will probably be 60 per cent. The ordinary Diamond drill uses approximately eight barrels of fuel oil a day and from 50 to 150 barrels of water, depending upon the character of ground in which you are drilling. The cost of rigging up runs from $500 to $1,000.

The writer's experience has been in holes 1,200 feet in depth and less, and over which the ordinary tripod derrick was used. It is to be recommended that in going to depths over 1,000 feet that a light Standard rig be erected, thereby permitting the drillers to pull at least 50 feet of rods each time before disconnecting. This will save considerable time in the operation of raising and lowering the tools. Such rig does not necessarily have to be of heavy construction, but of sufficient weight and strength to handle the 4,000 feet of rods. There have been Diamond drill holes drilled to the depth of 5,000 feet or over, but the writer has no personal knowledge of such an operation.

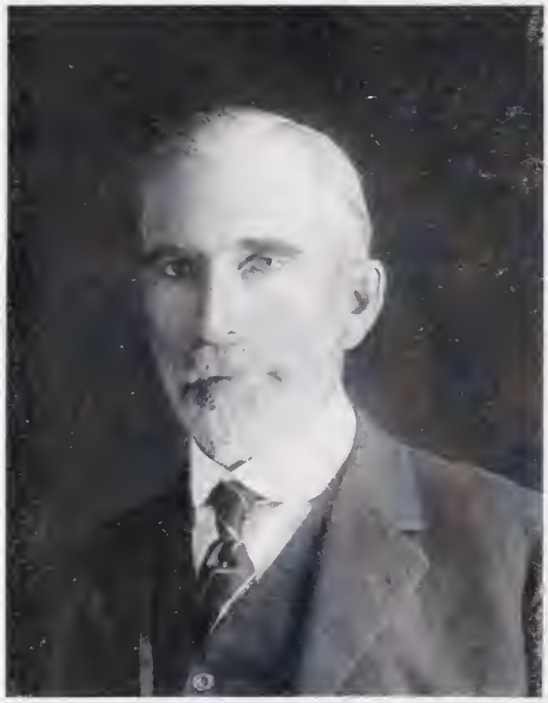
Smith-O'Neil

Cal Smith and Miss Imogene O'Neil were married March 13 at the Presbyterian manse. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. D. Verano, and Bob Roe, who were the only guests. They are now at home to their many friends at the McRory apartments. Mr. Smith is employed at the laboratory at the Casper Midwest refinery.

Big Foot Wallace

By B. B. Brooks

We are indeed fortunate in being able to give you in this number an article by Ex-Governor B. B. Brooks of Wyoming, a man who is known by practically every member of the Midwest family, and who typifies the real spirit of Wyoming. To no other man, possibly, does Wyoming owe so much for her present greatness, as to B. B. Brooks. It represents one of the big things of his life. We will in the future run other stories from his pen from time to time.—Editor.



Ex-Governor B. B. Brooks

In the spring of '84, as the Platte valley roundup was working down the south side of the Platte river, about eight miles west of my ranch, three of the C Y cowboys, making a circle after cattle in the foothills of Casper mountain, encountered a large silver-tip bear that was slowly making his way up a shallow ravine. None of the boys were armed, so they decided to rope him.

Now, lassoing a bear may seem a rather hazardous undertaking to people not familiar with cowboy sports, and so it proved on this occasion; yet it is a feat frequently accomplished, on our yearly roundups, and with comparatively slight danger to the boys. Usually, as soon as the rope tightens about the bear's neck, he begins to tug and hang back; (the long hair about the neck prevents the noose from loosening after once being tightened), and in five or ten minutes the bear chokes to death. A buffalo will do the same thing. I have known several instances of cowboys roping and killing, in this manner, full-grown bear and buffalo.

In this case, two of the boys were riding well-trained cow ponies. As soon as they saw the bear they made a dash to head him off from the mountains, uncoiling their long grass ropes as they went. The third boy, named Wallace, was riding a large, half-broken colt, and had to stop and get his rope uncoiled from the saddle before starting. By the time he was ready his companions had turned the bear down the gulch, so Wallace struck out diagonally down another gully, which joined the one the bear was in, about a quarter of a mile below. The colt got rattled at the free use of the spurs and at the dangling noose which Wallace held in his right hand, and made extra fast time down the gulch. In fact, Wallace was scarcely able to control him at all.

Rider and bear reached the point where the two gullies joined at the same moment. Both gulches were narrow, with steep banks. Wallace tried in vain to check the horse. The bear reared up on his haunches. Horse and rider shot by and turned up the gulch down which he had just come. They passed so close to the bear that Wallace actually struck him on the head with his right hand. The bear struck both horse and rider with his paws, tearing the horse's flank with one, and the boy's leather chaps with the other. In striking at the bear's head, Wallace had unintentionally dropped the open loop about its body.

When the bear struck the bronco he commenced bucking, and threw Wallace off. The boy was unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet, made a dash up the side of the gulch, while the bear turned up the ravine which Wallace had just ridden down.

The other end of the rope was, of course, made fast to the horn of the saddle, and

when the bucking horse ran out on it, the weight of the bear threw him. In struggling to get up, he broke the front cinch of the saddle, and soon bucked through the flank cinch. Away went the bear up the gulch, dragging the saddle behind him. The other two boys met the runaway horse and roped him. Wallace explained as rapidly as possible, and held his own horse while the other two boys went after the grizzly.

Going up the gulch about half a mile they found the saddle wedged in between two boulders. The bear had bitten the rope off, and was gone. They carried the saddle, which was somewhat in need of repairs, back to Wallace. In looking at the bear's immense tracks in the sand, they noticed that two toes of the left fore foot were missing. Evidently the bear had been in a trap at some time. In rehearsing the story at camp some one named that bear Big Foot Wallace.

Two years later I had a man herding my cattle, back in the mountains, where he lived alone in a tent, some 10 miles from the ranch. One day he came in to get provisions. In coming over he tried to turn a bunch of cattle, and, in some way, crippled his horse; so he took a little Spanish mule that I had at the ranch to ride back. Behind his saddle he tied a miscellaneous assortment of grub, such as potatoes, bacon, canned goods, sugar, coffee, baking powder, etc.

When about half-way on his return he rode up on a little knoll, and right under him, not 50 feet away, was an enormous bear, eating a calf he had just killed. I had had a number of cattle killed during that year by wild animals, and this man was carrying a Winchester, slung to his saddle, for just such an emergency; but on this occasion it was useless.

The mule saw the bear about the same time the man did, and having been previously spoiled by our trying to pack a bear skin home on her, she whirled and bolted for the ranch. The man tried to check her, for a mile or so; then his arms gave out, and he let her run. She scattered provisions from the brow of that hill clear to the stable door.

The man told his story, and he and I saddled up two horses and started back, hoping the bear had not left. We found my calf half eaten up, but no bear. The tracks led off up the mountain, and in the dust of an old cow trail they were plain. Two toes were missing from the left fore foot, and we knew it was Big Foot Wallace that was doing the killing.

My cattle continued to disappear, and that fall I set two big 40-pound steel traps, but failed to catch the thief. Once in an October snow I followed his big tracks for miles. They led me eventually into a dense grove of Jack pines and deadfall timber, and I finally came to where he had been lying under some logs. He had either heard or scented me, and had made off, so I gave up the hunt.

The next year he was worse than ever. There is a small lake that nestles on the side of the mountain, some five miles south of the ranch, and that fall, while up there after geese, I found a two-year-old steer partly eaten up, and the tracks of Big Foot Wallace all about him. I knew it would be of little use to set traps. My cattle were thick about there, and I could not safely set a trap, unless I built a V-shaped pen, as we usually do for bear. This would be useless, for old Wallace was too cute to ever go near a pen. So I returned to the ranch, and that night, Post Hole Jack and I took a few blankets and went up and laid for him.

The night was dark, and we could only watch late in the evening and early in the morning. We kept this up three nights. The second night the bear came and ate his fill, but we didn't get to see him. The wind was usually from the foothills, and our mode of procedure was to ride up to a certain gulch, about 400 yards to the east of the dead steer, leave our horses and blankets and creep over to some rocks about 75 yards from the carcass. Here we would lie and watch till it got too dark to shoot, then crawl back, roll up in our blankets and at daylight, repeat the performance.

The fourth day was a busy one at the ranch, and Jack and I did not get away until quite late. At the foot of the mountain it commenced to rain, and promised to be such a disagreeable night that we debated strongly about returning home; but the boys at the ranch had been laughing at us about our bear, and we concluded to stay it out.

(Continued on Page 15)

EARLY MORNING FACES

1—James W. Stewart, Big Muddy Field
2—Col. R. W. Stewart, Chairman Board of Directors, Standard of Indiana
3—W. M. Burton, President Standard of Indiana
4—Beaumont Parks, Vice-Pres. Standard of Indiana
5—T. A. Dines, Vice-Pres., Midwest Refining Co.
6—R. O. Dietler, Secretary to H. M. Blackmer
7—I. D. Clark, Gen'l Counsel Midwest Refining Co.
8—B. L. Warren, Superintendent, Greybull Refinery
9—W. H. Leavitt, Superintendent, Casper Refinery
10—L. C. Welch, General Manager, Lubricating Department, Midwest Refining Company
11—H. M. Blackmer, President Midwest Refining Company
12—H. G. Naylor, Traffic Manager, Midwest Refining Company
13—R. S. Ellison, Vice-Pres., Midwest Refining Co.
14—A. E. Thompson, Superintendent of Refinery, Casper, Standard of Indiana
15—R. M. Andrus, General Superintendent, Casper, Greybull and Laramie, Standard Refinery
16—Dr. Gentry Cash, Superintendent, Whiting Refinery, Standard of Indiana
17—L. A. Reed, Supt. Mfg., Midwest Refining Co.

In the Box Behind

By Will Ferrell

Bumping along on a rocky road,
Lurking death in his hidden load,
Cadmus Jones in his jolting "boat"
Cackled a tune in his corded throat.
Nitro—a hundred and fifty strong—
Had nothing to do with the cackled song,
For Cad' was in love with a black-eyed Sue
Who dished out prunes and "Mulligan" stew
At "Skinner's Delight" in a new oil town
Where hopes go up as the drill goes down.
Nitro—a hundred and fifty quarts—
To shoot a well on the "Henry Swarts."

Wild flow'rs nodded along the way,
A redbird sang and the world was gay,
The long cans rattled—the "cutout" roared
As Cad' fed gas to his hungry Ford.
Nitro—a hundred and fifty strong,
That and the boob and his love-lorn song,
Thoughts as far from the lurching car
As Wilhelm was from the thick of war.
A trifle late, but he didn't mind,
He had the stuff in the box behind.
Nitro—the bead from the broth of hell
To jostle the sand in a big hole well.

The "Henry Swarts" was a goodly lease,
And noted far for its tanks of grease.
A dozen wells with their nodding jacks,
A huge pumphouse and its whitewashed shacks,
A rig off there, with the tools shut down
Awaiting the shooter to come from town.
Cadmus Jones with his "DANGER" sign
Hitting the trail of the Lonesome Pine,
Sifting along like a "slapstick" scene
Where the film speeds upon the movie screen.
Nitro—a hundred and fifty quarts,
To shoot a well on the "Henry Swarts."

A cloud of dust, like a spurt of smoke;
A whispering hiss as a Ford wheel spoke;
A slithering jar as a lightning stroke
Splinters the heart of a giant oak.
A shaft of flame where the lone pine stood;

The landmark crumples to kindling wood.
A chassis blown to a distant state;
Cadmus blown to the Golden Gate;
A broken chord in a love-lorn tune.
What happened to Jones that afternoon?
Nitro—a hundred and fifty quarts,
A half mile west of the "Henry Swarts."

They carried him home to the new oil town,
Where the hopes go up as the drill goes down.
They carried him home in the "toolie's" pail,
Back o'er the ruts of the Lone Pine Trail,
Cadmus Jones of the shooter fame,
Not much of him left but his hallowed name.
But such is the fate of the careless cuss
Who can't get wise to a "nitro bus."
Nitro—the peer of its deadly kind,
In the frail tin cans in the box behind.

Of Interest to Tennis Fans

By W. I. Rehr, Midwest Refining Company, Wyoming and Colorado State Tennis Champion

W. I. Rehr

Carrying out its policy of fostering athletics, the Midwest Refining Company, during the past year, started and competed in another sport—that of tennis. During the past few years this sport has grown in popularity as much, if not more, than any other pastime. There is hardly any section of the country where a tennis court cannot be found. They are especially conspicuous by their numbers in the larger cities, particularly in the parks, where they are laid out by the dozens and have become just as much a part of the parks as the lakes or picnic grounds. The reason for this is the public has recognized tennis as an all-round form of outdoor exercise, affording keen competition and pleasure for both participants and spectators. The ignorant idea which used to be so prevalent that tennis was a "lady's game," is dead except in a few of unfortunate individuals.

During the spring of 1920 two tennis courts were laid out opposite the main office of the Casper refinery. Due to bad weather there was not much tennis played 'til after the 15th of June. From then on the courts were very popular every evening and during the noon hour. We ran off a tournament during the first two weeks of July. There were thirty-two entries and considering it was the first year for tennis there was plenty of enthusiasm shown. A couple of the entries, who hadn't had a racquet in their hands since they moved into Wyoming, wouldn't take a chance when it came time for their appearance. However there were some mighty good matches, lots of competition, and the tournament was a success.

In the latter part of July we sent our first representative to an outside tournament. Two men were sent to the Denver City tournament to compete with seventy-five entries from all over Colorado. This tournament was run off on the fine Denver City Park courts, which are reserved for tournament play only. After all the contestants but two had been eliminated, the finish of the final match between these two found the Midwest representative on top. His opponent was Captain Harrison, a West Point man, and instructor in artillery at Fort Collins, Colorado.

After a lapse of two weeks we sent a man to Denver to participate in the Denver Post Interclub tournament and the Colorado State championships. These were held at the Denver Country Club, the privileges and courtesies of the club being extended to the players. The Inter-club title was won by the Midwest entry and his partner. In the State tournament he won the singles championship and, with his partner, was runnernp in the championship doubles.

The next tournament entered was the Inter-mountain tournament, held at Salt Lake City. Some of the West's most noted players and enthusiastic followers of tennis live in that fine city, and as a result the tournament was a huge success, not only on account of the good matches and excellent tennis it brought out to the delight of the large number of spectators, but also because of the boost it gave this sport throughout this section of the country. The Midwest man was eliminated in the third round of singles, but with an excellent partner won the doubles title.

The last tournament which was entered by the Company was the Midland Empire tournament, held at Billings, Montana. Tennis interest which had, of course, been held back during the war, had cropped out again and resulted in a fine tournament being arranged and run off. This time our representative went to the finals in singles, where he lost, and again, with his partner, won the doubles title.

Treatment received while attending these tournaments in the Rocky Mountain region was everywhere exceptionally cordial. It

carries out the one very noticeable fact which is so outstanding wherever and whenever tennis is being played for competition or pleasure and exercise—the fact of extreme courteousness and fine sportsmanship. The company realizes the desirable traits, physical and mental, which are developed by this and kindred sports. The good it has done by encouraging sports as it has is being generally recognized. Fostered by an organization so well able to do so as the Midwest Refining Company they are sure to get such a foundation and start that they will continue to flourish.

As spring approaches the tennis enthusiasts are eager to get out on the courts again and limber up, after having no exercise all winter aside from bucking the Wyoming winter winds which, as those of us know who live here, are not the most peaceful features of this country. We are planning on lots of good tennis and good matches in Casper as well as a broader representation in outside tournaments for the coming season.

Nearing Completion

New central machine shop

The new central machine and forge shop, located at Casper, is nearing completion and the speed with which the structure has been erected speaks well for our Building department.

This shop, when completed and equipped, together with adjoining warehouse, platforms and pipe racks which will be constructed, will serve all the company's fields and wild-cat wells.

It May Interest You to Know

That we were bawled out last month. We were.

As you may be able to recall, we used a picture of the new building on the front cover of this magazine—or at least we thought that it was a picture of the new building. Before the lecture we received was half finished we were firmly convinced that a mistake had been made and that the picture used had been one showing some all-powerful being defiantly issuing an order that in the future all crude was to be sold at $.26 per barrel with a good tight barrel thrown in for good measure.

Now for the alibi: A certain writer of western fiction who delights his readers residing in Flatbush and Yaphank by serving all his characters well garnished with six-shooters, tells this one:

Two cowboys were seeing the white lights on a long deferred vacation and in the course of the evening they visited a notorious gambling house. One of the pair started bucking faro while the other was looking over some of the other games. The faroee was having a tough time when his friend returned and his capital was missing.

"Quit this game," the friend advised. "It's crooked."

"Yes, I know it is," replied the other "but it is the only game in town."

We know that the picture was rotten; that it was like our building only in the sense that it showed six stories above the ground, but it was the only one that could be had, as the scaffolding and shops built in front for use during building operations had not been removed and we could therefore make no real photograph.

On the inside front cover you can see a real photograph of the building in its present state, and if you will look closely you can see the trade-mark (registered), without which no building would be genuine.

"Where's the Key?"

Fromberg, Mont. March 10, '21.
Midwestern Oil Refinery Co., Casper, Wyo.

Gentlemen:—I have heard that you have lots job up there, and I will very much to work for you you big man and greated Co. any more.

Please let me hear from you by return mail? Will you let me have job, any time I be up.

Yours very truly,

_____.

The Osage Field

By T. H. Harriman, Chief Clerk

When the so-called "Boomer" hears the bark of the gas engine and the squeak of the rod lines he's "long gone," as our humorous friend Bingaman would say. This fact is true in the case of the Osage field, and most of the operators of experience are very optimistic as to its future. However, if we may be permitted through the columns of The Review, we will endeavor to give a few facts which may be of interest to its readers.

The Osage field has always been known for its shallow producing wells, averaging in depth from 250 to 500 feet, and producing from three to eight barrels per day. Part of this production was being disposed of to the McWhorter refinery, located at Osage, Wyoming, they hauling the same from the various leases in tank wagons to the refinery. The field was checked over very carefully on several occasions by the larger companies of experience, with a view of piping the production to some railroad point for transportation to their refinery, bringing capital into the field and further operations on a larger scale, but owing to the general depression throughout the country did not deem it advisable at that time. However, about March 15, 1920, Mr. John Adams "digging" a hole for Walker, et al. on the NE¼, Section 19, T. 46, Range 63, struck the "pay sand" at about 1,365 feet, and flowed for some time. This was known as "The Adams Gusher," and now termed the Pioneer well of the Osage field. Naturally, this caused considerable excitement and partly responsible for the larger companies coming into the field and the following activities, which is not unusual in striking a gusher in new territory. It looked at the time as though all geological "dope" was at fault, but in this case proved the geological survey was correct, in that it is merely a monocline and a series of lenses. Of course the size and porosity of these lenses could only be determined by the drill and many good wells have been brought in and to date have produced considerable commercial oil.

After the striking of the "Adams" well the larger companies got busy securing leases on the land considered most favorable for oil possibilities, with the result that many good wells were brought in. The Midwest Refining Company being among the larger operating companies commenced operations and securing of oil purchase contracts, they agreeing that when sufficient production would warrant, to construct or have constructed a pipe line to convey the oil to some railroad point. This was done and the Illinois Pipe Line Company commenced the laying of a three-inch line from the field to Clay Spur, on the C. B. & Q. R. R. The first oil to be run through this line was that produced by the Midwest Refining Company, turning same into the pipe line the latter part of August, 1920. This pipe line acts as a common carrier for the majority of the crude oil to tank cars at the spur for crude oil produced in the Osage field. These cars are then routed over the "Q" railroad to the Midwest refinery at Greybull, Wyoming.

The average production of the field is estimated at 700 barrels daily, taking into consideration all shallow wells, some of which are not connected to the line. The average daily runs through the line is about 350 barrels, which we are in great hopes will be increased considerably with future developments.

Operations have been somewhat retarded, which we believe is accounted for by the cut in price of crude and the general depression throughout the country. However, with the new administration in power we are quite sure that a new era will be experienced and better financial and business conditions will prevail through the country; this together with increased production from the Osage field.

There still remains in the minds of many oil men of repute that a large body of oil exists somewhere in this vicinity and possibly being fed by this field. Others feel that toward the southern end of the field large production will be discovered. With prosperity in view, we may experience much development in these areas.

If you see a man taking a chance that you yourself would not take, then it is time to tell him of Safety First.

Foreign Body in the Eye

The Industrial Relations Department is getting busy on the Safety Division and you may expect to hear from it each month in the Midwest Review. It is our intention to publish monthly reports of accidents occurring throughout the Midwest organization and we present herewith for your inspection the months' reports covering November and December, 1920, and January and February, 1921:

Casper Field Garage	6
Casper Refinery	365
Casper Storage Yard	8
Elk Basin Field	8
Greybull Torchlight Field	1
Greybull Refinery	16
Laramie Refinery	29
Osage Field	0
Rawlins District	1
Salt Creek Gas Plant	13
Salt Creek Field	19
Salt Creek Pipe Line	3
Teapot Station	2

F. B. Eye	Lact. Cont.	Acid Burn	Steam or Fire Burn	Explo-sion	Nail in Foot	Sprain Strain	Asphyxia-tion	Frac-ture	Rup-ture	Mis.	Total
102	210	20	15	3	27	55	1	23	3	31	487

First Aid	Dr. Home	Hospital
247	200	51

Nearly all accidents are due to someone's carelessness. There are, however, accidents which are classed as unavoidable. The best of carpenters will sometimes hit the wrong nail with their hammer, and bricklayers, no matter how skillful, will occasionally drop a brick on their toes; but in the matter of "foreign bodies in the eye," of which we have a large number, there is no excuse, as we have as yet to record a case of "foreign body in the eye," wherein the operator was wearing goggles of an approved type; and we, therefore, consider accidents of this character absolutely useless and due entirely to the negligence of the operator. Blindness is a terrible thing in any form, either partial, temporary, or permanent. We are going to adopt Book Agent principles in a campaign against this form of negligence until our accident reports are free from cases of "foreign body in the eye."

We are very glad indeed that such a large percentage of our accidents were of minor nature. A trifle over 10 per cent only required hospital attention and considerably less than half lost working time. The greater percentage required only application of First Aid and returned at once to work.

The report by units of the total number of accidents during the four months period above mentioned follows herewith:

Big Muddy Field	16
Building Department	2

I Neglected Wearing My Goggles

Laramie Baseball Club Organize

By the Chauffeur Poet

The organization of the Midwest Baseball League is already assured a brilliant success in the eyes of the Laramie fandom. Sound financial support, high-class talent, and the loyal support of the public will undoubtedly place it in high rank among the professional baseball leagues of the present day.

Laramie has been, indeed, fortunate to secure the services of so capable a leader as Arthur Forrest. His record as a man of brilliant achievements, and as a catcher of noteworthy performance is well and favorably known. With so excellent an aggregation, and so ideal a pilot, Laramie will be well able to battle their way to the top in the Midwest League.

The selection of John F. Cullen as president of the club has met with distinct approval among local fans. He has always been an ardent enthusiast for athletics. His personal support will be a strong factor for the morale of the club.

The choice of T. M. Bingham as secretary is deserving of favorable mention. Experience and personal interest in athletics combined with individual popularity make him an ideal part of a high-class team.

It is with deep regret that we note the passing of Lon Varnadore from active baseball. Handicapped by a broken leg during the closing days of last season, and owing to his present position of responsibility with the Midwest, he retires, though still a highly capable athlete. In this present day when the great national game is shaded with the misdeeds of an erring few, we can look with pride to his sturdy and enviable record of 17 years in high-class baseball. He has always been a star in the profession, and likewise, ranks high among his associates as a man of admirable qualities and sterling character. His many years of earnest endeavor fit him preeminently as an adviser to Manager Forrest during the coming campaign.

One of the fundamental reasons behind all real ball clubs is the seasoned pitching staff, built on substantial experience, past achievement, and the never-failing power to use on the occasion.

In Gene Dale and Rankin Johnson, pitchers, who have registered worthy records in major and minor league baseball, Laramie will place her hopes for many a well-earned conquest.

Joe Thoeburn of the Atlanta Southern League champions is a boxman of the tried and tested caliber. His performances of the past few seasons have elevated him among the greatest twirlers of the South.

Dennie O'Connell is a moundsman worthy of special significance. He is the reliable and steady pitcher, never rising to the heights of sensationalism, but always beyond the average. Every ready to offer his very best, he is the caliber of performer who is invaluable to the champion club.

John Pickett, famous Nebraskan Collegian, should prove to be the league's most brilliant boxman. He is the rare example of the youngster who always performs with the true instinct of the veteran.

Eddie Costello, Holy Cross Collegian, will guard the initial sack. He is the clean, aggressive type of player, whose acquisition is always an invaluable asset. Being also a backstop of high-class ability he will alternate with Manager Forrest in the receiving end.

Louis Sells at second base is worthy of more than passing notice. Though a youngster in years he has attained a highly successful reputation in professional baseball of the Northwest. He is the last word on the keystone sack, and combines to a high degree the finished infielder, the natural hitter, and the baserunner extraordinary.

Fanny Walsh and his prowess as a gilt-edge shortstop are well known in Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming baseball. He is young in years, handles himself like a sturdy veteran, and should rightly mature into one of the baseball's greatest short-field performers.

Fred Heick, brilliant third baseman of the Columbia South Atlantic League champions, comes to Laramie with a high-class reputation. His all-round work was unanimously recognized as the chief factor in Columbia attaining the pennant.

Manager Forrest has signed a trio of out-

fielders which should easily prove the class of the league. Ross Johnson in left, and Clark Varian in center, the former from Texas and the latter from the Northwestern League, are stamped with the essentials of brilliant outfielders. Both are natural hitters, excellent throwers, and fielders of the very highest quality.

Pet Hornsby in right, is a player of superior hitting achievements, whose aggressiveness should be an important factor in Laramie's success.

Equipment

By Edgar A. Guest

I heard it put in a curious way
By a chief to a younger man, one day.
He called him into his office fine
And said, "You will handle this job of mine
For a day or two. You can hold it down
For I must go to a distant town."

He could tell by the look in the young man's eye
That it came like a bolt from a summer sky,
And his cheek grew pale, and he stammered out:
"I will do my best, but in times of doubt
How shall I know what I ought to do?
I'm afraid that I cannot do things like you."

To the timid youth, the chief replied:
"You possess a head with a brain inside;
You've a pair of eyes and a pair of ears
And a pair of legs that you've had for years
And a pair of hands. When the pace gets hot,
Just bear in mind that is all I've got.

"Remember this, when you're left alone:
There's nothing I have that you don't own;
Don't tackle a problem in doubt and dread,
Just keep on your feet and use your head,
And do your best till the task is through,
For if I were here that is all I'd do."

Oh, young man, timid and sore afraid,
No one better than you is made;
You're as well equipped for the bigger deeds
And the problems grave as the man who leads.
And you may serve in the captain's stead
If you'll keep your feet and use your head.

Vaccination at Muddy

Due to the fact that typhoid has been found at the Big Muddy camp, the Department of Industrial Relations working with the medical director, Dr. H. R. Lathrop, has taken all the means at hand to eradicate the disease before it assumes the proportions of an epidemic. Dr. Dacken and two nurses were sent to the camp, where they administered the first of a series of three doses of vaccine.

The Prospector's Lament

By "Scotty," Midwest Poet

(In submitting these verses of "The Prospector's Lament" for the consideration of the readers of the Midwest Review, I leave it to your judgment whether they have merit and whether the boys will care to read them. I sometimes think they would see that we are all engaged in developing the mineral world, and if possible before reading these verses one could put himself in the prospector's place, who is left all alone with nature many miles from any habitation and the rigors of winter accompanying him, I believe you would understand. One thing I do know, and that is God is good and some day we will all meet again.—Scotty, Midwest Poet.)

Scotty—Midwest Poet and school teacher

The month is chill November,
And the snow is come to last,
The wind howls through the timber,
And the ice is making fast.
The birds have quit their summer song,
And the bears have gone to sleep;
Nothing alive is to be found,
The snow lies white and deep.
The lone prospector eyes the blast,
And thinks of days that's gone,
His luck the same as in the past,
No money, clothes or home.
But his health is good,
His will-power bright;
So down the trail he will hi,
And out in the world
He'll renew the fight,
And conquer again or die.
He'll return again to Moultrassie Hall,
Early in the spring,
To admire and worship nature all
And to hear his wee birds sing,
Though his fate be hard and cold as the wind,
For that he will breathe not a sigh,
But it breaks his heart to leave them behind
And to wonder will they live or die.
The wee little beauties will come to his call,
And take their feed from his hand,
But when he is gone far from the Hall
I wonder will they understand
That he is out in the world,
Working with a will,
To earn another grubstake,
That when he returns they may all get their fill
Of everything that is good but cake.

The cemeteries are filled with the graves of those who thought they could beat the train to the crossing; who thought that the gun wasn't loaded; who thought that mule wasn't ticklish, and they are there for the reason that they did not practice Safety First.

Denver Boy to Western League

It is needless to say that the Denver team of 1920 was the fastest and best team ever put out by the employes of the Denver office. We have also made mention before that one of our members made a record last year, both with our team and the Cadillacs, to be recommended for a tryout in faster company. This man was Frank Philbin, star third-sacker for our team. He also played third base for the Cadillacs in a local tournament last fall, and his playing was of a high enough caliber to cause the Des Moines club of the Western League to offer him a contract. Frank left us on the 21st for his first adventure in fast company, and present reports are that he is doing creditably.

Like most red-blooded American boys Frank started to play the game of baseball when a small lad. He first came into notice in his first year at West Denver High School, where he played a nice game in the outfield. His next performance on the diamond was with the old Stall & Dean team, and then later with the Cadillacs, with whom he started and starred as a pitcher of no mean ability. It was in this capacity that he came to us about a year ago. However, he developed a case of "sore arm" and could not go the full limit last year. Rather than remove him from the game he was placed at short, and later moved to third base, which is his logical position, and where he played most of the season.

Frank Philbin

Frank is the "fighting" type of a player, always in the game and fighting to win. He is fast in fielding and on the paths, bats from either side of the plate, and hits the ball hard and often. We believe that with good coaching he will develop as the years go by, and the best wishes of all his fellow-workers and friends in the Denver office are for him to make good.

Violinist in Midwest Family

Mary Priscilla Flinn

Mary Priscilla Flinn was born sometime during the middle of the year 1904, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Moved to Neodesha, Kan., in 1906, and attended school there until last September, when she enrolled as a senior in Natrona County High School at Casper. She studied the violin under Professor Baird of Independence, Kansas, and played in the High School and First Baptist Church orchestras at Neodesha. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Flinn, 752 South Jefferson, and younger sister of E. A. Flinn, Jr., of the Pipe Line department. At the recent contest held at Laramie, in which all the high schools of the state participated, she won first place in violin. The prize winning selection was "Meditation," from "Thais."

Big Foot Wallace

(Continued from Page 5)

Darkness came on early, and we were unable to reach our old camping ground. Finally, when about 300 yards below where we thought the bait lay (it was so dark that we were not certain where we were), we concluded to camp. We unsaddled our ponies and groped about to find a rock to picket them to. Then we put our saddle blankets on the damp ground, unrolled our bed blankets, and putting rubber slickers over these, we turned in and slept like troopers.

It was broad daylight when we uncovered our heads. The new-born day was crisp and beautiful. Our horses had wound themselves up during the night among the rocks, and were standing motionless, apparently sound asleep. We saw we were late and concluded to just saddle up our ponies and ride up to look at the bait. We had finished saddling and were in the very act of mounting, when up the mountain side, not 200 yards away, came our bear. I shall never forget how he looked. The sun was not yet up. The faint wind was in our favor. Everything was still as death. Even our horses, whose heads were turned the other way, seemed to have gone to sleep again; and there, coming, coming slowly, steadily, noiselessly on, like some avenging monster, was the largest grizzly I had ever seen.

He was moving diagonally toward us and would pass within 40 yards. We had crouched to the ground beside our horses, slipping our Winchesters out of the scabbards as we did so. Old Wallace, for I knew him instantly from his immense size, was walking deliberately up the gradual rise of the mountain, his great head hanging low. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but seemed to think that everything would of course get out of his way.

On and on he came! I felt a certain thrill of exultation at the certainty of his death. Here was what we had been waiting and longing and watching for. Here was the destroyer of my cattle. Here was the author of my many troubles, the monarch and the terror of the mountains, marching unconcernedly on and up to meet us on open ground, in battle royal, in the first bright gray of a September morn. Now was to come the test between blind, brute fury and strength, on the one hand, and nerve, skill and improved weapons on the other. At last he was within 40 yards.

"Now, Jack, bust him!"

We dropped our bridle reins, and, stepping to one side of the horses, knelt to shoot. The bear never looked up. Bang! Bang! The great brute suddenly leaped into life! The long hair on the back of his neck stood up like the bristles of an angry boar. He whirled, partly fell, and bit savagely at his shoulder and side where the bullets had struck. Our frightened horses started down the mountains, dragging their bridle reins a trifle to one side to keep from stepping on them.

Bang! Bang! Another tumble, and then a terrible half growl and half roar. He saw us now and tried to charge, but the Winchesters talked fast and furiously. The leaden hail was too much for even his big savage hulk to face. He would fall, roll over, bite himself, struggle to his feet, and try to come on, only to fall again.

Finally he lay still. We advanced and fired one shot into his great head. Not a quiver. He was dead! Then we both hurried up with the same question weighing on our minds. Yes, there was the left fore foot with two toes missing.

Big Foot Wallace's silver-tipped hide, the long hair on his neck that bristled so at the first fire; his noble, broad, savage head and bead-like eyes, nicely mounted; his three and a half inches of great claws, with two missing on the left paw, all go to form a superb rug that now adorns a certain house in Chicago, and every fall, when I go East, I sit and look at the great robe and wish I knew the whole of the life story of old Big Foot Wallace.

This is a New Slogan Adopted by Our Employment Department

NOTICE

TO ALL MEN SEEKING EMPLOYMENT

If you are unwilling to

Think "Safety"

Work "Safely"

and

Boost for

"Safety Always"

You Should Not Ask for Employment Here

We Hire Safe Men Only

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Denver Office News

Purchasing Department

("Quotations F. O. B. Denver")

Letters of a Japanese Officeboy

(With heartfelt apologies to Mr. Wallace Irwin.)

To Editor "Middlewest Refew," who distribute much extinguished thoughts and giggling jokes to "members of Hon. Middlewest Family:"

Dearie Sir:

Taking my Everready Safety pencil in hand I ask to know if cause of numerous movings done by Hon. Middlewest Refinement Company are for object of saving rent, or for practicing in game called "Checkers?"

One small example I am of late observing recently, is busy movement of Hon. Purchasing Department around location of eighth floor. As this are only sixth time Hon. Purchasing Department have made removal since arrival from City of Casper in year 1918, it are somewhat out of practice, but with brave bossing Hon. Bill Miller and working by Hon. Lemuel Jones and Artie Turner, this moving are making delicious progression.

Firstly: The Stocking and Dividend Department must pick up machinery and other filing cases and derange into locality of other small room, taking up spaces occupied beformerly by:

Hon. Jack Richards,

Hon. Jay Mudgett,

Hon. Proff. E. Rudolph Erickson (Russian Ballet dancer); also

Hon. Chief of Staff Billy Nicoll,

Hon. Adjutant General Pat Hinman,

and remanants of Hon. U. S. America Army, as well as file clerks, Typefighters, stenografers, desks and othed hired help. The only machinery left in room beformerly occupying Hon. Stocking and Dividend Department are Hon. Wm. H. Upton and billing machinery pounded by such.

Now, Hon. Mr. Editor, I require to know what meaning have words of conversation by Hon. Bill and Hon. Lemuel? I assimilate words of talk concerned to "Dolly." Are Dolly sweet, curly, little pink and blue girl, I explore? No! such cannot seem—for Hon. Bill make directions: "Pile those desk on Dolly, Lem!" of a sureness in this Hon. U. S. America, where Prohibition are rejoicing and even old, ugly, lady-hens are doing not much work of any hardness, desks is not piled on pretty, little, blue-pink girls or chickens by Hon. name "Dolly!"

Some other strange happening I encroach are as follow behind: Beholt! I am observing where beformerly inside wall of room are built of clear glass windows and open-face glass door carrying number "830" are now put scrambled-egg windows and door which when first put, show words:

"Hon. Wilson & Cranmer—Room 202"

"What!" I excruciate—"are second-story moving to eighth floor?" But not; for name of Hon. gentlemens, also musical room—number are soon being scratched off, and I am enform that these frost-bitten glass are for purpose of preserving privacy of Hon. Jack Richards.

Nextly come Hon. Artie Turner who are practice on Hon. Lemuel Jones for objects of kreeating one other Electrishan (these being frequently known as dishirable proffeshun). Hon. Artie and Hon. Lem are stringing many pretty little red and green wires for melancholy purposes of allowing Hon. H. B. Steel, J. A. Richards, also J. H. Mudgett to disturb rest and interrupt conversashun of lady stenografers by rude buzzings and ringing of bells. Also, those electrickal gentlemens make filthy dirt to extent that lady stenografers are forced to stand close behind electrik fan for object of dislocating dust from hair, etc.

This Hon. Artie Turner are so sparkling infamous and renowned in Moving Business that on one large shaped building in this enjoyable city, also on many large wagons (size of small-sized house) stand forth these remark:

"The World Moves—So Does Turner."

Lastly come movement of Hon. H. B. Steel from small room in forefront, to large-size room at rearward, which are decomposed of what beformerly was two rooms of small dimenshun. This were done by destroying one good wall, making much dust of plaster, noise and eggsitement, but also doing kindness by manufacture of work for poor, downtreaded painters, window-cleaners and so 4th, these starving on insefficient wages of not greater than ten dollars ($10) each day.

The sign of moving industry are now gone from our midst except for smallish changes yet undid. We now have delicious seacure feeling of settlement where we are arrived for length time of maybe even six (6) months. We are meaning this harmless, altho it sound like Hon. Good-Morning Judge's invitashun for remaining celled in jail.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

I. SHURAM NUTTI,

(Unworthy Cousin of Hon. Hashimura Togo.)

Pet Expressions Heard in the Purchasing Department

J. H. Mudgett: "Take a wire."

Billy Upton: "Good-morning, Mr. Blank, how are you today? I was just a-wonderin'——"

H. B. Steel: "Hello—hello!"

Soph Koenig: "I'm so hungry I could eat a stewed boot."

Rudy Erickson: "Do yuh?"

Eddie Hammond: "Was that my bell?"

Margie Alvery: "Isn't that the 'berries?"

Vera Banks: "I no sooner get one bunch filed than I get another!"

Gertie Zahniser: "No rest for the wicked and the righteous don't need any. That *should* let me out both ways, but look at the work!"

Billy Nicoll: "I feel a song coming on."

Pat Hinman: "Got anything to smoke?"

J. A. Richards: "Buzz Buzz, Buzz, Buzz— Buz z z z z z z z z —— Ding — Ding! Buzz. Buzz. Buz z z z z ! ! !

—Edith Hammond.

On "Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning" Soph admitted having passed another milestone, although she neglected to state whether she was moving forward or backward. Nevertheless and notwithstanding which, the event was celebrated by a birthday luncheon at Fisher's, with Soph as the guest of honor (meaning that the rest of us were in honor bound to pay for her lunch). However, as all were becomingly decorated with green carnations provided for the festive occasion by Soph's "Sweetie" we hadn't the heart to protest, regardless of the appetite she displayed.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. No doubt you have all heard this old saying and have possibly seen this motto posted in some merchant's place of business. One of our large Midwest family, namely, Jay Harvey Mudgett, is a very strong believer in the above. It happens that Jay is a member of the famous cycling team of Mudgett and Erickson and in order to outshine his partner, Jay got busy one day and cleaned up his wheel so that it shone like a diamond in the sunlight. He proudly called everyone's attention to it, comparing it with his partner's wheel, and exerted every effort to keep a few paces ahead of Erickson when riding out Broadway. But Pride goeth before a Fall! Judge Lewis had granted the Denver Tramway Company an increase in fares, and someone not wishing to come across was looking for other means of transportation. Evidently attracted by the dazzling brilliancy of the nickel plate on Jay's wheel he immediately possessed himself of wheel, lock and all. Jay rose up in his wrath and ordered the several rolls of City Police called and strict search and due inquiry made throughout the various pawn shops conducted by some of our Jewish brethren (Mark Moses, for example), but nothing has yet been seen of the missing vehicle. Fearing it is forever lost Jay has acquired another wheel and is now looking for an unpickable lock. Anyone knowing anything about the whereabouts of the wheel or where a lock of the desired specifications can be found will please confer with Jay. He also says he positively will never clean the new wheel no matter how dirty it gets.

—E. R. Erickson.

A Ripping Good Story

March 21st is always considered the first day of Spring, and as the poet says:

"In the Spring the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of Love."

However there are more important matters to which his fancy should turn—f'rinstance: "To what extent has a hard Winter's wear affected my—er—wearing apparel?"

On the morning of March 22nd Mr. Erickson arrived at the office wearing his usual pleasant smile and all portions of his winter suit. Immediately upon seating himself at his desk, a hunted expression dawned in his eyes —the color drained from his face, and the smile was wiped from his lips. Rising cautiously from his chair he "eased" himself into his coat, grabbed his hat, and in a soft and unobtrusive voice announced that he was "going home, but would be right back."

Mr. Erickson evidently believed himself to be in the presence of Royalty, as he followed the time-honored custom of *backing out* of the room.

We are going to inquire whether or not our Mr. Billy Nicoll is related in any way to "Nicoll the Tailor;" it might prove to be very convenient to have a tailor in the family, in case of emergency.

We understand that Hendrie & Bolthoff are now handling jam as a side line, Mr. Wm. A. Wicker having been appointed local distributor. Anyone wishing "inside" information in regard to this commodity kindly communicate with Miss Sophia Koenig, as she has been given the privilege of sampling a jar of the jam in question.

Stenographic Division

A Business Woman's Soliloquy

To wed, or not to wed, that is the question,
Whether 'tis better, after all, to marry
And be cajoled and bullied by a husband,
Or to take up stenography and clerking
And slave, alas! for someone else's husband?
To love—to wed—and by a wedding end
The struggles and the thousand petty cares
That "Slaves" are heir to—'tis a rare vocation
Devoutly to be wished for! to love—to wed—
To wed, perchance divorce! Aye, there's the rub!
For in that dream of bliss what jolts may come
When we have cast aside our little jobs,
Must make us wary. There's the sorry thought
That makes so many spinsters hesitate!
For who would bear the long eternal grind,
The employer's joke, the chief clerk's contumely,

The insolence of the office boys, the smoke
Of last week's stogies clinging to the hair,
When she herself may quickly end it all
By getting married? Who would not exchange
A dingy office for a kitchenette,
A keyboard for a cook stove or a cradle;
But that the dread of something worse to come
After the honeymoon—that life of chance
From whose dark bourne so many have returned
By way of Reno, fills us with dismay,
And makes us rather bear the jobs we have
Than fly to evils that we know not of?
Thus cowardice makes spinsters of so many.

—Selected.

Between you and me and the (fence) post, if they ever eliminate the *Stillman* at Casper Refinery, drop the "Ham what am" from the Salt Creek boarding house menu, or forget to "Stoke" up the boilers at Laramie, what an awful sight would greet our Denver readers on glancing at first page of the "Daily Astonisher!" (Am dat personal, mister—Ed.)

Mr. F. Union says you can tell the age of a cow by the wrinkles on her horns, but you can't tell a woman's age by the tucks in her skirt.

Contributed by W. G. H.

Wouldn't it be funny if—
All the boys in the central aisle in the accounting room wore blue goggles?
Van and Freeland were the same size?
Fehlman struck oil at Boulder?
High went railroading again?
Kelly played short stop?
Robinson sold his house?
Muehler bought an Oldsmobile?
Heerlein kept a good dog?

"When the whole blamed world seems gone to pot,
And business on the bum,
A two-cent grin and a lifted chin
Helps some, my boy, helps some."

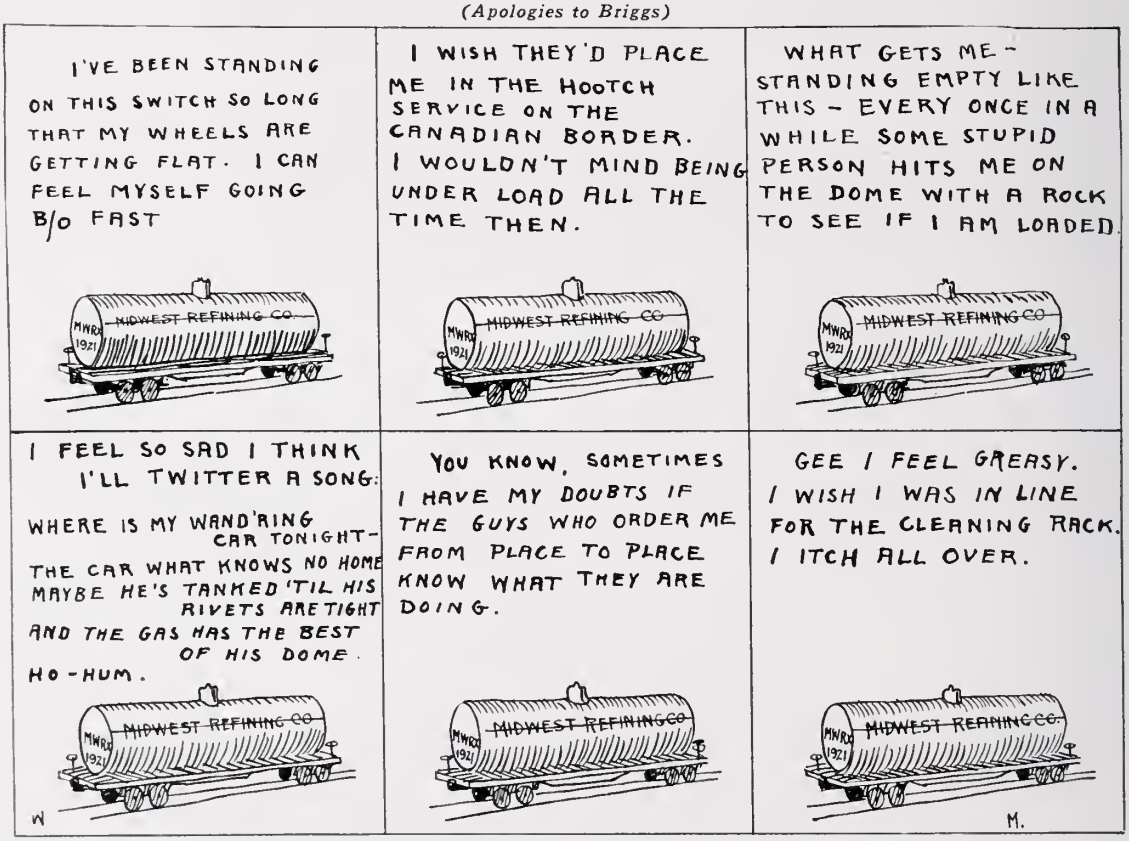
—Selected.

"Saabd Doings"

"Aint it a grand and glorious feelin'" when the old mail truck finally bucks its way through those impassable Wyoming roads sometime in the glorious spring months of the year, and you get The Review hot off the press in spite of all those cold zephyrs which persist in keeping Wyoming from reaching "white" heat. Then, you grab the latest edition of the year-old infant of the Midwest fam-

I WONDER WHAT A TANK CAR THINKS ABOUT

(Apologies to Briggs)


I'VE BEEN STANDING ON THIS SWITCH SO LONG THAT MY WHEELS ARE GETTING FLAT. I CAN FEEL MYSELF GOING B/O FAST
I WISH THEY'D PLACE ME IN THE HOOTCH SERVICE ON THE CANADIAN BORDER. I WOULDN'T MIND BEING UNDER LOAD ALL THE TIME THEN.
WHAT GETS ME - STANDING EMPTY LIKE THIS - EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE SOME STUPID PERSON HITS ME ON THE DOME WITH A ROCK TO SEE IF I AM LOADED.
I FEEL SO SAD I THINK I'LL TWITTER A SONG:
WHERE IS MY WAND'RING CAR TONIGHT-
THE CAR WHAT KNOWS NO HOME
MAYBE HE'S TANKED 'TIL HIS RIVETS ARE TIGHT
AND THE GAS HAS THE BEST OF HIS DOME.
HO-HUM.
YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES I HAVE MY DOUBTS IF THE GUYS WHO ORDER ME FROM PLACE TO PLACE KNOW WHAT THEY ARE DOING.
GEE I FEEL GREASY. I WISH I WAS IN LINE FOR THE CLEANING RACK. I ITCH ALL OVER.
MIDWEST REFINING CO
MWRX 1921
W
M.

ily, and before you know it you reach the Denver Office Column and your eye runs hurriedly along until you "lamp" the heading "SAABD Doings." Then you immediately ease your mind by devouring the dope on just what is taking place in "Gene" Illius' Division. You feel better and can then put away three squares feeling that life is complete.

We beg to report that March did not come in as a lamb or a lion in these parts, but mostly like an elephant. Judging from appearances it appears to be going out the same way.

Mr. Illius still retains the secrecy of his fish story, but he uncovers a story of when he was a cashier in a bank several years ago. It seems like an elderly lady came to his window one day with a cashier's check and asked to have same cashed. In order to accommodate the lady Mr. Illius asked "What denomination?" "Lutheran," replied the lady, "what are you?"

The Renters' Quartet will now sing

"Why are the heavens blue?
Why is the sea so deep?
If a conscience is all it is claimed to be,
How can our landlords sleep?"

Ray Hamilton says that they came in one by one in groups of five.

Jake Bohmann created quite a stir, in fact, we'll say noise, a few days ago, when he came to the office with some of the fanciest sleeveholders we have ever laid our eyes on. Jake is a good sport, too. He purchased a can of nice 7-cent cigars and passed then out for a dime apiece. Some merchant!

Outside of being a good baseball player, Al Ohnemus is some huntsman. Sometime ago while out hunting, Albert saw a bird on a tree some distance away. He threw his shotgun to his shoulder, took a good aim, and fired; there was a terrific roar, and Al ran to the tree, only to find an innocent little hop-toad jumping around. "Not so bad, not so bad," remarked Al, "I didn't kill him, but I certainly knocked all the feathers off him."

The following conversation is reported as having taken place between Bill Casey and his son:

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"What is a gardener?"

"A gardener is a man who raises a few things, my boy."

"And what is a farmer?"

"A man who raises a lot of things."

"Well, what is a middleman, pop?"

"Why, he's a fellow who raises everything, my son."

"You are late for dinner as usual," said Mrs. Johns.

"I believe I am, my dear," answered Arthur apologetically.

"I dare say you've been standing in front of a baseball bulletin board."

"No, indeed."

"Ah! I thought you would try to deceive me. Mrs. Smith told me she saw you there."

"I wasn't in front of the bulletin board. The crowd was so large I could not get in front of it. I was away around on one side."

"Set the alarm for 2," said Roy Johnson to his brother. "You and who else?" asked Oscar.

Olaf Mauldin: "I have a friend who works in the weather bureau."

Bill Elliott: "Is he any good as a prognosticator?"

Ole: "Why, that fellow can positively smell any atmospheric change!"

Bill: "A regular storm scenter, eh?"

We need one to write Baseball Bulletins in the Denver office.

Spencer Stebenne was ill for a few days during March. He came out for baseball at the first call, but he says that this was not responsible.

Olaf Mauldin celebrated the 17th of March by wearing a green tie. He was sick for several days after with a sore throat. No diagnosis required.

Other wearers of the green were Tom May, J. Finley de la Gardie, Spin Stebenne, and Mr. Illius wore one to help out matters. Tom May won the prize with Steb a close second. Ray Hamilton said he did not need any as he speaks for himself.

Moving season is now on, the latest initiates to this class are Mauldin, R. Wade Casey, and Al Russell. We need one more for a quartet.

After reading this you may agree with us that although black ink is one of the by-products of natural gas, we have long suspected a normal affinity of gas and ink. Gasing slightly, as it were.

Russell's Dope

Spring Has Come with All Its Joys

With the call of Spring came the call of the Great Out-of-Doors. In response to the popular demand of the office baseball practice was instituted, and a large and enthusiastic squad reported every Saturday. Practice games have been played and in so doing we have uncovered some promising material.

Most all of the last year men are out or expect to be soon. Ohnemus, last year's captain, looks better than ever at first base, and takes a great interest in the game.

Hamilton and Hamlin, our star battery, are older, bigger, stronger, and faster than they were last year, and we feel that they will knock all opponents off in one, two and three order. A newcomer, Mullen, looks good as an assistant to Hamilton.

At second is found McNicholas, playing and fighting every minute, with his heart in the game all the time. We cannot say anything more praiseworthy in our estimation of Mac's value than to say that we wish that there were more like him.

Arthur Hughes seems to be sure of shortstop, as he is, probably, the fastest man on the squad.

Fighting to fill Philbin's place at third base are Johnson, Stebenne and possibly Waltman.

In the outfield it seems like Bill May and Bo Scherrer are sure of their positions. Fighting for the other field are Whitford, Curran, Gaiser, and Izett.

Other men who are out and look promising are Gibbs, Anderson, McCall, Tom May, Mauldin, and Bill Casey.

At the first meeting held this year A. F. Russell was chosen manager and F. J. Keleher was re-elected treasurer. The manager was given the power to appoint an assistant manager. As a result Lawrence W. "Shorty" Hanlin was appointed. The rules governing the baseball team for this year were referred to a committee of five men, and will be taken up later. This committee consists of Arthur Hughes, Albert Ohnemus, Lawrence Hanlin, F. J. Keleher and A. F. Russell. This committee has also been empowered to pick the team, it being thought that five men's judgment is better than one, and in this way should do away with any dissatisfaction.

The boys are looking forward to a prosperous season and are waiting anxiously for the season to open in earnest. In all probability we will again enter the Industrial League and partake in Saturday games only.

Accounting Division

Gibbs' wife is still away. Some walk from Los Angeles.

Henry Vervalin says he's been married about five months now, and so happy it doesn't seen longer than five years. Of course, we admit it's something to brag about.

Messrs. Schwartzlose, Miles Vervalin, and Irey have solved the problem of how to wear a variety of neckwear without unduly taxing the pocketbook.

In order to overcome the high rent question Phil Duncan is going to move out to the sticks. Phil will then be a full-fledged Gink.

McNicholas ended his fast on the 403rd day without candy, but we wonder who borrowed that box he broke his fast on.

McWhorter threatens to build a house. Better make it a cyclone cellar. Russell, and you'll be sure it's there when you get off the train.

Signs of Spring

Hueglie had his fishing pole wrapped.

Korn brought a gray hackle with a green body to the office and says he expects to catch more fish this year than last.

"Fish" is also singular.

F. M. Wh. wrote a verse last month, and says he feels another inspiration.

Helbig's hair is sprouting through a spring coat of mange cure.

'Twas a treat to see Mason Shields make his bow this morning in his first long trousers. It won't be long now ere Mason, bless his heart, will have a harem; in fact, it is only by brute strength that he manages to beat the girls away.

"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

In response to an overwhelming demand of my associates and with a full realization of the need for my services I have, after careful and mature deliberation, consented to announce my candidacy for the secretaryship of the Denver Midwest Refining Company baseball team covering the year 1922, my election to this responsible position terminating at the end of the present season.

It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to enumerate all of the many qualifications possessed by me for this important position, as my record during the past two years, as well as that which I shall make during the coming season, speaks for itself, but a brief reference to the reasons why I should be selected for this office may not be amiss, particularly for the guidance of those, if any, who do not know me or have, unfortunately, never heard of me.

I have, through the medium of collections at our Saturday afternoon games, had wide and varied experience in the handling of funds, and in my youth (somewhat remote, perhaps) engaged in business involving the sale of soda pop at Sunday games, this latter being, naturally, before the days of the well-known near beer; have also umpired the first one or two innings of many ball games, as well as preserving the peace and dignity of the multitudes on one or two occasions.

The above minor reference to my ability and qualifications for the position for which my friends have urged me to aspire will, of course, convince any and all that no mistake has been made.

I, Will Grabcoin, desire to announce my candidacy for the position of secretary-treasurer of the Denver Office Midwest Refining Company Baseball team for the year 1922. My platform is:

"NO THIRD TERM"

Aside from the natural American aversion to the third term, I might state that the present incumbent during the first year of his secretaryship purchased one Chevrolet, which is an automobile. Already in this, the start of his second term, representatives of the Mountain Motors Company, agents for the Packard cars, have called on him on business. It can easily be imagined that the Midwest Refining Company could not possibly stand the strain of a third term.

I pledge myself to use the proceeds of the collections for the purchase of supplies actually used on the baseball diamond and to use the allotment provided through the generosity of the Midwest Refining Company in the purchase of supplies, etc., as was originally intended in making this generous allowance. DOWN WITH GRAFT! Rid the baseball team of politics forever.

Yours for a Secretary of the Team, for the Team, and by the Team.

Safety First means that every man values the life and well being of his fellow workmen as well as that of himself.

Refinery Warehouse Notes

Mr. P. T. Geirhart, representing the Johns-Manville Company, was a business caller on March 15.

Mr. Walter E. Hargraves has left the employ of the B. C. O. E. (with apology to the Elks) to return to his former occupation of banking. On March 21 Mr. Hargraves took up his duties in the second cage at the Citizens National bank of Casper. He is thoroughly familiar with bank work, having worked in the Stockmans National before enlisting for service in the world war, and again on his return from war, until he came to work for the Midwest a year ago. He has a host of friends in the warehouse who wish him success in his chosen line of work.

Salt Creek

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Carnahan left the first of April for California, where they will make their future home. Mr. Carnahan has been head gauger in this field for a number of years and left to accept a similar position covering western territory for the government.

Superintendent Lewis is sporting a new Dodge "hearse," being Mrs. Lewis' title, not mine; but that does not signify by any means that the occupants are "dead."

Miss Gladys Johnson has departed for her home in Cody, where she will spend a two weeks' vacation visiting with her parents and friends.

Miss Grace Neeley of Hamburg, Iowa, has accepted a position at the new boarding house and has already won many friends by her beauty and charming manners.

Did you notice how muchly dressed up our surveyors were on Easter Sunday? Perhaps the reason was Easter, but then, too, it might have been blonde.

Messrs. C. N. Rath and E. A. Froyd of the geological department spent Easter with their families in Denver.

Mr. Dick Miller was a Salt Creek visitor recently and while we enjoy your visits, Mr. Miller, we'd rather you'd come back and stay.

Ted Vandaveer is a guest at the J. E. Roach hospital, being the unfortunate victim of an unruly pump which blew up and burned his face and hands quite badly.

The tri-weekly picture shows have been a success in every way, judging from the attendance, and Mr. Ward is to be congratulated on the better class of pictures he is giving us.

Jack Russell is spending a two weeks' vacation visiting in Thermopolis and Billings.

Kossar-McClain

Cupid has brought to a close another chapter in his book of romance, which culminated in the marriage of Miss Mary Ann Kossar and J. Harold McClain, both popular members of the younger set.

Following the very pretty ceremony, which took place in Casper on the 14th of March, the Rev. W. L. French officiating, the newlyweds departed for a short honeymoon in the northern part of the state, after which they will be at home to their many friends in Salt Creek.

Mr. McClain is a member of the Big Six orchestra, and is a violinist of marked ability, and Mrs. McClain won many friends by her charming personality while employed at the boarding house.

The Review joins their many friends in wishing them a long and happy life together.

Mrs. H. D. Moore has as her house guests for the week-end the Misses Madge and Dorothy Davis of Sussex.

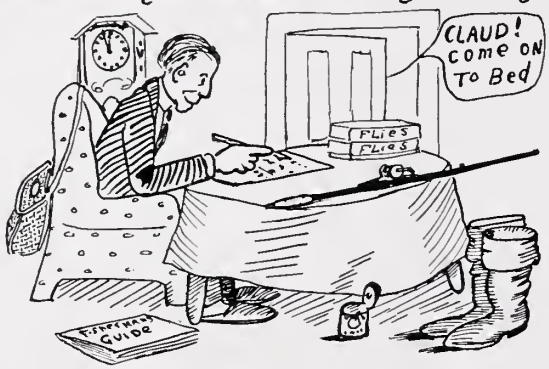
Our Medical Director

Portrait of Dr. H. R. Lathrop, sketched by J. F. Albertson of Casper Refinery

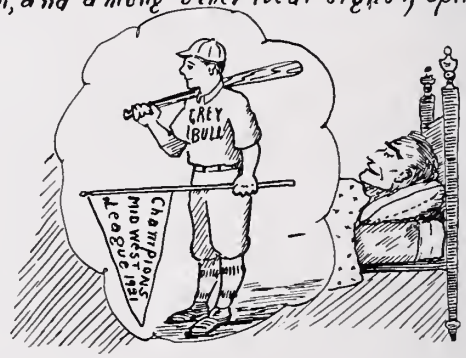
Yard-Sevier

H. E. Yard of the field garage, and Miss Bess Sevier of Alton, Ill., were married January 1, and we were never told until the other day. In spite of that fact we wish them a lot of happiness.

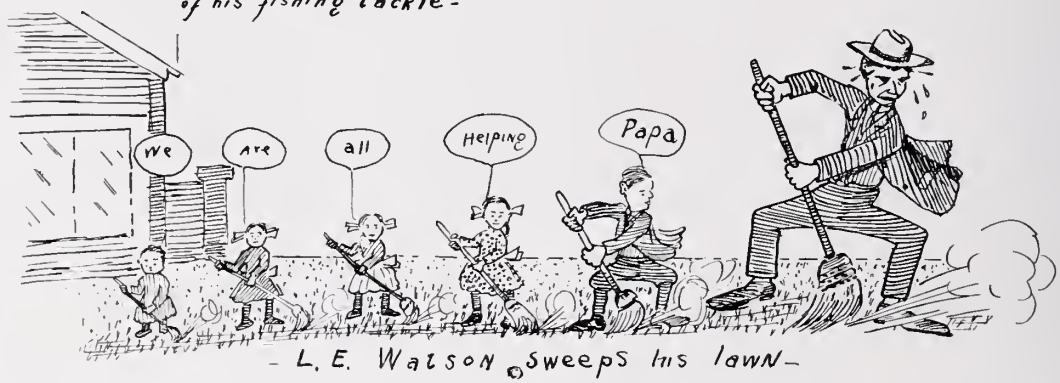
The Prairie Dog scratches above ground again, and among other local signs of Spring-



We notice — That: Mr Derby is taking inventory of his fishing tackle -



-Mr Warren has sweet dreams-



- L. E. Watson Sweeps his lawn -

and Mr. Crawford is getting ready to leave.

"Oil and Pep" from Greybull

First of all, Folks, meet our Greybull Cartoonist,

MR. REUBEN SEIGFRIED OLSON

We've waited and wished for a long while for someone to do sketches, etc., for our Greybull page, so when Mr. Olson kindly offered to make some cartoons if we would co-operate with suggestions as to subjects there was no hesitation about turning over to him items we had intended using as word-pictures for the Notes, and which he so cleverly made into much more interesting line-pictures. Although Mr. Olson has not been a member of the Midwest long no doubt many of you already know this extremely tall, handsome young blonde! (Now, don't crowd, girls! Just stand back and keep your hands behind your ear-puffs; "Reuben Seigfried" has an adored and adoring little wife, and together they worship an infant son, so there's no use in getting excited!) Hereafter when you have something that you think would make an interesting sketch for The Review, if you don't want to fix it up yourself, just tip it off to Mr. Olson.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Dockery on March 21, a baby girl.

Early in March, Danny McLeod and family moved into their new home, having purchased what was formerly the Luft property.

Ed. Landers attended a baseball meeting in Cheyenne early in March, at which time the Midwest Baseball League was organized.

Walt. Sutton, loading rack foreman, bought a new Dodge touring car the first of the month. Now watch him joy-ride!

"Snooky" and some of the other fellows want to know why Buck Sutherland carries yeast cakes around in his pockets. That is a peculiar peculiarity, isn't it?

Tag! But Lee didn't want to be it! Early in March there was a very busy and exciting Tag day in Greybull; those who had tags were not IT, but those who didn't have a tag were very apt to be IT if caught without it. And as Lee Anchor's flivver failed to flaunt one of the little tin plates with Wyoming 1921 he left it at the plant after work that night while he enjoyed a nice, long walk to his home in the north end of town. However, his car was not the only one left in safety and seclusion until the excitement was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Luft moved into their beautiful new bungalow on Second avenue South, about the first of March.

On March 20 "Big Jim" Bluejacket, his wife and two sons arrived in Greybull. The big pitcher is ready to play with the Midwest team again this year.

When "Black" Met "Green"!

Did you notice the dark, sooty-looking spot on the big blacksmith's face when he, together with a number of other members of the I. O. O. F. returned from Thermopolis recently? When we were little kids, if a dark spot was found on our face someone would be sure to say: "Ah-ha, a nigger kissed you!" It would seem as if a bunch of Odd Fellows, many of them belonging to the Midwest family, could land in the City of Strong Water, etc., without a dusky, husky dame immediately picking out the Missourian and greeting him so heartily! However, if the shock of an unexpected, unsolicited and unwelcome embrace affects his nerves for any length of time he can, as director of the Mutual Benefit Association, appoint a visiting committee to comfort and console him.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Heckard departed on March 22 for Pittsburgh and Franklin, Pa. They will visit Mr. Heckard's father, and other relatives and friends while away.

The following interesting item was contributed by One Who Claims to Know:

"One of our prominent Midwest men recently went to Casper for the purpose of joining the Elk's lodge. While there he mailed a letter to his wife; either great excitement, or the effects of "Hooch" caused him to drop this letter in a garbage can, instead of the mail box. Since that time he has been very busy trying to convince his friends he was not intoxicated. How about it, E. P. L."?

Supt. B. L. Warren attended to matters of business in Casper and Denver between March 29 and April 3.

Bell Springs Notes

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Goetz, who have been with the company for over a year, departed for California and will, in the future make that their home.

Otto Aebi took a short trip to Colorado on a business trip.

Messrs. Packard and Stewart, of the Geological department, Denver, have been in this field for a few days "lookin' it over," but as yet have not reached a verdict.

Mrs. K. E. Holmes, who has cooked in this camp for the past few months, is now with the Hughes Oil Company in the Lost Soldier field.

Mrs. J. S. Adams and small daughter have joined the little Midwest family at Bell Springs.

Master Louis Valentine, son of Mrs. E. J. Valentine, wants to be a truck driver, but it is believed by the majority that he would make a better public speaker.

Big Muddy Notes

Harry Bossart, who is looking after the production in the eastern part of the field, has recently returned from a short trip to Denver, where he has been visiting his mother and transacting business of a private nature. Mr. Klahr, our head production boss, was heard to say that the foremen were very numerous during Harry's absence.

George Windle, who has been working of late at the Northwest Camp, unfortunately contracted typhoid fever from some unknown

source. George was removed to Casper hospital on March 27 and our hopes are for a speedy recovery.

A large class of Modern Woodmen of America was initiated on Friday night, March 25, at the Commerce building, at Glenrock, Wyo. A team journeyed from Casper to put on the work, where they found about 100 ready to receive initiation into the order, 75 of which were enlisted from the ranks of the Muddy field.

The machinery for the new electric station, located on the R. B. Whiteside lease, has just been received. George Gunderson and Grover Cross, with a gang of willing workers, are now near completion of the installation of same. We hope that in the course of the next few days to be relieved of the disappointment of the camp being in a state of semi-darkness, which has been our experience several times recently.

Frank Stewart, who has been running the pool hall and barber shop at Parkerton for some time has now material on the ground which we are led to believe is for the purpose of a picture palace and dance hall, which will be appreciated by many workers in Muddy.

A. B. Doornbos and his crew of tankies have just completed the erection of a new 10,000-barrel tank for storing water which, on account of its elevation, will be of great service to the field in supplying adequate amount of water in case of fire, or inability of pumping sufficient quantity from the river.

Jim Kelly, who has been drilling steadily on the deep test well on A. E. Humphrey No. 32, had the misfortune to slip from the derrick stool, spraining his back and inflicting various minor injuries on himself. Dr. Harvey of Glenrock soon appeared on the scene and administered relief to his patient by strapping him so firmly that he was forced to remain in a certain position for several days. Jim was absent from his job for about a week, but we are glad to see him back again handling the screw. A visit or two to the well confirms one in the belief that Jim is far less reckless than formerly. Jim's motto from now on is "Safety First."

Jack Cummings, our machinist working under George Jacques, has unfortunately met with an accident whilst operating the lathe. His arm became entangled in the belting, causing him much pain at the time of writing, but all his friends wish him the best of luck for a speedy recovery.

It is with regret that we report the death of Joe Vandegrift, who died at Douglas hospital a week or two ago. Joe had been ailing for a month or two past and shortly after his admission to the hospital it was discovered that he had an abscess on the lung from which he never recovered. Joe had been drilling in Muddy on several different occasions, and just previous to his death was working on a contract well for the Western States Oil & Land Company at Salt Creek. Joe was laid to rest by the Masons at Douglas, Wyo.

News from Osage

We believed that the Midwest Camp in this field is unsurpassed and in a class by itself—many thanks to the Midwest Building Department, of which Mr. J. R. Paden is manager. In this connection it is needless for us to go into details regarding the Osage boarding house, better known as the Hotel de Osage. To those interested on the subject we refer you to any of the men in the Casper office who have had occasion to partake of a real feed. We desire to say that all credit goes to our able cook, M. F. Anderson.

Our field superintendent, T. M. Guenin, is a very busy man these days, account of Tool Pusher P. R. Pierce having returned to his home in Montana for a visit. This allows all the field details to be the lot of Mr. Guenin, and to say the least his hands are full, but capable of handling it. Mr. Guenin has had many years' experience in the oil industry, coming from the California oil fields to Wyoming, where he was production foreman for the Standard Oil Company. His experience and ability in the producing and operating end of the oil business is above the standard, but we will say in the behalf of Mr. Rhinesmith and Mr. Guenin that we realize the many obstacles they have to contend with.

Mr. O. E. Rhinesmith, superintendent, is also kept on the jump, solving the many problems which many of us are unaware of, which come up from time to time through the many small companies operating in this field and from whom the Midwest Refining Company purchase production. There are many instances arising from time to time which do not seem to have been customary in the other fields and therefore it is up to Mr. Rhinesmith to look into and straighten these matters out. Also most of the small companies look to the Midwest as sort of a father, and it is therefore up to our superintendent to use his good judgment in such cases in order to enable them to complete their holes, furthering operations and increased production.

Mr. Rhinesmith has followed the oil business all his life, and is capable to cope with any obstacles and problems which may arise. We all look to him in time of trouble.

Herriman and Lynd entertaining

The new power is now completed and three wells connected thereto. It has not been deemed advisable to connect all the wells to the power as yet for the reason that after the wells are shot the holes seem to cave considerably and much cleaning out is necessary. The rig is therefore left standing over the hole and pumped on the beam for cleaning out, etc.

Mr. H. E. Walling, official gauger for the Illinois Pipe Line, advises us that they have completed a telephone line from their headquarters, which are at the Midwest Camp, over to Clay Spur, a distance of about five miles.

"Golfing"

We were all busily sitting around the office one fine spring day admiring the surrounding scenery when our vision was suddenly blighted by something, we knew not what. We thought a storm had arrived, but imagine our surprise when it should turn out to be our old friend Kur Nul Slippery Slide 'em Hood, dressed up in his golfing (?) suit. Being such a beautiful day he suggested that we go golfing, to which we all acquiesced. So accompanied by his caddie and the rest of the bunch we proceeded to the green, the green being located on one of the adjoining companies' leases. Banked by hard rubber, so that the golf balls might rebound and not go so far that the caddie could not reach them, was an ideal place to play golf; in fact Booker T. Washington himself could not have wished for any more appropriate place. So every one gathered around the green and the caddie dug down into his spacious pockets and dug up two beautifully shaped gold balls, embellished with little black spots, ranging from one to six. Then the phonograph broke out with that patriotic hymn, "Read 'Em and Weep," and the game of African golf was on. Kur Nul Slippery Slide 'Em Hood started off by making a few wild passes, such as seven and eleven; then he remembered to shout out "four," not as a warning to the caddie, but that it happened to be his point, then as he happened to raise his sight a little too high, he made seven instead of four. So the next golfer started his mad career. He raised his sights and took dead aim, but owing to a slight mishap, which was account of some other golfer catching the golf balls, he threw a lovely three, which made the air blue for some time. He again raised the sights and came forward with a beautiful eight. Eight being from Decatur, dropped out at the seven hole, and up jumped old Satan. Next golfer threw a lovely nine, which he proceeded to make with a six trey, so he took another swing and threw little "Joe," but Joe was so small he could only get to seven, so he was counted out. The next golfer made the round in seven and eleven, so he was the champion.

"Doc" Moyer and his sturdy steed

Personal Sand Shots of the Osage Field

Evert Clinkenbeard, better known as "Mazzou": Born in the wilds of Missouri, some 19 or 21 years ago. Migrated to Wyoming two years ago. Great favorite with the ladies in Osage and Newcastle.

L. J. Lynch: Born in Minnesota, and great lover of outdoors, in fact every morning he and his companion Ben, the dog, take a stroll of several miles around the camp for exercise—in the Hoopie. Great favorite with the ladies in Newcastle, and more commonly known to all as Lee.

J. M. Moyer: Favorably known as Doctor Mike. He claims to have served several months 'tending the ailments of dumb animals with the A. E. F.; now performing with the Midwest as pilot of the faithful Clyde—when not in garage for repairs. An ardent supporter of the Good Roads movement; also authority on dry farming. Last, but not least, he was born in Ohio.

J. N. Jackman: Born in that state that is noted for its wonderful men. Drilled more wells than any other driller in the Osage field. Better known in the vernacular of the Osage field as "Neut." He and Chief Clerk Herriman claim to know every turn and bump between camp and Osage, account of night travel.

I. W. Buchanan: Driller, born in California, but has drilled all over the world. Was in India for three years; also several months with A. E. F. Better known to all as "Buck," the hole-digging demon.

Mrs. I. W. Buchanan: Wife of "Buck." Native of Ohio and known by most of the Midwest families in the different camps. She just resigned her position as baker and it was with much regret that we watched her departure. She is better known as "Mother" Buchanan and has always looked after the boys and taken a great interest in their welfare. We hope to have her back with us again soon.

Frank Cole: An old-timer in the state of Wyoming, and employed by the Midwest for several years. At Grass Creek, from pumper to head roustabout, in fact most everything in the operating end of the game. Frank is very capable. As a warehouseman he is in a class by himself. Always on the job, and time for nothing else but business during working hours. If they all follow his footsteps there'll be no need to worry about rainy days.

Mr. Bingaman: Authority on material. Has been in the Osage for the past several days. We have no need for Barnum & Bailey during his visits. However, we wish to say in his behalf that he is very capable.

"Gumbo" Tobin and "Nig" Schiller are back again after several months' visit with their parents in Duluth. "Gum" and "Nig" are veterans of the field, having accompanied Field Superintendent Guenin from Casper, piloting the faithful Clyde through the mud from that place to Osage.

Gathering Lines

Pipeline Department, Edited by E. A. Flinn

Among the pipeliners who attended the Taylor-Miyaka wrestling match were G. M. Vandaveer, Sr., G. M. Vandaveer, Jr., E. A. Flinn, Jr. of Casper, and H. A. Chandler, Max Hill, R. M. Laws, C. E. Fickel and R. E. Pigg of Salt Creek.

M. M. Kincaid, Teapot "crumboss," spent the early part of March visiting his family, near Wheatland.

V. D. Leggett and wife, and C. J. Leggett of Salt Creek returned the latter part of March from Garfield, Wash., where they were called by the death of their mother.

T. F. McAtee, Teapot telegraph operator, has had his head shaved so he can heliograph the time to the bull gang as he makes his hourly gauges.

H. O. Foss is our new stock gauger at Casper Tank Farm, vice Oscar Nagel, who left the services of the company March 13.

I. L. Stewart, W. J. Cave and J. G. Holm of Teapot took in the Jazzland fight Good Friday night.

Mrs. W. P. Owen, wife of extra operator at No. 1 Station, arrived March 30 from Wolf Point, Mont., to join her husband.

Al Ulrich returned to Teapot after a vicious two-day visit in Casper, claiming a heavy shortage of currency.

Harold J. McLain, who is employed at No. 1 Station, and Miss Mary N. Kossar were married March 15, Rev. French of Casper performing the ceremony. Mrs. McLain is now visiting her parents in Sheridan, but Mac seems very anxious to have her come back.

"What do you want, food or work," yelled the man in the suburban house. "Both, sir," meekly replied the tramp. "Well, eat that and you'll have both," and the man shoved out a biscuit. Thereupon his young bride cast him a reproachful look for giving away her first culinary efforts.

During a recent campaign for the laziest man at Teapot, Sam Payne, the popular pink-haired line rider, had no competition for the honors.

F. B. Glasser, formerly of Denver, is our new extra operator at No. 1 Station.

J. G. Holm, night watchman and fire chief at Teapot, has gone to Douglas to get his new set of teeth. He has been gumming around for the past two weeks.

After three years of successful service with the company as chief gauger and tank strapper, B. H. Carnahan, Jr., has resigned to accept a position with the Bureau of Mines, with headquarters at Casper. We are sorry to lose Carny, but he takes with him the best wishes of all of us.

A. M. Hendrickson, E. A. Flinn, Sr., and J. W. Hunter, all of Teapot, week-ended in Casper recently, with their respective families.

Ted Vandaveer, who was burned about the face and hands in a gas explosion at a field powerhouse, is rapidly recovering, but is still confined to Salt Creek hospital.

The boys at Teapot are working out on the diamond, preparatory to taking Salt Creek to a cleaning this summer.

H. A. Chandler, Assistant Superintendent Pipe Lines, doing the family wash

W. M. Eiler, oil dispatcher at Salt Creek, Thermopolised for about two weeks during the early part of March. During his absence L. C. Garner handled the oil dispatching and H. C. Owens the wire.

Some much-needed repair work is being done on Teapot highway.

J. R. Vandaveer of Neodesha, Kan., is here visiting his brothers, G. M. Vandaveer and D. M. Vandaveer.

M. J. Flahie, formerly with the Prairie Pipe Line Company, at Tulsa, has accepted the position as chief gauger and tank strapper vice B. H. Carnahan, Jr., resigned. Mr. Flahie has had considerable experience in this line of work and we expect to suffer no inconvenience during the change.

We promised Ed Hubbell, popular foreman at No. 1 Station we wouldn't say anything about him stepping out the other night, so we won't. However, Garner advises that Ed had a hard time trying to borrow a white collar to wear that night, it seems that he had traded his to Joe Burford about ten years ago for a package of Lucky Strike.

A Pipe Line Romance

His name was Runkle; her's Sylvia. They met Daly in the Grove on the Hill. He was Fickel, but he, being Matt-Son, incidentally mere Mann, did Rouse to the fact. One evening, after a delightful day Mahon, he sat with his Armour round her and Shep-herd him say, Sylvia, my Baird, my Hart is Patten with Payne for you. I'm no Pigg, Grant me one kiss." She turned her big brown eyes on him and answered, "Neve—Dick, Oh, Popple!' he Tucker and it was Dunigan. Then they strolled out of the Garden.

One Gray day, when he felt Moody, he sat beneath a Burch tree and said, "Come Winter or Summer, I must ask her to Mares me." So he Russelled around and got a Bishop and they were made one. As they were Knealeing by the Wall, she cried, "My head Knox. I'm going to Feint." So, after traveling Miles and Owen everybody in Hamlin, Ashenfelter pulse and said, "Let McAtee do your Gagen, and you take to Rowan Miles Daly or you will Parish. The Price was Scannell-ous, but she understood the Laws.

So she took a new Lease on life, and soon they took a Northcut in their Chandler toward Farris dome, but they hadn't gone very far before he heard some Knox and had to stop and Eiler. Of course, like many married men, he got Stong but he Culped and took it like a Strat-Man. But perhaps if we'd turn from Backus and Soper up a little, it would be All-bright.

Do not forget that Safety First should be practised 24 hours each day and not just during working hours.

The Red Cross in a recent statement shows that 20,000 children under 14 years of age are killed by accident each year in the United States alone. This is appalling.

Burns, falls, automobiles and other vehicles, drowning and poisoning exact the heaviest toll. Forty per cent of the children who died before reaching their fifth birthday are killed accidentally, while 20 per cent of the deaths between the ages of 5 and 14 are the results of accidents.

Preach Safety First to those you love best and help cut down this enormous wastage of child life.

Casper Storage Yard

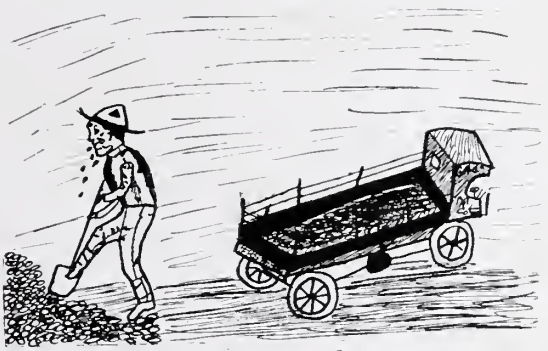
We Move the Downtown Office

The offices of the Casper district were moved the night of March 5 and on the 6th. The work started exactly at 5 o'clock Saturday evening and continued through to 2:30 a. m. Sunday morning and every one back on the job again at 8 a. m. At this rate all of the offices were moved by 1:00 o'clock noon, there only remained the stationery, which was sure some job.

Mr. L. A. Robinson, truck foreman, was in charge of said moving, assisted by Mr. Dunbar, superintendent of the Storage yard. All of the men that were available were there and worked with a will. At 11 o'clock all were entertained by the most enjoyable method possible, namely, an excellent "feed" as prepared by the American cafe. The moving was done under the protection of the Casper city police, and several of our prominent citizens were unable to understand how we "got away with it." Now we know the secret.

There were comparatively no accidents. Mr. Wiloth had a cut on his little finger trying to open an elevator door, and a new man enjoyed a badly cut hand, which he obtained when a safe which he was helping to handle, went through a piece of plate glass. We feel justly proud of our part in this moving as it shows what we can do when called upon, even though the work may be entirely out of our line. "It is your move next."

When Robert Grizzel was working at the Midway test well No. 2, digging the cellar, he discovered the ground very hard, looking up at Mr. Venniman he said, "Tod,



"Whitie" Loading Gravel.

Private Lesson Given by appointment Only

Him never did 'tend dis dirt to tome out o' here." How about it "Grizzie?"

Mr. Saunders has returned to us again after his absence, account of illness. We are glad to have you with us and hope that your next vacation will not be caused by sickness.

Blessings, like troubles, they never come single. A few months ago Mr. Robinson was informed a few months ago that he had an addition to his family. He now has another addition to his family. This time it's twins. Only these are trucks, Clydesdales. He has two nurse maids to herd them. G88 has "Flat" Sturgeon for governess and all the boys are fighting for the pleasure to become the guardian angel over G89.

Mr. Hoffman, commonly known as "Whitie," has gone back to herding trucks again. The first trip was such a treat, and he felt so happy to be on his beloved Salt Creek road that he tried—and was successful—in turning a somersault. The result was that Andy had to dig him out. Since that day "Whitie" has had his troubles. Just ask him how many rocks make a load.

Tom Virgee, loading foreman, won a cigar the other day. (We are sorry that he didn't win more). It all happened this way. Tom violated the gambling law by making a bet with an employe of the railroad that a certain car would be unloaded in an hour. Said employe of said railroad said "It can't be done. It isn't done nowadays don't y' know." To prove that the employe was wrong and "Tom" was right the car was put on the spot. Have you ever seen these pictures on the silver sheet where the parties in the pictures seemed to be violating all speed laws? Well, the unloading crew had those same people look as if they were paralytics. The switch engine came back to laugh in about an hour, also to collect said cigar. They had arrived about 20 minutes after the car was spotted, but they came back in time to pull *out* the car. Also to present Tom with a cigar. The friends enjoyed the festivities very much, and when the Ford had returned to Casper and was parked in front of the field truck garage Willie says: "Is this Salt Creek?" Who will say that we haven't good roads, and did I hear someone remark that a Ford was a hard-riding boat? But the question in my mind is "Where did he get it?"

There is going to be much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the members of the fairer sex when Andy returns. Andy, as he is known to his friends, is known to the police as E. K. Anderson, and the cause for all this grief is that Andy left the fair city of Casper last night —April 1st—(April Fool's Day), for a little town in northern Colorado called Longmont, close to Loveland, there to meet a little maid who Andy is very desirous of making Mrs. E. K. Anderson. Of course this is all ambition, as there is many a slip twixt cup and lip, but where there is life there is hope; and if hope will do any good there is a bunch here that hope and hope and hope. So here is to you, Andy, long may you live to enjoy the blessings and pleasures of married life. May your voyage on the sea of matrimony be a pleasure, and may you be able to steer your craft far off the rocks and shoals.

Who said a woman hath no charm. Lymon Spalding has taken to studying the Motor Review. Mr. Clayton and Mr. Morris are to practice music. The reason of this uplifting move is a pleasant young lady called on these young gentlemen. Our trucks may soon profit by a new motor mechanic, and the truck drivers will be anxious to leave but loth to return if Clayton and Morris start treating us to the results of their practicing.

Mr. Dunbar has become very seclusive here of late. There is now a Holy of Holies, where all can practice standing on the "carpet," only the carpet has gone on a vacation. Mr. Dunbar, however, looks quite harmless in his "den."

All lovers of the roaring road should have been with Mr. Virgne on his recent trip to the gravel pit. On the return one of Dodge Brothers gave a few consumptive coughs, then passed in his chips. The respirator was brought into use, but to no avail. It then dawned on the operator that perhaps a little stimulant (gas) would do some good. When we tried to shoot some to friend Dodge the tank was dry. Therefore before we could get Dodge to kick up his heels again we had to push him to the supply store (filling station)—it was only a little over a quarter of a mile, and with a good strong arm and all the joy-riders pushing the destination was reached. That quarter of a mile seemed like a mile or according to the pushers—ten miles. The

sleeping sickness came over Mr. T. S. Clayton, at 2:30 p. m., April 2. All means known were employed by his friends, but he was too far gone and a victim of this fatal remedy. After quite some abuse the victim was aroused. The remedy suggested to him was eight hours sleep a night. He will try it and if it proves successful we will let all sufferers know.

Laramie Notes

Joe Griffin and Walt Walters are much pleased with the result of the Malody-Roach boxing match. Roach got the decision in the bout between the two boys during the amateur boxing tournament at Denver, but both Walters and Griffin felt certain that Malody was the better boy with the mitts and arranged for him to have another chance in Laramie. The match upon March 22, before a crowd that filled the W. O. W. hall to capacity, was a splendid exhibition of sparring and demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody that Roach was not the amateur champion of the Rocky Mountain states in the 118-pound glass.

Bill Bremerman and Charlie Loucks have been awaiting anxiously the coming of April 1 and have been counting the number of the speckled beauties they mean to catch upon the first fine Sunday. They have almost reached a decision as to the right place to go to and as to the relative fitness of the various kinds of bait.

Ross Moudy, chemist of the Laramie Refinery, has been elected president of the Laramie Lion's club, and is also chairman of the committee of the new Country club, which has been given the task of selecting a suitable site for the clubhouse and grounds.

T. F. (Fanny) Walsh, fielder for the baseball team and driver of the light truck, has been laid up for a couple of weeks with a bad attack of indigestion. He expects to be well, however, and in good shape by the start of practice upon April 1.

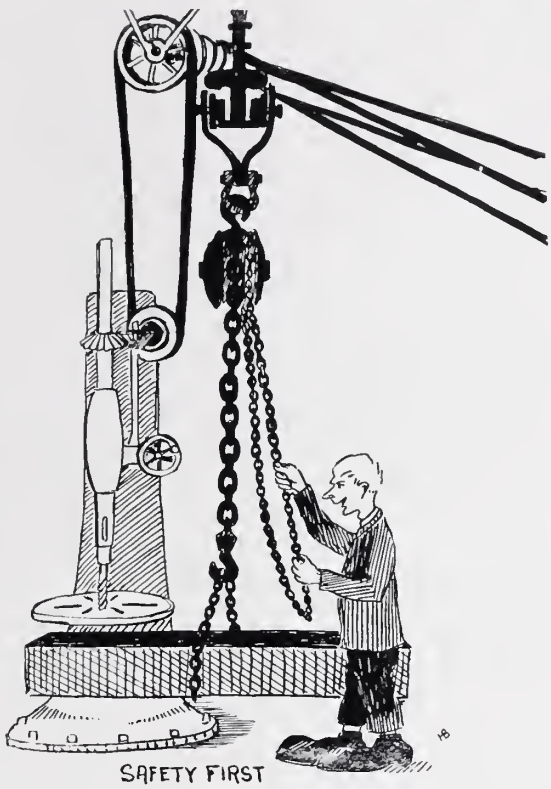
Joe Griffin to Charlie Ray: "Yes, we're both of us pretty, Charlie; pretty ugly and pretty apt to remain so."

"Whitie" Strickler, after howling at the top of his voice for five minutes: "And to think that six months ago I couldn't sing a note."

An Exchange of Compliments

Jack Ambrose to Jimmie Dolan: "If ignorance were dewdrops you'd be a cloudburst."

Jimmie: "Ah, go'wan, why they're building that new 55,000-barrel tank to hold all the knowledge you think you know and don't."



Dodge (coming into warehouse in a great hurry): "Hi, there, Oscar, quick, I want a 15-inch file."

Oscar: "What for?"

Dodge: "To file a complaint with the Joint council."

March 18 saw the resurrection of last year's ball suits from the basement of the warehouse and their dispatch to the cleaners. They are to be used for practice and new suits have been ordered for the games.

H. C. Hornsby has been up to Thermopolis boiling out and getting ready for the baseball season. Watch him. He is related to *Roger Hornsby* in many ways—he is after batting honors.

The baseball team wishes to thank the Midwest Athletic club for the fine donation made from the *Malody-Roach* boxing match.

Managers Griffin and Walters will match Malody with any bantamweight. Come on with your challenges.

Ira Barick, one of Fred Schuester's carpenter's, has been suffering from a threatened attack of blood poisoning brought on by running a nail through the ball of his foot. Mr. Barick was laid up for nearly three weeks, but is now much better.

Question—E. Doyle—at home?
Answer—*Singing to his* family every evening.

Mr. F. L. Pursel of the Denver office was a recent visitor at the Laramie Refinery.

Sadness

Happy Hooligan, warehouse helper, gave Caruso, the painter, one buck to hear him sing, but the next time he desires to hear a famous artist he intends visiting a sheep ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Miner are the happy parents of a fine baby boy which Dr. Stork brought to them on March 23.

The ground hog and his six weeks of bad weather failed to present themselves this year.

George Goodman, stillman, has had much difficulty in reading white signs while driving his Missouri Cadillac during the month, and it became necessary to employ the services of school teachers to teach him the difference between signs and illumination at night.

E. J. Costello has proven to be an auto driver of rare ability.

"Have you a little fairy in your home?"
"No, but I have a little miss in my engine."
—The Drexerd.

Fred Scheuster, the carpenter foreman, is the proud possessor of a new Ford touring car.

The report comes from Lansing, Mich., that Mr. R. S. Morris, who is on a two months' leave of absence, due to ill health, is considerably improved.

From the Traffic department in Denver someone has been inquiring as to when fishing season opens, and how are the roads, etc.?

Harry Miner, garage machinist, has been confined to his home for two weeks with la grippe.

David Kennedy, better known as "Scotty, the Poet," has returned to his mining claims at Log Cabin, Colo.

Harold John Buck, loading rack helper, is visiting at Fort Collins and Denver. Rumors are current that he will not return alone.

Mr. H. Oder of the Timekeeping department passed the cigars Saturday, March 26, as he was leaving for Sidney, Neb., to take unto himself a bride. They will then journey to their homestead near Casper. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Oder our hearty congratulations.

Mr. H. B. Steel, purchasing agent, visited the Laramie plant, March 26.

Mr. Irish, of Babcock & Wilcox, efficiency expert, has been in Laramie for some time performing tests, etc. Just when we had learned to know him and appreciate his warm friendship his work was completed.

Mr. Byers, district sales manager for the Babcock & Wilcox Company, called upon us during the month.

Mr. Horne, branch manager for the Jeffrey Motor Belt Company, made our acquaintance during the month.

"Don't hate a man because he has lots of money," counsels a Eureka philosopher: "Cultivate his acquaintance and see if there isn't some way you can separate him from some of it."

Casper General Office News

So well was the office force imbued with the spirit of April Fool, that a fire raged merrily in the drafting room during the noon hour with no one to extinguish it.

The man who discovered the blaze did not know where the extinguishers were kept, and immediately sought assistance. The first person he approached with the fire story grinned with a broad and knowing grin and answered in this wise: "Run along, sonny; my grandfather got all stove up trying to put out a fire on April first; I take care of myself." This was the spirit in which he was met by all to whom he told his tale of woe. Finally some one decided to investigate, with the mental reservation, that if the fire proved to be what he thought it was there would be a short and decisive combat. The fire was there, however, and was extinguished with little trouble, but only after it had burned two overcoats, a desk and a few drawing instruments.

Burke H. Sinclair, director of Industrial Relations, visited the Denver office and the Laramie refinery the last week in March.

John B. Cleary of the Engineering force spent several days in the northern fields in the interest of his department.

A. W. Peake, chief field engineer, and W. F. Finney, superintendent of gas plants, made a tour of the Wyoming fields the last week in March.

The trout season opened officially April 1, and several of the confirmed disciples of Isaac Walton were conspicuous by their absence from their offices on that day.

R. S. Ellison, vice president, spent several days in Denver during the early part of April.

Frances Harrington, of the general manager's office, spent several weeks in March enjoying tonsilitis. She is now back on the job, and appears no worse for the experience.

Mrs. Jane Adams, who has been employed at the Chamber of Commerce building, has accepted a position in the Department of Industrial Relations.

Ted Powers, our aviator-accountant, has forsaken us for his first love—flying. He has accepted a position with Reed Hollister of Cheyenne and will do free lance flying during the coming season.

Have you made application for your company insurance?

The Midwest Commissary

Our store which will be opened in the very near future at Casper

Who'll Be the Next?

Laramie, Wyo., March 30, 21.

Department of Industrial Relations,
Casper, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:—I am enclosing herewith my application for insurance with the company, and wish to thank you for calling my attention to same.

Thanking you very kindly for your trouble, I wish to remain,

Very truly yours,
BRUCE A. READ.

Nothing Like It in the World

"Life insurance is different from anything else in the world in one respect. Other things you can get when you want them. Life insurance must be got when you don't want it, or not at all," says The Excelsior Life.

"You can buy your rubbers when it begins to rain. You can buy your overcoat when it begins to get cold in the fall. You can step into a restaurant when you are hungry, but you can't get life insurance when you are sick.

"Nine times out of ten you do not buy a thing until in some way or other you feel that you need it. You can't rely on any help of that kind when it is a question of getting life insurance for your family. Get it now when the buying is good—today."

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

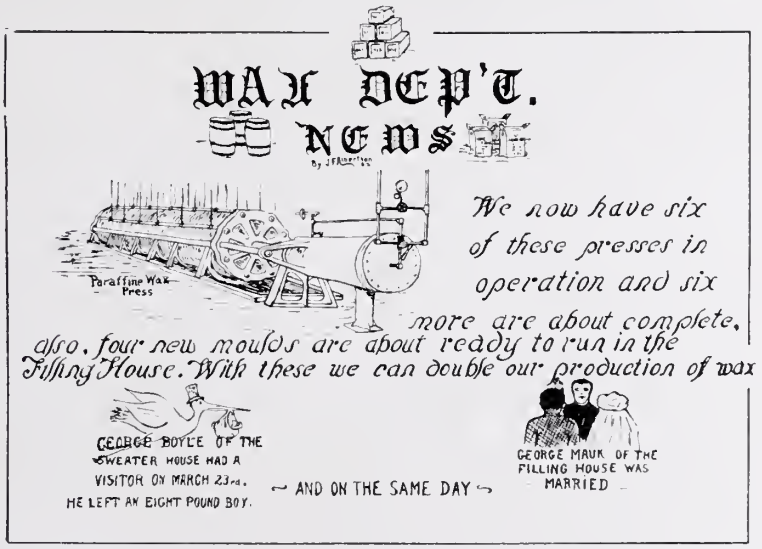
Willie waived his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"The 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"—The Chariot.

Half Hour Later for Dinner

Effective April 1 a half hour was added to the working day of all employes at the Casper General Office. Instead of wending homeward at 5 o'clock as in the past they don hats and coats at 5:30. With the customary cheer they agreed that it was a fine thing and there would be less time to kill outside of office hours.


WAX DEP'T.
NEWS
Paraffine Wax Press
We now have six of these presses in operation and six more are about complete. Also, four new moulds are about ready to run in the Filling House. With these we can double our production of wax
GEORGE BOYLE OF THE SWEATER HOUSE HAD A VISITOR ON MARCH 23rd. HE LEFT AN EIGHT POUND BOY.
AND ON THE SAME DAY
GEORGE MAUK OF THE FILLING HOUSE WAS MARRIED

George H. Harries

President of the Illuminating Engineering Society, says:

"During the period of our overseas war participation there died of accidents in our homeland more than two and one-half times the number of those who were killed in battle. Odd, isn't it, that in a civilized country there should have to be a continuous and intensive campaign to save ourselves from injury and premature death? How recklessly extravagant we are with our most precious asset—human life!"

How about that insurance? Have you made the application? It will pay you to ask your superintendent about the company insurance.

Learn the Whole Safety Alphabet

You know the A. B. C. of Safety: but you should not be satisfied with the obvious. Go further: practice and teach the whole Alphabet of Safety, which is:

A. B. C. Always be Careful.

D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. Don't Ever Forget, Gentlemen. How Injuries Jeopardize Kindred.

L. M. N. O. P. Lax Methods Never Operate Profitably.

Q. R. S. Quit Reckless Speeding.

T. U. V. Try Using Vigilance.

W. X. Y. Z. Wastefulness, X-Rayed, Yields Zero.—The Bulletin.

Perpetrated by Our Correspondent and Cartoonist from Greybull

There was a young Fellah named "Rimah"
His business "Petroleum Refinah,"
His voice as he sang
Had a musical twang,
Oh, tell me now what could be finah!

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
C. A. Fowler, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
Charles Combs, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
F. B. Smith, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. J. Kelly, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
Charles Thompson, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Croskill, Treasurer
Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President
Wm. Stoddard
E. M. Keefe, Vice President
Frank B. Smith
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

WORK

LET me but do my work from
day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or
loom,
In roaring market-place, or
tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart
to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon
me astray—
"This is my work; my blessing,
not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by
whom
This work can best be done in
the right way."

—HENRY VAN DYKE

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

VOL·2· NO·5·

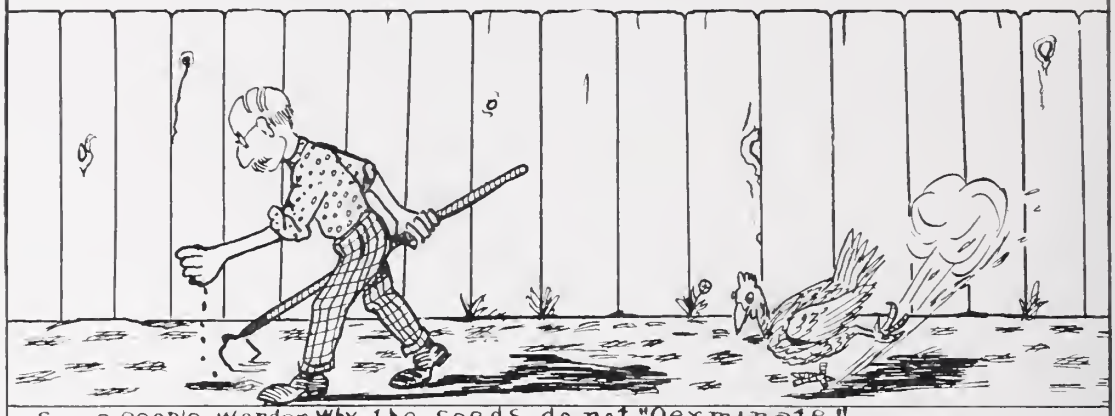
The Casper Refinery Bull Gang Number

The MIDWEST REVIEW

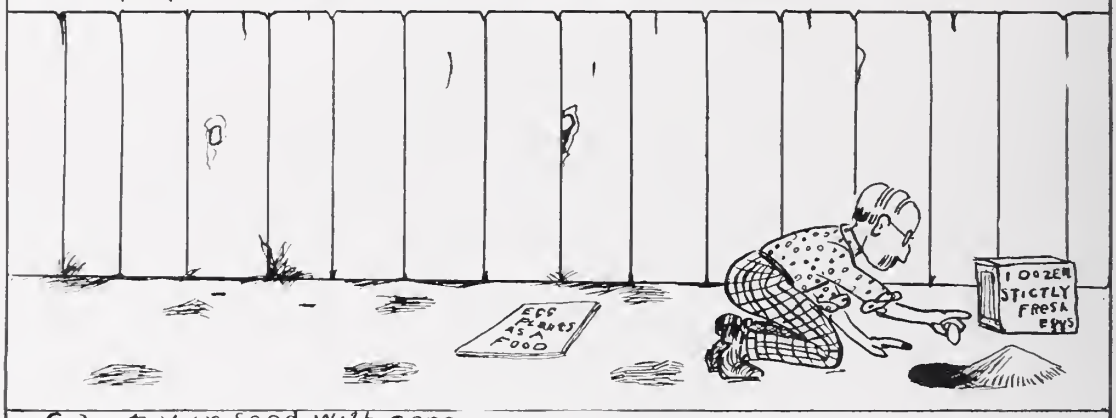
·MAY 1921·

Published for
The Midwest Family
by
The Midwest Refining Co.

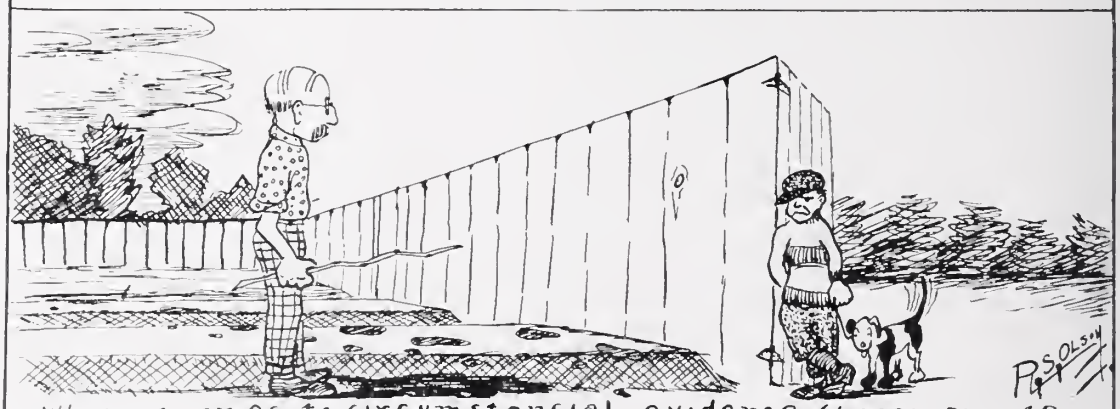
—ADVICE to Gardeners—



Some people wonder why the seeds do not "germinate"



Select your seed with care



When it comes to circumstancial evidence, finger prints ain't in it with foot prints.

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | May, 1921 | Number 5

A lady in Chicago writes to us asking for a lot of information, saying:

"I have heard that you know all there is to know about the Midwest, etc."

Now, we are flattered as we always are when someone gives us credit for knowledge or accomplishment that we do not possess. We know darn little about the Midwest, and we will go on record as saying that there are darn few others who do know an awful lot about all the various departments of this company. There is too much to know. When a man comes in and asks if it is true that they are connecting the new pipe line with double, reversible, non-curling collars that come out like a ribbon and lie flat on the brush we tell them that as they are considered the best we are among their most ardent supporters.

Another bird dashes madly in and asks if it can be true that they have found a good sand in the Cross-Eyed Doodle-Bug Field at 327 feet, and we inform him that to the best of our knowledge this sand was encountered at 326 feet, nine and one-half inches, but that perhaps we have been misinformed. That keeps him happy and arouses our curiosity and we get the real dope thereby adding to our own store of facts.

If there are questions to be asked, we will do our dad-bingedest to answer them, but none of our answers are copyrighted.

There was once a man who was satisfied with his job. He felt that he had gone as far as he could and that there was no use trying to get that place above him that was a better paying place, but was, as he supposed, out of his reach.

There was in the same bunch a younger man, who in the order of things was below the man who was satisfied with the place he held. The younger man spoke about the possibilities of the position and that he hoped that some day he could have a better job than the one the satisfied one held.

The satisfied one laughed and told him that he had been on that job for five years and that he was getting enough money to support his family with a little help from an older son who was making good in his own way. That he was not looking for the place above as by so doing he might lose the one he held and lose out all around.

The younger man always found a few things to do after the quitting whistle blew and his bench was always a little neater and there was always a text-book or a treatise on a technical subject lying within easy reach for a few minutes' time during the short lunch hour.

One day the satisfied one came to work and found that the younger man had been made a foreman over him. He let out an awful howl and demanded that justice be done immediately or sooner. The superintendent promptly told him that they had violated the seniority rule because of the very evident fitness of the younger man for the place. That the man who was satisfied with his place was doomed to hold that one job because of the lack of ambition necessary to rise above it.

In the March issue of The Midwest Review, on the back cover, we published a short article entitled, "Know the Success Family." The article was sent us by one of the Midwest employees and was marked "anonymous;" consequently, we did not know but what we were at perfect liberty to reproduce it.

We have been advised by the Stevens-Davis Company of Chicago, Ill., that this article was protected by copyright and that under the circumstances we had no authority to reproduce it without their permission.

We very much regret that there has been any seeming disposition to infringe upon the rights of the Stevens-Davis Company in this matter, and feel that this apology is due them as well as this statement of the matter.

Folks, Meet The Bull Gang

The aggregation known as the "Bull Gang" is one of the real outfits of The Midwest Refining Company.

In fact, it is the college from which the students graduate as real refinery men. They start at the bottom—at the very bottom, and the first text-book is often a "muck-stick," which corresponds to the books on elementary science at a real college.

Then they become assistants to some one who has mastered the elementary branches which gives them a chance to air the knowledge gained and to also give the benefit of their experience to the novice on the up-grade.

The Bull-Gang is the most cosmopolitan outfit of the whole Midwest Family, having men from every walk of life as well as from most of the races of the earth. On a journey through the refinery yard you may pick out a man at random and find that he is a graduate of Yale or Harvard and that he has heard of the rapid strides the oil game has made in the past few years and has determined to master this industry to his own satisfaction and to reap the profit gained by this knowledge. He may have passed up a chance to become a banker for this the most fascinating of professions or he may have fitted himself for the industry by work at his college, and by seeking the practical knowledge that will fill in the framework of theory and as a whole be the foundation for a success in the refining industry.

Another man you may meet will be a graduate lawyer, and if you murmur a rather doubtful compliment to his pluck he will tell you that the legal ladder is very much crowded along the bottom rungs and that there is a chance, always, for the man who knows the oil game and that he is the bird who is taking the training that he needs.

Another may speak with a trace of a foreign accent and upon being pressed will tell you that he has been sent by his government to learn the business, so that a resource that has been of no or very little value to his country may be developed and give to the crying need of the world for oil as well as to enrich an otherwise impoverished country.

Then there is the chap with little or no education that is seeking this opportunity to replace the schooling that he missed in earlier life. He, perhaps, takes the deepest interest in all departments of the game and seeks the very foundation of the processes whereby he may gain the deep-seated theory of the game which is an open book in many ways to the man with the technical education. He works to overcome disadvantages, as well as to go deeper in the surface knowledge. He plugs along and, perhaps, by the aid of night study of technical subjects, he takes his place with others who have that as a basis upon which to build with practical knowledge. He is the big figure in the Bull-Gang.

Day after day you will find them in ditches learning the proper method of laying the pipelines which are the arteries of a refinery; building walls in order that they may know of the strength necessary in construction; cleaning stills and boilers; learning construction and the effect of water and the various oils. You will find them in all departments and they are enthusiastic and cheerful, and you can find all the real men you want in that big democratic institution—the Bull Gang.

Midwest Weddings

Ida May Porter and Capt. M. J. Hopkins were quietly married at the home of the bride, Monday, April seventh. Rev. Charles A. Wilson was the officiating minister.

Mrs. Hopkins is one of the best known of the Midwest family, and Mr. Hopkins who served with distinction throughout the late war, is a geologist with offices in Casper.

They are at home at 502 S. Walcott.

Caroline Maltby, and H. Glenn Dines were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Winter, Saturday, March twenty-sixth, Rev. Wilson officiating.

Mrs. Dines is one of the most popular teachers in the Casper schools, and Mr. Dines is connected with The Midwest in the accounting department.

The Midwest Bull Gang

By the Czar of the Bull Gang, E. M. Keefe

E. M. Keefe, Superintendent of Labor, Casper Refinery

The Midwest Bull Gang has a nation-wide reputation, and I believe that it is the most popular labor gang in the world. The number employed on the Bull Gang will average about three hundred the year round. It is a privilege to work in the Midwest Bull Gang because the men working therein are of an extraordinarily high class. You can slip out here any day on short notice and pick a number of experts for any line of work you want to mention. If you want professional men they are also to be found in the great number; athletes, musicians (instrumental or vocal), and they are all to be found in the Midwest Bull Gang. I believe by making a close canvass of all the Midwest employees it would be possible to find a man who could even make 3¾¢———. But, of course, we won't have a call for that kind of a mechanic. Therefore it won't be necessary to round him up.

I believe that more good fellowship exists among the employees of the Midwest than any other corporation of its size in the country, and the reason for this is, they are first introduced to the Bull Gang and after they have risen from the ranks they have nothing on the other fellow who is following in their footsteps. From the commonest laborer to the highest official, to see them sociably assembled after hours a stranger could not distinguish between them. And I want to say right here that 90 per cent of those conditions are due to our worthy management, namely: Messrs. L. A. Reed and W. H. Leavitt, for their broad-minded and impartial system of handling men. It is the way we were brought up, and we were well named the Midwest Family.

Here lies the body of William Gates,
Tread softly, all who pass.
He thought his foot was on the brakes,
But it was on the gas!

A boilermaker named Pat
Wore his goggles on his hat.
He was caulking one day,
And a chip flew his way:
With one eye has he seen since that.

There was a young fellow called Zeck;
Wore his goggles about his neck.
The wind it was high—
Blew dirt in his eye;
And now he is sorry, by Heck!

Here lies the body of Thomas Gray,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right—dead right as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as tho' he'd been wrong.

He who wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast;
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar ever condemned.
—Tennyson.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time,
For that is the stuff life is made of.
Benjamin Franklin.

God has delivered yourself to your care, and says: "I had no one fitter to trust than you. Preserve this person for me such as he is by nature: modest, beautiful, faithful, noble and tranquil."—Epictetus.

What To Read On Oil

E. L. Estabrook, Petroleum Engineer

In response to a request from a reader of the Midwest Review for a selection of books from which it would be possible to obtain information upon all of the various phases of the oil industry, some lists are being prepared, and will be published in this and later issues of the Review.

In the progress of the work of producing petroleum, the usual operations from beginning to end are:

1. Geological examination.
2. Drilling wells.
3. Producing oil.
4. Transporting and storing.
5. Refining.
6. Distributing
7. Natural Gas and the Extraction of Gasoline.

The first three of these divisions,—Geology, Drilling and Producing—will be covered in the lists given below.

1. *Geology*—The U. S. Geological Survey is constantly publishing articles and books upon the geology of the oil fields of the United States, which when first issued, are distributed without charge to anyone who is interested. These reports are not usually written in entirely non-technical language, and in order to get the most out of them it is necessary to do some preliminary reading in an introductory work on Oil Geology. A number of such books have been published, of which some of the best are:

1. Practical Oil Geology. By Hager. $3.00. Third Edition, flexible cloth binding.

2. Oil Finding. By Cunningham-Craig. $3.00.

3. Popular Oil Geology. By Ziegler. $3.00.

These books may be ordered through any bookstore or direct from the publishers. They are written especially for the use of people who do not want to make a study of geology, but who desire to understand the fundamental principles of the science, and the kind of information a geologist uses in his work. The volume by Hager is especially valuable for the diagrams which are used to illustrate the difficult points.

The most important of the publications of the U. S. Geological Survey upon the states of Wyoming and Montana are listed below. Some of the latest may still be obtained free by writing to the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey at Washington, D. C. The older papers are for sale by the Superintendent of Documents at Washington. Write to the Geological Survey, and if they do not have the reports for distribution, they will advise you of the price at which they may be purchased. New reports are usually announced in the newspapers, and by writing at once, it is always possible to secure free copies.

WYOMING

Bulletin:

641-I. Anticlines of Central Wyoming. By Hares.

656. Anticlines in the Southern Part of the Bighorn Basin. By Hewitt & Lupton.

670. The Salt Creek Oil Field. By Wegemann.

711-D. Oil in the Warm Springs and Hamilton Domes. By Collier.

711-E. Gas in the Big Sand Draw Anticline. By Collier.

711-H Anticlines near Maverick Springs. By Collier.

716-B. The Upton-Thornton Oil Field. By Hancock.

716-C. The Mule Creek Oil Field. By Hancock.

716-E. Lance Creek Oil Field. By Hancock.

MONTANA

Bulletin:

621-F. Possibilities of Oil in the Porcupine Dome. By Bowen.

641-C. Possibilities of Oil and Gas in North Central Montana. By Stebinger.

641-J. Anticlines in the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, Montana. By Stebinger.

661-E. The Bowdoin Dome. By Collier.

691-D. Geology and Oil and Gas Prospects of the Lake Basin Field. By Hancock.

(Continued on page 28)

Carroll H. Wegemann Joins The Midwest

By H. C. Bretschneider, President Western States Oil and Land Company

Almost all of the oil fraternity of Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain region are more or less personally acquainted with Mr. Carroll H. Wegemann, but many perhaps do not know that his acquaintances and much of his experience in the geological profession extends to many parts of the United States, and in some instances far beyond the boundaries of our land.

Having been intimately associated with Mr. Wegemann since 1917 when he first came to the Franco Wyoming Oil Company at Casper, and having taken many trips with him into various fields I have found that regardless of where we may be, on the train, stopping in some small unimportant town, or one of the larger cities in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, or Texas, he will usually meet some "old-timer" and immediately the two are "swapping yarns," or Mr. Wegemann, who is the champion story-teller of the geological profession, is telling one of particular interest to his friend.

You will probably not be so much surprised at his wide acquaintance and popularity when you observe the following list of publications written by Mr. Wegemann while he was geologist for the United States Geological Survey and a member of the Oil Board of the U. S. G. S. during the years of 1907 to 1917, because you will then realize that he necessarily traveled over considerable country in order to obtain the data from which to compile the publications and papers:

U. S. G. S. Bulletins

381-a—Coals of the Custer National Forest, Montana.

381-b—(with Gale) Buffalo Coal Field Wyoming.

452—Salt Creek Oil Fields, Wyoming.

471-a—Powder River Oil Field, Wyoming.

471-b—Sussex Coal Field, Wyoming.

531-i—Barber Coal Field, Wyoming.

541-j—Sierra Blanca Coal Field, New Mexico.

581-e—Coalville Coal Field, Utah.

602—Anticlinal Structure in Cotton and Jefferson Counties, Okla.

621-b—(with Heald) Healdton Oil Field, Okla.

621-c—Loco Gas Field, Okla.

621-d—Duncan Gas Field, Okla.

621-e—Palo Pinto County, Texas.

621-g—Lawton Oil and Gas Field, Okla.

621-j—Hardiman County, Texas.

629—Notes on Gas Fields of Central and Southern Oklahoma.

670—Salt Creek Oil Field, Wyoming (Second Report).

U. S. G. S. Prof. P. 108d Wasatch of the Powder River Basin, Wyoming.

Notes on the Oil Fields of Wyoming, Bull. Am. Assoc. Pet. Geol., Vol. 4, No. 1.

During the year 1903 he received his degree of Bachelor of Science, and in 1907 his degree of Master of Arts from the University of Wisconsin, while during 1904 and 1905 he took a post-graduate course at the same university. In 1906-1907 he was assistant instructor of Geology at the University of Illinois.

During 1904 he was on a geological expedition in Ontario, Canada, and in 1916 on an exploration trip in Cuba; while in 1905 and 1906 he resided in the Isle of Pines in the West Indies.

Since 1917 he has been geologist for the Franco Wyoming Oil Company, the Cactus Petroleum Company, and the Western States Oil and Land Company, and at the present time is geologist for the Western States Oil and Land Company and the Midwest Refining Company.

Space does not permit me to comment at length upon Mr. Wegemann's experience and skill as a geologist. Therefore I must be content with expressing the opinion that I consider him one of the leading geologists of the United States with a very creditable record.

Space also prohibits any comment upon his ability as an automobile driver, and he doubtless will be disappointed in the omission from this brief biographical sketch.

The following article entitled "Notes on the Oil Fields of Wyoming," was read by Mr. Wegemann at the 1920 annual meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, held at Dallas, Texas, and should be of interest to "Review" readers:

A brief paper on the oil fields of Wyoming must necessarily be but a summary of present knowledge. Inasmuch as the summary has been prepared on very brief notice, it is feared that much has been left unsaid. It is the writer's hope that this paper may offer some suggestions which will open lines of profitable discussion.

To one coming from the Wyoming fields to those of the Mid-continent, differences and similarities naturally suggest themselves. The Mid-continent is an area of complicated structural problems—complicated because as a rule so few facts can be gathered from surface observation. Wyoming structural geology is much simpler in that the structures at the surface reflect closely those below. There is less left to the imagination and hence less chance of error. It is pre-eminently an area in which to study oil geology and to work out theories of oil accumulation.

The oil fields of Wyoming in the approximate order of their importance are Salt Creek, Big Muddy, Elk Basin, Grass Creek, Rock Creek, Lance Creek, Mule Creek, and probably worthy of mention, Hamilton Dome. Some Wyoming friends would doubtless suggest many others, but it must be remembered that this is merely a summary.

Salt Creek is pre-eminently the great field of the State, the area of the productive territory in the upper sand being about five square miles, and in the second sand approximately four times that area. The story of Salt Creek is not yet told, inasmuch as there are three oil-bearing

(Continued on page 26)

Klahr Camp News

By G. W. Windle

A—Klahr Camp Panorama

B—Jim Gordon, the Cook
D—Left to Right: Nelson, Bossert, Mussellman, Vandergrift, Klahr

C—The Village Sport, Thomas Sayer
E—All-Star Quartet: Henderson, Beeson, Gas Engine Experts; Bossert, foreman; Mussellman, truck herder (Barney Oldfield 2d). Camp Taxi in Background

(This was mailed from Parkerton for the March issue. It was delivered by the postoffice too late for April, so you get it in May.—Ed.)

Camp Motto: Co-operation for Greater Production.

The bunch here at the Camp are going ahead on full steam even though the wage cut has gone into effect. A Victrola with a selection of the latest music and jazz in the Executive Mansion has gone a long way toward keeping up our spirits. Another important gloom dispeller is the Traveling Library. The books we have received are great and furnish enjoyment for many an evening that would otherwise be pretty dull. The only suggestion we can make for improving the Library is that there might be more books as the demand far exceeds the supply.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken to prevent sickness in the camp, two bad cases developed during the month. Paul Miller took sick with paratyphus and has gone to his home in Denver. He was very ill when he left and thus far no word has been received as to his condition. We wish him a speedy recovery, and hope he soon returns to the field.

Oscar Lacknen is ill with typhoid fever in Glenrock. Last reports were that his condition was very bad. We look forward to his ultimate recovery and return to the camp again as soon as he is able.

Selmer Larson is visiting home folks in South Dakota. He is expected to return to the field in a few days.

Trenton Paxston and Cecil Jenison have been promoted into the Ancient Order of Pumpers and are now at Barber No. 12 demonstrating how to keep water in the smokestack.

H. S. Bossart, Frank Bunton, Don Henderson and "Doc" Ellison were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Beeson the early part of the month. Following a sumptuous chicken supper the evening was passed playing cards. Frank Bunton held high score and was given the grand prize. "Doc" Ellison returned with a comic doll fastened to a stick which he called a consolation prize. "Cheer up," Doc, we know your thoughts were concentrated on Topeka as usual and every pumper has his day. (You've had yours.)

H. S. B.: "Where were you last employed?"

Applicant for job: "I was a steam fitter in a bicycle factory."

H. S. B.: "You can go to work with Bill Bobp's gang in the morning."

Quick action of the Klahr Camp fire department saved several thousands of dollars worth of property for Ohio Oil Company when their machine shop burned February ninth.

We agree with Mr. Riney in the January Review that the Hotel De Trudgeon is a fine place, but wish that he would spend a little time in Klahr Camp when he is in this neck of the woods, instead of browsing around in the suburbs. Of course, we realize that outsiders are apt to be misled by the name Main Camp, and think that they are seeing the field when they are there. It is generally known, however, that Klahr Camp is the seat of all field activity.

Chief Clerk Henry Humphrey was the dinner guest of Harry Bossart at the Klahr Camp Eating Palace last Sunday.

Casper Refinery News

Mr. and Mrs. George Boyle of Mills addition are the proud parents of a ten-pound boy. Mr. Boyle is one of the employees at the Wax plant and Mrs. Boyle was formerly Betty Steinle, private secretary to Mr. Leavitt.

Mr. Reed made a business trip to Denver recently. Upon his return he left almost immediately for Greybull.

Standard officials visited the plant on April 4 and 5.

Bob Campbell, Jack Gibbins, Perry Cunningham, Orin Bailey, Captain Dailey, Mel Melvin, Dick Hubbel, and Bob Covington attended the Mystic Shrine celebration at Rawlins May 4, making the trip overland. Considerable snow and mud was encountered upon the return trip. Everyone was back on his job, however, on the morning of the sixth.

Hal P. Riney enjoyed a vacation and visited relatives in Kansas from April 4 to 21.

Colonel Sinclair made a business trip to Denver the latter part of April.

Work at the tank farm is rushing. Mr. Maxwell has a large force and in addition to that employed by the Chicago Bridge and Iron Works. Several records on tank building have already been shattered.

F. C. Payne and others of the Midwest Family made a trip to the Pathfinder Dam on the ninth and tenth of April. They enjoyed fishing and camping and returned feeling better for their short vacation.

Beatrice Findholdt has resigned her position at the Casper Refinery office and is succeeded by Mildred E. Blair of Greeley, Colo.

Among those on the sick list during April were: Guy Smith, George Stone, G. W. Bantinberg, Dallas Cathcart.

Casper Refinery Warehouse Notes

The solution of Jack Groner's perpetual smile may lie in the fact that prospects look rosy for Johnie on the old Homestead again this season. Jack's last year's crop of prairie dogs carried off all honors at the Natrona County Fair, and Jack says he will duplicate the feat again this year.

An Almost Daily Conversation:

Gauvain: "Going Fishing Sunday?"

The Victim: "Yes, I may go."

Gauvain: "I know where we can get some swell worms."

The Victim: "Where?"

Gauvain: "Back of Tank 4,11,44."

The Victim: "Get a shovel."

No one seemed to get a definite answer from Hunter as to number of fish he caught on that first trip up Canyon Creek. How about it Hunter, are you afraid of the Game Warden, or like Steve, did you take a chance?

The new phone system being installed in warehouse will assure Potter of hourly communication with the wife, assuring her of his safety. For some reason the boys like to take advantage of the Fly-weight Champ of the Warehouse.

Altho Torrance's fame on the instrument called the "Koronet" is state-wide, he came to us unheralded, a blushing, bashful boy.

Chas. A. Shankle is a silent partner in a dance hall in North Burlington just nearing completion, just how silent we do not know. Good luck, Charlie, in your venture.

A gathering of the meek and humble of heart often takes place at a North Ash Street house in direct violation of the 18th Amendment; Boy, page Greenup and Clark.

W. J. Sloan, our Warehouse General Foreman has a picture hanging in his office, of himself riding Commanche Bill, a Wyoming outlaw, taken on the spring roundup of '84 at the Dirty Forks of the Big Nasty River. Commanche Bill was a CY roan and had thrown all previous riders, including "Two Pistol" Jack and "Eat 'Em Up" Jake.

Figures were submitted and contract let for the erection of a spacious mansion in Mills Addition with ample housing facilities for Hon. T. J. Glenn and his dog Sunday.

Charlie Black, Warehouse Stockman, scion of a wealthy Fort Lupton, Colo., family deposes and says: Having established a permanent residence in the city of Mills, Wyo. and being urged by some very prominent men of that fair city to run for the office of Chief of Police, has finally consented to seek the nomination, and will appreciate the support of all his friends and acquaintances (bootleggers preferred).

Geo. Kaltenbach bought a car and offered the flimsy excuse that he intended making quite a few fishing and pleasure trips, but George being a good looking young man a few years above the age of reason, is susceptible to attacks of longing for the company of the opposite sex. But continue adamant, George, and remember the words of a wise and illustrious gentleman:

Love intoxicates a man,
Marriage sobers him.

Not mentioning any names, but Wasson and Black have received considerable literature relative to the Ozark Mountain country, but we will lay you five to one these two squirrel-shooting gentlemen will spend their declining years and die a natural death in our fair city of Casper.

E. J. Harrington, former Big Muddy employee, now graces the warehouse with his august presence.

Isn't It Strange?

Isn't it strange how much more men think of their automobile tires than they do of their feet? Just take notice for example, and walk through the area at the Refinery which is set aside for the parking of employees automobiles and see if you can find boards with nails sticking up in them. We doubt very much if a single one could be found in the entire space. And if perchance one had fallen from a truck and had not been noticed by the driver it would be very quickly picked up and thrown to one side where no damage could result from it.

On the other hand, walk around some of our construction work where dozens or maybe hundreds of men are working and walking about every day and we venture to say you will find a multitude of boards lying around with nails sticking up in them.

Every day our First Aid Department is busy dressing the feet of working men who step on these nails and become injured. In a recent Daily Accident Report from the Casper Refinery three men were listed as having been injured, and all three of them were in the same department and the nature of the injury was "nail punctured foot." The cause of the injury was "stepped on nail." In two cases the injured employee was taken to the doctor and sent home. In the third case, first aid treatment was applied and employee returned to work. If the time lost from employment by these two men alone was spent in picking up or bending over some of these protruding nails, it would probably prevent a great many similar injuries.

It is the duty of every foreman on every construction job, or for that matter, work of any kind, to see that objects of this kind which may cause possible injury to their workmen are taken care of. There is no one thing at which time may be spent which will produce greater results or economic saving than making "safe" the place in which men have to work. Such conditions existing in any department or around any construction work cast an unsatisfactory reflection upon the executive ability of any foreman. The *foreman* on any job is responsible for the safety of his men, not only for the conditions existing around them, but also for the conduct of the men as well; and he should insist that their methods of doing their work should be along approved lines which offer a maximum of safety and a minimum hazard. A foreman is ex-officio, the real safety man on the job as he is the one who is always present and looking after the detail of the work in progress.

Foremen: Look over your tools and see that they are all in proper shape for use and that your equipment is in a good state of repair. If you have any on hand that is not safe nor worthy of repair—junk it, and get new equipment. It is much cheaper than paying doctor and hospital bills.

Try to keep dangerous debris picked up around the job. It is to your interest to keep your men *on the job* instead of *in the hospital.*

The following is a summary of the accidents occurring throughout the Midwest organization for the month of March, 1921. As was explained in the April issue of the Midwest Review, our organization is divided into sixteen units from which we receive Daily Accident Reports. We find that for the month of March there were eight units which were entirely free from accidents and especially those caused by "Foreign Body in the Eye" and "Nail in Foot." These accidents, we feel, are entirely unnecessary and are caused primarily by negligence of employees to wear their goggles and to bend over nails which are left protruding in boards which are thrown on the ground. When employees will form habits in regard to these two forms of accidents, our trouble from this source will be greatly reduced.

Foreign body in eye	25
Lac. cont.	47
Acid burn	8
Steam fire burn	2
Explosion	0
Nail in foot	11
Sprain or strain	21
Asphyxiation	1
Fracture	2
Rupture	0
Miscellaneous	7
Total	124

Laramie Industrial Council Banquet

A real enjoyable banquet was held in Laramie on Friday evening, May 6, at the home of Charles Loucks and William Bremmerman.

After partaking of a most delicious dinner, cooked and served by Mr. Loucks, Burke H. Sinclair, Director of Industrial Relations, acting as toastmaster, assigned the following subjects to the members of the council for discussion:

H. L. Minister—"The Raising of Children."

William Bremmerman—"The Irish Question."

R. B. Moudy—"The Psychology of the Bed Bug." (Mr. Moudy used a life sized model in illustrating his talk.)

J. F. Cullen—"The Advantages of a Hudson Car over a Buick."

John Guthrie, of the First National Bank of Laramie, and W. A. Cummings of the Industrial Council.—a debate concerning advantages and disadvantages of being baldheaded, Mr. Cummings taking the affirmative and Mr. Guthrie the negative.

L. A. Reed, Superintendent Manufacturing, Midwest Refining Company—Topics of the Day.

After the discussions of the assigned subjects, a general discussion of welfare work; a closer relationship between employer and employee; higher efficiency; and other subjects which concerned the Industrial Council.

Those present at the banquet were:

L. A. Reed and Burke H. Sinclair, of Casper; J. F. Cullen and John Guthrie; and the members of the Industrial Council, R. B. Moudy, William Bremmerman, W. A. Cummings, J. H. Sanders, R. S. Morris and H. L. Minister, Secretary.

In addition to these was the pleasant and capable host, Charles Loucks.

Every Little Helps

Denver, Colo., April 9, 1921.

To the Editor of the Midwest Review,

Dear Sir: I read with much interest The Midwest Review published every month. It contains many articles of interest and information that the stockholders, as well as the employees, and the public should know about. The illustrations are especially good. The Review is improving with each issue, for which I wish to congratulate you. I wish you much success in the future.

I read in the March number a verse from the poem entitled, "Then you're Drunk." The poem is not complete without the other verse entitled, "Then you're Sober," a copy of which is enclosed herewith. Perhaps you may wish to publish this verse in your next issue. This poem is by Walter Juan Davis, formerly a reporter of the Denver Post, who should be given credit for the same. Yours truly,

GEORGE L. BETTCHER,
Architect.

If Not, Why Not?

(We like this sort of thing very much and want the Midwest Family to air all their views and ideas in the Midwest Review.—Ed.)

Salt Creek, Wyo., April 26, 1921.

Editor Review, Casper, Wyoming,

My Dear Sir: I am a telegrapher learning gauging at Station No. 1 here.

Will concede to start with that the present system of taking gauge on those nine tanks cannot be beat nor duplicated and it's the only sure system.

But will you or any one help me try out an idea I have that even if the present one is O. K., use my idea to check against it. My idea is this:

Place a float in the tank resting on the oil. Have a perpendicular piece of steel 33 feet or less high attached with pine cogs 1-8 inch apart, these cogs to turn a wheel and wind up a cord that would extend to the station having a small weight at the end at the station with a gauge to register how much it rose or lowered. The post at the station would have been the same height or higher than the tank, of course. Even though gauge was taken as now, this other would enable the engineer to observe it and know at all times what the oil in the tanks was doing, and I believe it would register as accurately and more so than the present tape and windlass. Yours truly,

———.

A Good All Round Man

Bruce, Ill., May 2, 1921.

Mr. L. A. Reed, Casper, Wyo.,

Dear Sir: I can pitch baseball. I can work on a bull gang, can clean condenser boxes, storage tanks, tank cars; can load tank cars, can do office work or assist a stillman; can also do various other jobs around a refinery.

I want a job with the Midwest Refining Company. Do I get it, Mr. Reed?

Yours truly,

———.

Ananias Was An Amateur Liar

(From The Rig and Reel Magazine, published by the Parkersburg Rig and Reel Company. We reprint by courtesy of this company, because we are profoundly impressed with the truth of the story.—Ed.)

In the January issue we reprinted one of the oil field yarns that sounded a bit "fishy."

The suggestion was made that we would print some of the faked-up stories if the charter members of the Ananias Club would submit their best efforts.

Now comes J. A. R., hiding his identity, modestly, behind three non-committal initials. Whoever he is, his imagination is sure a "gusher." Listen to the following:

"After reading a number of articles on the early adventures of pioneer refiners in their efforts to determine some plan whereby crude oil could be made into more valuable products than merely for burning in crude torches, a remarkable difference can be seen between our first attempts of refining and our modern methods.

"But of all the systems in use, a town in Wyoming boasts of having a resident who has the world beat when it comes to refining crude oil.

"In the shallow fields of Wyoming there is a very high gravity crude oil and occasionally is found a spring where crude oil runs out on top of water. During the dry season a boy was herding the family cows near one of these springs where he could catch frogs for pastime. One evening, after milking the cows, the mother noticed that the milk smelt like gasoline. She called her husband's attention to it and he immediately held a lighted match near the milk and to his surprise found it would burn. He then secured a hydrometer and upon weighing the milk found that it was a mixture of kerosene and gasoline, so he asked the boy where he herded the cows and immediately set out to ascertain why the oil had spoiled the milk. Upon investigation he found that the cows were drinking this water with crude oil in it. So that gave the old man an idea and he gradually increased the amount of crude oil in this water until he soon had the cows drinking pure crude oil.

"Then by a little experimenting, he found that he could milk about four times a day and get about four gallons of 58 gravity gasoline and one-half gallon of 42 gravity kerosene, so he at once increased his herd and started to buck the other big refiners and caused the prices to be lowered. Now he was able not only to supply his home town, but laid pipe lines to other nearby towns, supplying them with their gasoline and kerosene.

"The last I knew of him he had resigned his job as a section hand and spends his winters in California and his summers in the North, fishing and trying to keep his money down so he can count it."

The Massacre of Broadway Park

The ed. of this here sheet called the Midwest Review, had a bright idea the other day, and comes to me and says, "Lookie here, Alf., you was present at a historical and important event, and we want you to give us a good story as an eye-witness to one of the greatest massacres that has occurred in history, one that takes rank with Custer's and St. Bartholomew's, and that is the Massacre of Broadway Park, which took place on Saturday afternoon, April 23, 1921, at about the hour two after lunch, when the Denver Broncs just naturally murdered and trampled to death the boys of the Denver Office Baseball team by a score of 99 to 1 or thereabouts."

Well, I says to the ed. that I ain't much of a historian, such as Macaulay or Ring Lardner, but that I'd do the best I could to relate the incidents of importance so that the dear readers of this here Review would be able to remember the previously stated date as well as some of us remember the date of the fall of Constantinople, which our M. & M. teacher impressed

Al Ohnemus in Action

Survivors of Broadway Massacre

J. Gaeser — F. J. Keleher

upon our minds by hard and extreme torture, whereas the heel of his shoe might have had more effect.

To start with, it all happened about this a way: Tom Downey, who happens to be chief wrangler of these 'ere Broncs, was scoutin' around a-lookin' for some grapes. Our manager, Alf., who thinks a lot more of our ball players than they do themselves, is anxious to put them up against a few Goliaths in hopes that they might demonstrate to themselves and others that they might be Little Davids—Five Cent Cigar. So he gets Cap. Hughes, and they hied themselves out to Broadway Park one sunny afternoon and makes the fact known to the aforementioned Tom Downey, that they thought they had the fastest ball team in the World not excepting the Cleveland Indians, which they assured him would be grapes for them. So Mr. Downey, being desirous of letting all comers endeavor to ride his Broncs, consented to engage in battle at two after lunch on the now renowned date of April 23d.

Therewith, our manager, being full of gusto and lunch, led his lambkins out to the old Bear Pit, now known as the Corral, and put them through their paces before this battle in order to get them used to the grounds and the crowd. However, the ground remained the same, but the crowd, most of which was not in the dugout, but remained in the grandstand, was what bothered them to an exceeding degree, as the boys were kinda skeered at seeing so many eyes gazing at them from so many different angles that it quite vanquished them.

Then the battle, or rather rout, began which made Bull Run look like a hundred-yard dash compared with a marathon. Ray Hamilton was selected to start, but he has been playing too many drums of late so he begged off with this as an excuse; but it has been rumored that the crowd was bigger than seen at any dance at which Ray had played and he wanted time to get acclimated.

Our next best bet was then picked. This 'ere bet replies to the name of Frank E. Waltman. He, being a game guy, swallowed a piece of apple which he had left from his lunch, and marches out to the mound like a regular baseball player, and started into zip them, we won't say "over," because if the grandstand had not been where it was, it might have been necessary for Mount Evans to serve in a like capacity. After the first man got free transportation to first, Frank essayed to "Carlmay" the second batter, but only succeeded in putting one so close that it knocked the dust off the back of his shirt, which was enough to allow him to canter softly to first. Then the stampede began. Hamilton was rushed to the mound, and after a good bit of dust three Broncs were broke, and we came in to do our bit.

Our bit was of the nth quantity of the square of one. However, as an eye-witness, two acts of bravery were noted. One occurred in the second inning when our boys with their backs to the fence, and the Broncs showing their heels in Jack Dempsey fashion, pulled a remarkable triple play, and gave the Broncs a scare and Tom Downey almost fainted, but somebody put their hand on their hip and Tom came back to life mucho pronto.

Again along about the middle of the fiasco, Bobo Scherrer caught one of Red Donovan's slants and gave it a ride to deep center which almost winded Buzz Murphy in getting it back

Denver Office Battery

to home. Earl then scored on the Cap's infield out, by throwing a nasty pair of spikes at Catcher Diamond.

The battle then went from bad to worse, and partly because it was getting late, and mostly because the Broncs were all in from making so many runs, we were able to secure enough outs to call it a game.

Now this here article "aint" much of an account, but as the ed. asked us to do our darn'dest, we did. Now, be it resolved that the moral in this here recorded event is not that the bigger they come, the harder they fall; but more appropriately that the bigger they come, the harder they be to knock down, and all of which has been proved with mathematical certainty by the afore recorded episode.

We do not believe that we owe apologies to Ring W. Lardner or anybody else for the style used in recording these here mentioned details, for we are of the august opinion that such a notable as R. W. L. could have done much better.

Russell's Dope

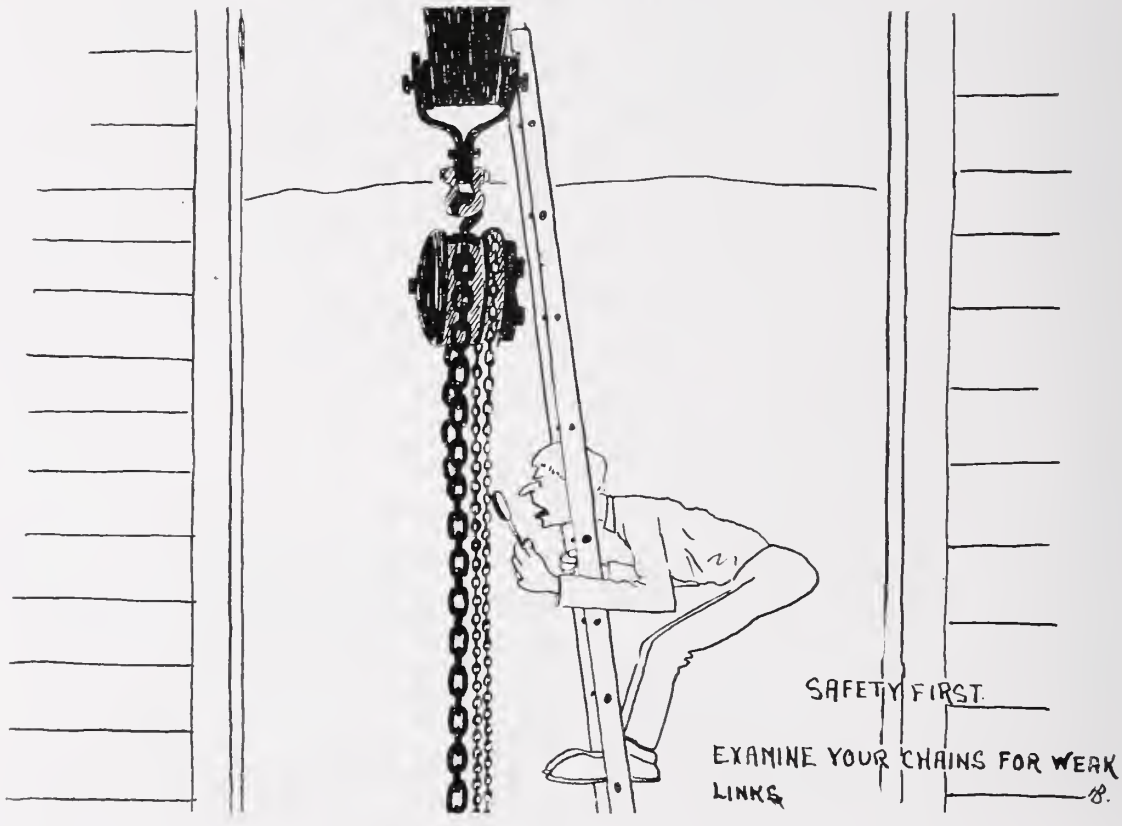
While the Denver team is composed mostly of veterans from last year, with the exception of Philbin, it has been going poorly in practice. The pep seems to be lacking, or else the boys have gone stale or are not yet in condition. South Denver High School defeated us by a score of 9 to 6. The Denver Midwest League team romped upon us by a score of 20 to 1. We defeated the Colorado National Bank team by a score of 28 to 7. However, they were a very weak team. In our last game, some improvement was shown, and we succeeded in defeating the Colorado & Southern nine in ten innings, by a score of 11 to 10. Our pitchers are still out of condition, but we are in hopes they will be in trim for the opening game on May 14.

Arthur Hughes of the Cost Accounting Division was elected captain for this year to succeed Al. Ohnemus. Al., however, remains with the team, and will hold down the first sack. Art is a fast man and heady, and gives promise of making a good captain.

In order to plug up the hole at third base, Shorty Hanlin has been moved from behind the bat. Bill May will try the receiving end. Roy Johnson will evidently be placed in left field. Joe Gaiser and Roddy Conners look like our best bets for right field, while the ever-reliable Bo Scherrer is still in center. A new man, Purcell, will be tried out in the future.

Men who join hands in a common cause are not only stronger for defense, they are stronger for the aggression without which nothing in this world gets done.

Talk is like blonde hair; if there is too much of it, you doubt if it is real.

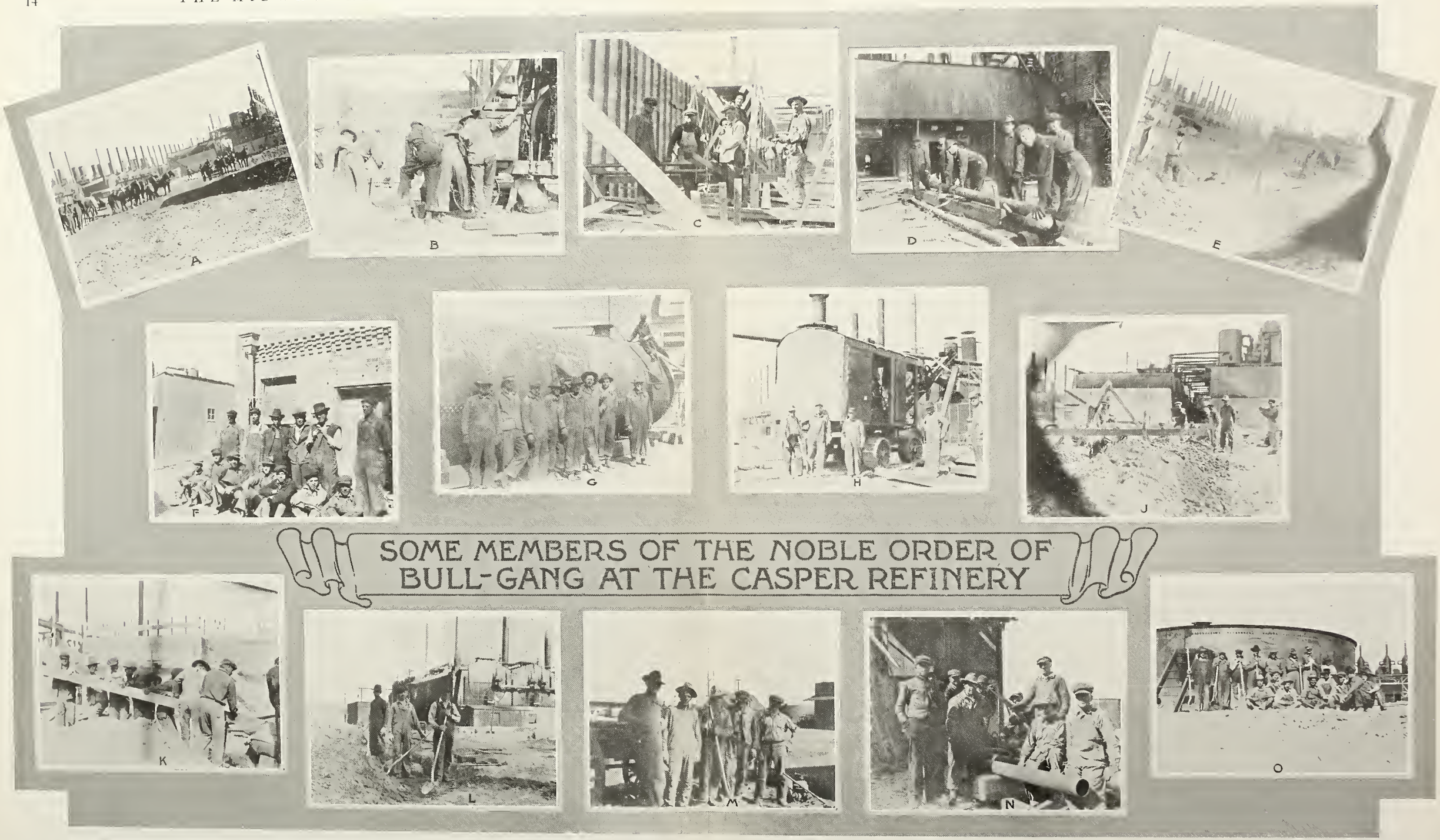


Safety First

Midwest Baseball League Schedule for Season 1921

	STERLING	SCOTTSBLUFF	DENVER	LARAMIE	CASPER	GREYBULL
Sterling	**Casper**	May 17, 18, 19, 20 July 21, 22, 23, 24 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7	May 30-30, 31. June 1 June 23, 24, 25, 26 Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30	May 3, 4, 5 June 14, 15, 16, 17 July 30, 31. Aug. 1, 2	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 7, 8, 9, 10 Aug. 18, 19, 20, 21	June 9, 10, 11, 12 July 11, 12, 13, 14 Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16
Scottsbluff	May 21, 22, 23, 24 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 8, 9, 10, 11	**Greybull**	May 6, 7, 8, 9 July 26, 27, 28, 29 Aug. 23, 24, 25, 26	May 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 June 28, 29, 30. Jl. 1 Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11	June 9, 10, 11, 12 July 12, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 7, 8, 9, 10 Aug. 18, 19, 20, 21
Denver	May 26, 27, 28, 29 June 18, 19, 20, 21 Aug. 31. Sep. 1, 2, 3	May 12, 13, 14, 15 June 14, 15, 16, 17 Jly. 30, 31. Aug. 1, 2	**or Laramie**	June 9, 10, 11, 12 July 11, 12, 13, 14 Aug. 13, 14, 15, 16	May 21, 22, 23, 24 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7	May 17, 18, 19 July 21, 22, 23, 24-24 Aug. 8, 9, 10, 11
Laramie	A. 27, 28, 29, 30. M. 1 July 26, 27, 28-28 Aug. 23, 24, 25, 26	May 31. June 1-1 July 2, 3, 4-4 Sept 4, 5-5, 6	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 7, 8, 9, 10 Aug. 18, 19, 20, 21	**Will**	May 17, 18, 19 July 21, 22, 23, 24-24 Aug. 9, 10, 11, 12	May 20, 21, 22, 23 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7
Casper	May 12, 13, 14, 15 June 28, 29, 30. Jl. 1 Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11	April 27, 28, 29, 30 June 18, 19, 20, 21 Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30	May 1, 2, 3, 4 July 2, 3, 4-4 Sept. 4, 5-5, 6	May 6, 7, 8, 9 June 23, 24, 25, 26 Aug. 31. Sep. 1, 2, 3	**Win**	May 30, 31. June 1-1 June 13, 14, 15, 16 Jly. 30, 31. Aug. 1, 2
Greybull	May 6, 7, 8, 9 July 2, 3, 4-4 Sept. 4, 5-5, 6	May 1, 2, 3, 4 June 23, 24, 25, 26 Aug. 31. Sept. 1, 2, 3	April 27, 28, 29, 30 June 28, 29, 30. Jl. 1 Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11	May 12, 13, 14, 15 June 18, 19, 20, 21 Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30	May 26, 27, 28, 29 July 26, 27, 28, 29 Aug. 23, 24, 25-25	**the Pennant**

Hang This Over Your Desk, Bench or on the Handle of Your Shovel



SOME MEMBERS OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF BULL-GANG AT THE CASPER REFINERY

A—Teamsters and Their Outfits
B—Not a Rescue Squad, But Raising a Cement Mixer
C—The Saw and Hammer Squad
D—Wrestling a Piece of Six-Inch Pipe
E—Digging In
F—A Bunch Looking Pretty
G—Those Who Clean the Stills
H—Placing the Steam Shovel
J—More Diggers
K—Yo, Heave! Not Much Exertion
L—At Ease for Picture
M—One Worker—the One with the Shovel
N—Pipe Workers and Others
O—Charles Coombs and His Platoon—All at Parade Rest

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Bell Spring Notes

Driller Robert R. Roe and Tool Dresser James Doyle of Section 16, were transferred to Section 4, where they will ably assist in procuring production in that part of the field. They also took the entertainment with them.

"Midnight," the Midwest Man O' War has emerged from his training stable and is now taking recreation on separation flats. His trainer, Clyde Hammers, has moved to Section 2 where he has been busy locating Section 6 in the sand.

Lester Johnson returned from his short visit to Denver. Most of his time was taken up in an effort to procure a quarter's worth of candy for M. E. Neal.

Robert Roe is contemplating purchasing a Buick Six, instead of entangling in the bonds of matrimony.

All rig material on the various leases in the Ferris field is now rapidly being transferred to Mahoney Dome. Owing to severe weather and condition of the roads transportation on separation flats has been slow the past week. The road between Section 16 and Section 4 was in such condition as to cause Superintendent J. M. Roe no little trouble in keeping his newly painted Buick in spotless condition.

Mrs. Valentine spent one night in Rawlins during the middle of the week.

The boys up at Mahoney are gaining considerable weight since the arrival of the new cook, Mr. Ruby Taylor.

Besides "Jiggs," Joe Trempe has eight new star boarders and not one of them is affected with indigestion.

George Berkeley visited the city recently to see the musical comedy, "Mutt and Jeff," and was much elated over the show in general. George has been directing the Bible class of late with very good results, mostly for himself and Otto Aebi.

The Line Rider's Yarn

'Twas in the month of December,
When snow was on the ground,
Our old line rider he took sick
And couldn't get around.

So we put in Jack as a substitute
To ride the line all day,
And told him he would have to scoot
If he would earn his pay.

So he's on his horse and out of town
Real early in the day,
While you are still wrapped in your gown
And safely in the hay.

He rode the line all winter
And never missed a trip,
Though several times the blizzards
They sure did howl and rip.

With his sheepskin coat and mittens on
He hits the trail with a gladsome song,
And rides straight through to Hidden Dome,
Where the coyotes and the sheep do roam.

When he gets there he has to sup
With one J. Snow and his bull pup,
Who's tending camp for the Ohio
But swears to Elk Basin he will surely go.

When morning dawns he's stirring around,
Takes the back trail for Basin Town.
When he gets home at the end of day
He's surely glad to hit the hay.
Though Jack, like the rest, has many a fault,
The Boss still thinks he is worth his salt.
As the old line rider is still real sick
Jack says to the job he'll surely stick,
For when summer comes with its warm sunshine,
It won't be so bad to ride the line.

Purchasing Department Quotations—F.O.B. Denver

Letters of a Japanese Office-Boy

To Hon. Editor "Middlewest Refew" who have sweetly kondisend to print unworthy letter eckstend by me, in Hon. Magaseen. These kindly act are kindle in my buzzom much defying braveness in case of possible madness from Hon. Wallace Irwin (valuable friend to my esteemable cousin, Hon. Hashimura Togo). Dearie Sir:

Dragging from my hip-pocket my self-loading, Waterbury spouting-pen, I are about to be taking up with you considerable matter of gravy importanse—for mostly part concerned to Hon. Wether. These out-of-place wether are one seriously matter, and should to be fixed. These buziness of making snowish blizzerd in delicious month of April cause much disgust and profane swearing by Hon. Jay Mudgett, Billy Nicoll, Rudy Erickson and other relijous gentlemans. Myself, I am thinking these large disgust are from facts that these blizzerd get throo within too early space of time. When these blizzerd commence blizzing in buziness-like manners, such gentlemens have reckolecshuns of year 1913 A. D. when street-cars, Fords and all other horses desided to expire or strike from working about 10 a. m. in morning, giving these gentlemens and many more hard-working married mans favorable eggskuse for remaining

distances away from loving wifes and furnaces. Some of these were making effort to call such wifes on telefone for purpose of to snagger "Impossible to get home, dear; take good care of yourself, and don't worry"—while other ones think wise to not try these telefone for fear, due to eggsitement, Hon. Miss Central may make mistake and get correct number. But such blizzerd were take place in Hon. month December—and too much should not to be expeckt of little delikate April blizzerd. Anyway, Hon. Mr. Editor, I renig something should be did about these wether. I am hearing of lately about these "Powers of the Press." These seem to be of so large importanse that Hon. Referend Boil must talk sermons inside of Hon. Church concerned to such, and are making so deep dents on brain-pans of Hon. Denver Post, that these noospaper are snagger to Referend Boil —"Try it yourself, and see how you like it!" (or speech to such affect). Referend Boil seem thinking that Hon. Denver Post and other yellow-colored paper is reason for many bloodish murderings of Motheringlaws and other Bootleggers, also cause of bandits, Joshua Jehova Sykes, landlords and other sneak-thiefs. He intimidates that these noisepaper are conduckt in such ways that same are risponsable for Hon. Bill Haywood, mixed marriages of Mary Pickwick, and for Irish questions, while he prisent noshun that by muscular power of Hon. Noospaper Hon. Publik can make self get educashun, and many good may be did—(such like getting job as mishunary or moving pickture star for pretty ladys which have aksidentally on purpose mangled or murdered some dearie friend during moment of eggsitement).

"NO!" thunder Hon. Press, with skornful voice; "Hon. Publik *must have news!*"—which are meaning that these must get sixty-five sents ($.65c) worth of Murders, divorshes, sooysides, Indian Guides, Bullsheveeks, Grand Uproar, High School skandels and other Politix.

But these matter concerned to Hon. wether seem very negleckted. I ask to know, dearie sir, cannot such oppertunity be grabbed, and snuggestshun be made to Dr. Boil that speshul attenshun be shown to such while he are Overseer in charges of editting Hon. Denver Post? Myself I am thinking Dr. Boil may be gladly acceptible of such advizing, for objicks of filling up vacant spaces beformerly ockupied by Hon. News. Unless these wether are attended about soon, who can tell what day in bridish month of June, or even on so-Gloriyous Fourth July, may come rip-snooting blizzerd, with strong wind and icicles, and in pale A. M. light we might all found ourself buried like Hon. Eskimoos under bottom of sky-skraping snow-bank.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours respicktably,

I. SHURAM NUTTI.

"Our Mr. Nicoll," notwithstanding the fact that he has been a resident of the U. S. A. since a tender age, and that he saw very active service in his Uncle Samuel's army overseas, as a member of a machine-gun or "Suicide Squad" —has only recently become a bonafide citizen with a capital "C." Anyone who has been privileged to overhear some of Bill's remarks in regard to the recent brand of Saturday weather as it affects his game of golf, will be allowed three guesses to determine his former nationality. "HOOT MON!"

Bill claims to have heard some interesting things, while awaiting his turn to be examined. For example:

Q. Do you believe in polygamy?
A. Yes.
Q. Oh, you do? What is polygamy?
A. I can't remember now, I know though.
Q. Do you believe in a man having more than one wife?
A. Oh, no!
Q. Do you believe in Anarchy?
A. Yes.
Q. What does anarchy mean?
A. Same as polygamy——— ————

Of course we weren't there personally; we are obliged to take Bill's word for this.

Does the apparent tendency to revert to the ancient "Blue-Laws" carry with it the possible revival of the old-time "whipping-post?" Anyone who overheard "Zahnie" answering the telephone a few days ago, might think so:

"Hello,"

"No, Mr. Grant is in the Traffic Department. Hold the phone a moment and I'll have you switched."

"Harold," asked the teacher, "can you give me a sentence containing the term 'weather-beaten'?"

"Sure," returned Mr. Mudgett, Jr. "My dad roots for the Bronchos whether beaten or not!"

"And can you tell me the shape of the world, Harold?"

"Well, Pop says it's in a hell of a shape."

Mr. Miller: "Do you save any of your salary, Gordon?"

Gordon Porter: "Yes sir, but I never lend money to *nobody*."

"Billy Nicoll got a notice from the War Department yesterday saying that he had been killed in France."

"What did he do about it?"

" Wrote back immediately and told them to do nothing further until they heard definitely from him."

Mr. Wm. H. Upton has recently announced that he is thinking of going in for the raising of silk-worms in his cellar, on a large scale. (Please do not misconstrue this—the "scale" in question has nothing to do with avoirdupois; it is merely a figure of speech. Also, do not become confused by the reference to the cellar, and imagine that Mr. Upton is dabbling in home-brew or mushrooms.) SILK-WORMS, we speak of—SILK-WORMS! Anyone who knows where Mr. Upton can purchase a large and flourishing Mulberry orchard for feeding purposes, will greatly oblige him by giving him this information. We thank you.

Regina O'Neill: "Vera, don't you think you should be entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Vera Banks: "Well, Gene, you see he is out of town this week."

Ask Messrs. Mudgett and Erickson about this:

Last night I held a hand in mine,
It was so small and sweet,
I thought my heart would surely break
So loudly did it beat.
No other hand into my heart
Can greater rapture bring,
Than the little hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

—Selected.

Ethelbert and Mirabella Take a Sight-Seeing Trip

It was a fine autumnal day in spring one night, when Ethelbert and Mirabella hopped into their new Egyptian Fiat, for a trip through the oil country.

Ethelbert had planned this trip for the purpose of convincing Mirabella that, sometime in the near future, she would become his wife. With the help of a Fiat, greased with the best of Midwest products, he hoped to reach Teapot Dome for a quiet lunch, where he would hand her a line that would knock the bottoms out of a pressure still. The Teapot Dome Inn is noted for its excellent tea, and Ethelbert, being quite a tank, succeeded in Kasoming more than his share, leaving none for storage. Great loss, account of outage and temperature, ensued. Seated opposite at a calibration table, Ethelbert met on old teacher, Pro. Duction. He was surprised to see him so fat; in fact, Pro. Duction admitted he was loading tank cars, to reduce. When asked if he ever intended to settle down, he replied that the nearest he had come was, Chief Clerk of the Settlement Division, which used to be all Wright before he took charge.

Mirabella was anxious to go canoeing in Cat Creek. Ethelbert thought it crude, but nothing was too good for refined Mirabella. It was here that Ethelbert bet on a horse race, but didn't Winnett. He felt pretty weak after this, but having an Armstrong enough to crank the Fiat, they started for Elk Basin.

After leaving Elk Basin, they found a Lost Soldier near Ferris Dome. Mirabella, however, did not take even part interest in this place, so they primed the Egyptian Fiat. After much pressure still, the old boat wasn't running well, and Ethelbert finally found a great quantity of slop oil in the carbureter, which must have splashed in when they hit a Big Muddy place in the road. In spite of all this trouble, he was determined to Lander. Finally, after sweating and re-sweating, Ethelbert decided to take a Naphtha next day, which was beautiful, and they reached Denver in time to be interviewed by the editor.

George E. Irey of the Production Department, and W. W. Power of the Cost Accounting, left April 30th for California by automobile. Both of them will be missed by the Accounting Division, and they have our sincere good wishes for success in their new location.

Some low person entered the home of Henry Vervalin not long ago and acquired possession of some of Henry's and Mrs. Vervalin's valuables.

Mr. Heerlein is at a loss to know when it comes to a skin game, how much the doctor should graft.

F. M. Waltman, the James Whitcomb Riley of the Accounting Division, remarked last month that he felt another spasm of poetry creeping upon him, and here it is:

A Fisherman's Dream

When the snow begin to meltin',
And the streams are runnin' high,
The trees begin to buddin',
And the days are rollin' by;

The game laws have been issued;
You can repeat 'em from the start,
Your rod and lines are ready,
And you're waitin' with anxious heart.

For those last few days are terrors,
They seem just years away,
Before you can cast that feathered fly,
And watch that fish in play.

You've caught that great big fellow
A dozen times or more;
He's jumped and run and sulked on you
Until your wrist was sore.

You know his each and every trick,
Just what you're going to do.
You're sure it's doped out right this time—
He's coming home with you.

BUT: when the snow begins to meltin',
And the streams are runnin' high,
And the trees begin to buddin',
And the days are rollin' by,

You'll have to get out and hustle,
That's what you'll have to do,
If you're going to catch that fellow
And bring him home with you.

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

How many trips the messengers have to make around the hall.
How many bells they answer a day.
There are more bells than just yours.
There is always somebody ringing.
That a kind word helps.
That the messengers are human.

U. TELLEM.

Saabd Doings

Maybe it was in a nursery rhyme, or some other place that we read it. However, that matters not, but the fact remains that some notable or unnotable immortal said that "April showers bring May flowers." Perhaps this will be true from the way our Denver "Wind Artists" showered the April number of the Review with their literary contributions.

It might be none of our business as a contributor, but nevertheless we say "Hop to it, boys and girls, the more the merrier." Some other noted "gink" with nose glasses uttered an expression that "competition was the life of trade." Thusly, contributions are the life of the Review, and especially the Denver Office end.

Up in this neck of the office—we say "up," because we are situated nine stories above the ground in the northwest corner—things have been happening which indicate the rapid approach or arrival of that well known but rather disappointing individual, Mr. Spring.

Most important is the evidence of numerous catalogs describing fishing paraphernalia in enticing terms resting on and in the vicinity of 'Gene Illius' desk. These have an exhilarating effect upon our boss, and make him look longingly at the calendar, upon which May 25th becomes large and of a red color. No doubt, there are others who see calendars in the same light. 'Gene is very modest about his prowess as a fisherman, but all of us "birds" who report to him daily believe that he is the "champeen fish artist" of the Denver office. If you don't believe that, we will get the statistics to prove our contention—that is, if statistics can be gotten regarding "fishitis." So that ends our argument, and we are glad we won it.

Getting down to brass tacks, another important event which heralds the coming of Spring—Mister Spring, if you please—was the arrival of a wagonload of government garden seeds, which were secured through the noble efforts of our renowned lobbyist, Mr. McCann and his personal acquaintance with our Congressman, Mr. Vaile. We don't know whether this is so, or not, but it reads well, so why not give Barney credit? He might need it for campaign purposes about the first of next year. Everyone was highly delighted to receive his portion. However, some pulled a mean trick on Jake Bohman—that is, Jake thinks somebody did—which caused his name to be misspelled upon his allotment. It was spelled "BOWMAN" which infers that Jake has bow-legs, which fact he emphatically denies.

Our division was honored by the visits of several characters of note during April. On Saturday, April 2d, Bill Casey's son paid us his respects, and gave all the boys the "once-over," and expressed his approval of the bunch his dad had to work with.

A few days later, one of the old-timers dropped in to say "hello." This was no less a personage than Oliver Brewster, one of the early employees of the Traffic Department, and the first catcher of our first baseball team. Ollie is now selling Fords.

Another visitor was Mr. Ralph W. Mensch, formerly connected with us by way of the Traffic Department. Ralph has been traveling some since he left us, but he says that he is now back in Denver for good (of the city).

On the 31st of March, Olaf Mauldin, having become of age a few months before, joined the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Olaf says it was "hot stuff" and he is now trying to grow a pair of antlers, but believes he would have more luck growing a beard.

Raymond Hamilton is making such a reputation as a drummer as to have been the recipient of many promising offers along this line. One of the most promising was received from a Mr. I. M. Coming, who practically promised to make him a millionaire within a year.

It has also been rumored that Ray has entered a bicycle race here, on May 7th. The boys of the Sales Accounting Division are getting a pot together to back him if he starts.

Tom May has the earmarks of another Tex Rickard. He is constantly on the lookout for white hopes. He thought he had one spotted in Charlie Blattner's office the other day. He tried to get Al Ohnemus to go in and talk business with this prospect, owing to the fact that Tom thought Albert might have a better chance to see his eyes.

Roy Johnson and Olaf Mauldin went to Pueblo last Saturday—don't get alarmed, they just motored down for a trip, nothing serious.

A suspicious looking package which resembled something that might be against the 18th amendment was seen resting upon Joyce de la Gardie's desk. However, upon inspection, we don't know who inspected it, it was found to contain leather puttees.

Bill Elliott and Wade Casey were over in the library a few weeks ago when Bill chanced to look out of the window. "Say, Wade," said Bill, "that's a fine looking filling station they are putting up over there." Wade took a look and replied, "It certainly is, I guess I'll come up here and buy my gas when they get it finished." Now, here is the joke, keep it quiet—they were looking at the new Voorhees Memorial on the Bates Triangle at the Civic Center.

Art Johns has offered us a bribe to get his name in the Review, but as we wouldn't accept it, we refrain from mentioning Art John's name, because it wouldn't be fair to have accepted Art John's money, and then not to have mentioned Art John's name. For that reason we refrain from saying anything about Art Johns.

About the time that this number of the Review will appear in print, Spencer Stebenne will be celebrating the first anniversary of his marriage. He has promised to write an article for the Review entitled, "Anti-Bachelorism." Bill Elliott has subscribed for the first copy. It is rumored that Bill is weakening.

Casper Storage Yard News

We wish to correct an item that appeared in last month's "Review." No slam was meant, when we referred to the fact that L. A. Robinson was assisted by Mr. Dunbar during the move. The facts of the case were, Mr. Dunbar had appointed Mr. Robinson to be in charge of the moving, and on the evening of the move, Mr. Dunbar was on hand, handling one end while Mr. Robinson was at the other, namely, Mr. Dunbar at the old building and Mr. Robinson at the new building. We hope that all members of the family will excuse the writer's peculiar sense of humor.

So that all may know what this is, we will tell. It is a picture of a truck, same is known as G-43, even though it has borrowed clothes, namely the sideboards of G-45. This truck is equipped with Sewell wheels and Kelly-Springfields. The curtain hides nothing but the steering wheel as the truck foreman refused to permit the regular herder, Shorty Goodwin, to appear in the same picture, as he was afraid that his fascinating face, form and figure would detract from the truck.

Mr. L. A. Robinson took the good old ship, G-43 out for a cruise on April 2d, the port of destination being Salt Creek warehouse. He had as first mate, Mr. E. W. Davis. We understand that a rough sea was encountered some eighteen miles out. While lying at anchor for repairs, we understand the radiator froze, and the water oozed out and great was the fall therefrom. The entire crew was saved by a passing ship and brought into this inland port, where repair parts were secured. After a hearty meal, the crew again put to sea in a smaller craft, that took them to their abandoned ship, where they installed the new parts. The good ship was then started forward again, and reached its destination without further trouble.

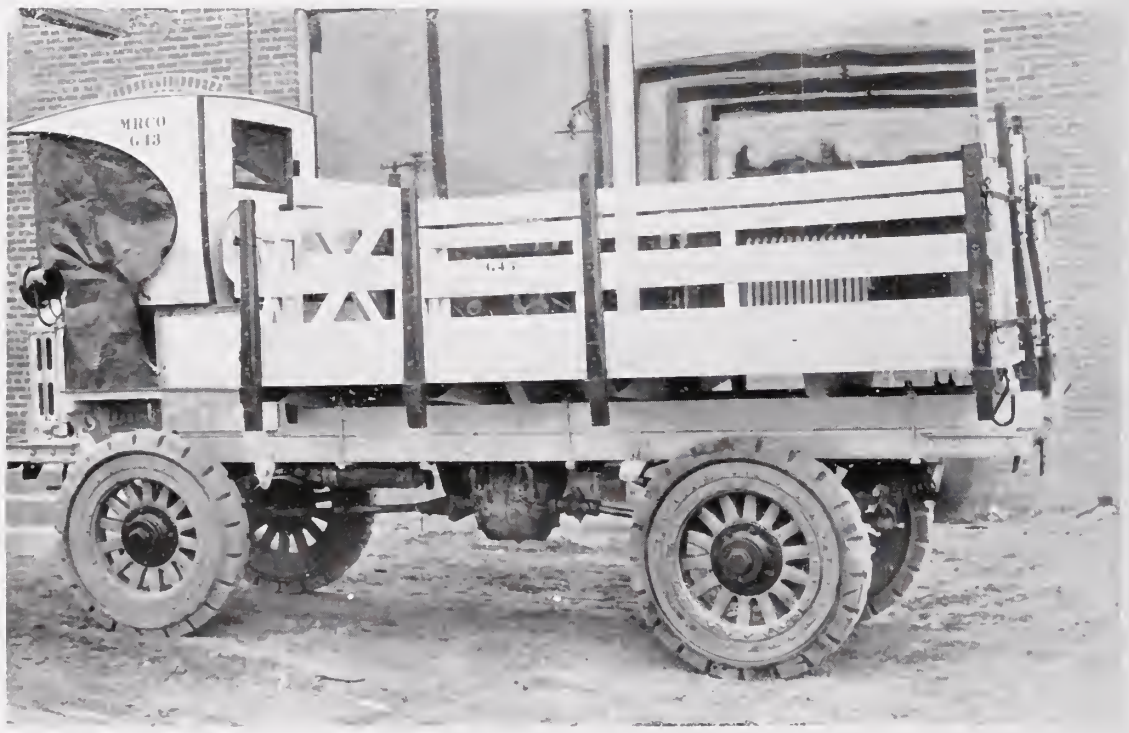
We have learned that Mr. Saunders is the father of four fine children. Therefore an incident that occurred the other day has caused quite some comment at this point. A neighbor on going to his garage in the morning, found a wee infant. After having called the police department "neighbor" called Mr. Saunders, and asked as to the probable age of the young one. Mr. Saunders replied, "Oh, about a week or ten days. It has its eyes open."

We hear from a very reliable source that our heavyweight weighmaster, Mr. Morris (yes, the one who craves a silk shirt) has a new Oldsmobile. It seems that he traded in his Big Four Overland on it, receiving an old tire in exchange. Yes, boys, the Storage Yard will draw more gas from now on.

Our Mr. Dunbar gave the ladies at Salt Creek a treat last Saturday night, in artistic dances. Honors were about even between J. Stock and him.

The Gas Plant is up to its old tricks again. After leaving the road alone for the past six

Ship of the Salt Creek Trail



One of the Midwest Fleet of Three-Ton Trucks

months, they have again begun to excavate, using the main drag as its base of operation. Yea, verily: great love doth exist between the aforesaid gas town citizens and the wealthy truckers.

TO TRADE—One black horse, slightly lame in left forefoot, stringhaltered and ringboned. Will trade for sewing machine, moonshine, or International truck. For further information see Claude Prewitt, Casper Storage Yard.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear, how one of our truck drivers fared in the simple but complex game of love. He was a right upstanding sort of a man and drove one of our F. W. D.'s, making lots of noise therewith. When verily, one beautiful day, upon motoring to Salt Creek, he ate at the Boarding House as is the custom, and saw THE GIRL. To quote him, "she is sure b-e-e-e-a-uti-ful, with her Titian hair and smiling eyes." But the poor, gentle, truck driver was very bashful and although the rest of the boys tried to help him out, it was no use. He just couldn't bring himself to meet her without becoming the general hue of a red beet from his neck up. So after many moons a couple of his friends told this wonderful girl of him, and she wrote him a letter. What its contents were, we know not, but many guesses were hazarded; some of which hit the mark. How could we tell? By the aforesaid color of the recipient. As all tales have an ending, so has this. The girl has left, departed, gone into the Golden West, not having made friends, and our scientific truck driver is a sadder but wiser man. Maybe correspondence will be exchanged between them. Who knows?

How times have changed? We, the truck drivers have really, really, received some new, clean blankets and bedding. Yes, that's the reason we work from the Salt Creek end lately.

G. F. Hoffman, "Whitie," and E. T. Stewart, "Stew", have been ill with the 'grippe. We hope they will soon be able to resume their duties.

Lou Robinson would be happy IF—
Ten trucks could haul four million pounds of freight a week.
"Shorty" Gooden could forget his seniority.
Andy could leave the girls alone.
Trucks could get loaded and unloaded at the Gas Plant in less than a day.
"Whitie" Hoffman could bring St. Louis in before 3:30 a. m.
Hox could keep his feet warm.
Morris could truthfully say, "No, boys, never again for me."
Bert Stewart's hair was not curly.
Charley Kear didn't get his requisitions mixed.

We noticed in the March issue that the printers put the "St." part of St. Louis' name in brackets. This was an error, as the city of St. Louis was named a long time after him, and we would never call him a saint.

Current Books and Knowledge of the Month—on tap at the Casper Storage Yard:

Hunting—Gooden.
Fishing—Slippery Butler.
Governors—Jess Lewis.
Magnetos—St. Louis.
Connecting Rods—Andy.
Loop the Loop—Whitey.
Housework—Dell.
Shoes and Laces—Hox.
Moonshine—Stewart.
Mileage—Donahue.
Weights and Weighing—Morris.
Loads and Loading—Virgne.
Bales and Boxes—McKendry.

We see by the Review that Jess Scott is with us again. Glad he is back, but oh, that truckers' initiation!

If a truck driver is a truckee, and a waitress is a hasher, and a superintendent is a boss, and a father is governor, what IS a truck foreman? For further details see L. A. Robinson.

Greybull News

What's that about the chic little Denver chick who wouldn't have a handsome Reed rock'er, but nibbled at a good, old fashioned Bun?

On April second the Midwest team of Casper defeated the Greybull team in the first game of the season here. The following day, however, Greybull retaliated, winning by a score of 11 to 3.

Supt. B. L. Warren returned to Greybull on April sixth from a trip which included Casper, Salt Creek and Denver.

Gen. Supt. L. A. Reed and Mr. Wood were in Greybull on April 7th.

Ed. Landers went to Denver on April 19th to attend the Midwest Baseball conference there.

"BIG JIM" becomes poetical as may be seen from the following which was published in The Greybull Standard:

The earth, sweeping along through space, has tilted us back to springtime, radiant sunshine and baseball. The white breath of winter, snorted across the mountain tops, shall yield soon to "Old Sol's" warm, wide smile and tumble in effervescent glee to the valleys below, while irrigators and umpires, alike, shall call "Play ball!" Everywhere about our circuit managers are making strenuous endeavor to pick from their available material parts that can be set up into the strongest possible machines, which shall roll about the circuit representative of their respective towns.

Our manager, "Pepper" Moore, is long since busy and hopeful of successfully competing in the pennant race, which shall start the latter part of this month, to sail along to September 1. It shall be sailing; and whether we find calm water out upon the sea of chance or are to be toting a keg of manuscript about to be dumped overboard into the whitecaps is dependent upon many things, especially the parts of which our machine consists, as well as the moral support of our many loyal fans.

It shall be required of every ball player who draws pay on the home club to give to his profession the best that is in him, this being required of the boys who are to represent us as a club. The fans have an obligation, and upon the discharge of this duty a great deal depends. They must remember that while last year we

had a winning club, our boys playing many games that reflected credit upon themselves as well as upon our city, the competition was not so keen as we shall find it this season.

Our schedule, we understand, shall consist of one hundred and ten games, fifty-five of which shall be played on the home grounds, the remaining half to be equally divided with the other members of our league, upon their grounds. The standing of the Greybull club at the close of the season shall depend, as will that of all others, upon the gameness of its men and the unflinching qualities of its fandom. In other words, we must fight to the finish. Everything is figured upon a percentage basis. Today a club may be knocked silly; and for several days following may rebound to winning form; so let us, the lovers of the "old national pastime," unite in grim determination to never weaken, never squawk; when this same "Old Sol" shall have receded to the south, to hang low in the sky, and the umpire has called his last man out in that closing drama, let us hope to find that our boys have finished one, two, three. "BIG JIM."

When the call of the Creek is heard,
If you haven't got a fishpole
You're a most unfortunate bird!

Now, the ways of obtaining fishing tackle are many and varied. Some folks are fortunate enough to have inherited theirs; a few, through almost unbelievable self-denial in their early years have purchased the pole which looked the best to them and by using it year after year have added to its usefulness, reliability and importance through association and experience so that it becomes the inseparable companion of the Fisherman on any and all trips to the streams, sharing his knowledge of the best holes, the best time, and the best method, to say nothing of keeping—secretly, of course—tab on the number of Big Ones that Got Away. Other anglers just call to mind a friend whom they know wouldn't be without a pole,—then they borrow the pole. Still others wait until they get to the stream, cut a willow, and attach line and hook. (They deserve all the fish they get on a willow pole!) But the most strictly novel and original method of obtaining a fishpole, just at the right season 'n' ever'thing, was slipped to us the other day. There is a man, who has a wife, who had a waffle-iron. Now a waffle-iron in winter, when in use, is a thing of delight. But when thoughts of TROUT are uppermost, then it's no time to think of waffles. For TROUT can be cooked on a stick over a fire, without any sort of pan if necessary. But the POLE is usually necessary to get the trout. It takes a real, modern Magician to change a waffle-iron into a fishing-pole. A magician like John Watson, for instance. First he takes a waffle-iron (whether by force, stealth, or sheer charm, we know not) then he takes a walk, next he takes in a Second-hand Store and its owner, takes a look around the place until his eyes discover what his heart desires. He mutters a few magical words, makes a few magical passes of the hands, and where once there was a fishing pole there is now a waffle-iron; while where once there was a waffle-iron there is now a FISHING-POLE. (We wonder if he'll take the fishing-pole back late this fall to see if he can transform it into a waffle-iron.)

About the middle of April, Mr. Anson Higby joined the office force of clerks.

Messrs. Homer Williams, Kinney, Jones and Kittleson had a very successful fishing trip one day the latter part of April. They went by auto to the South Fork country above Cody, returning with a fine showing of trout.

C. B. Johnson, who has been employed for the Midwest at Frannie for some time past, has returned to Greybull, and is now working on the loading-rack.

Dr. Whitney began his duties as chemist in the laboratory of the Greybull office early in April.

Laramie Doings

Wm. Jollief (Buzz), Maxwell's foreman, announces the arrival of a fine big boy, born April 1st. Buzz says he doesn't believe in April Fool's Day.

Due to the bad weather, Laramie fishermen are a little slow getting started, yet we will be in tune just as soon as conditions permit.

I ain't a-goin' to kick about the way this world is run;
I ain't a-goin' to kick about the way I'm gettin' 'long.
I'm talkin' 'bout the sunshine an' the butterflies an' bees,
An' the singin' of the brooklet an' the murmurin' of the breeze.

—An Optimist.

We are sorry to report that Cecil Ingham, son of W. S. Ingham of the Warehouse, has been confined to his home with diphtheria.

The mystery: Burkhardt's lack of knowing who Webster's Pifi Friend is.

Fred Dudley is looking for a set of false teeth. Can anyone help him out?

John White, boiler relief fireman, has left the Company to go back to railroading.

One of our Stillmen desires to know whether teachers or librarians can teach you the most.

Mr. R. B. Moudy, chemist, spent several days in Casper during the middle of the month.

Mr. T. M. Bingham, chief clerk, went to Denver Thursday, April 21, to attend the baseball meeting.

Ambition: Dolan, cleaning his truck on Sundays.

The Laramie baseball team of the Midwest League has been named the "Wildcats."

Several new cars have made their debut on the plant during the month, among them is a fine five-passenger Essex owned by T. M. Bingham.

Woods (watching a car pass the machine shop): "I would like to have the dough to sport a car like that."

Rummel (looking at occupants of car): "I would like to have a girl like that to put in the car."

Joe Cole: "I see. It's a case of too little pocketbook in one case and too much papa in the other."

A new dog has picked up Walt Walters.

Whitey (to Lapsley, who is filling out blanks): "What's this Employment Record for, anyway?"

Lapsley: "So that if the Company wants to find a good machinist or pipe fitter who is working in some other department, they will know where to look."

Whitey: "That's all right. If the Company wants a good horsethief or moonshiner they will be able to find them, too."

Lapsley: "That's just it. Which position shall I put you down as qualified for?"

Bruce Reed, who for the past several months has been an accountant in the Warehouse office, was absent for two weeks lately, due to a severe attack of sickness. He will leave at the end of the month for Casper, where he has been transferred. We are sorry to see him go.

We wonder if Varnadore is qualifying for the job of Billy Sunday.

Emmett Dodge: (discussing sociology with "Corporal" Arthur Linden): "You ask what is Capital and what is Labor? Well, if I were to lend you $10 that would be capital. When I went to work to collect that $10 it would be labor."

Oscar Brannon of the Warehouse force took a trip to Cheyenne last week, without consultation with any of the boys; and upon his return the newspaper gave away the interesting news that while in Cheyenne he was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude Kurtz of Laramie. Congratulations, Oscar.

Fairfax Lapsley, a member of the accounting force of the warehouse, won the prizes for proposing the best name for the Laramie Baseball Club. Fairfax has often been called "Wildcat" Fairfax himself, and had the happy inspiration to pass the nickname on to the baseball club. The inspiration worked and Fairfax became the richer by two $10 prizes. Fairfax has still other inspirations working. He says that should the team prove to be very tame indeed, he will apply for an injunction changing their name to "Pussy Cats," but if they prove to be winners he will insist that they be called "The Tiger Cats." Fairfax is a man of ideas.

Salt Creek News Notes

Mrs. H. D. Moore left last week for a visit with friends and relatives in Alabama. She was accompanied by Mr. Moore as far as Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Cap Kitts, having tired of the simple life, have left the homestead and taken up their residence in Salt Creek.

Dr. Roach is the proud possessor of a new Nash roadster. Perhaps he will include rides in his list of prescriptions.

Now that summer is almost here many improvements and changes are being made, the most interesting so far, judging from the crowds, being the landing field built by Mr. J. Stocks for his aeroplanes. Already many Salt Creekers have tried their luck above ground and the aeroplane business promises to be a good one.

With the co-operation of Superintendent Lewis the Department of Industrial Relations are making many pleasant changes and additions in the "Girls' Bungalow." Clothes closets are to be built in the rooms and pictures, rugs, settees, and maybe a Victrola and floor lamp will lend their cheer to the living room. For all of which, more or less we thank you.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Marker spent a ten days' vacation as guests at the Washakie sanitarium and returned in fine spirits and full of praises for our Wyoming health resort.

Tourists will no doubt be glad to learn a short order restaurant is to be opened in Salt Creek shortly and will serve meals at all hours. The sponsor of the new enterprise is W. J. Portis, chief clerk.

"Uncle Bud" Elmore has returned from a vacation spent in various points of Colorado visiting with friends.

Mr. E. A. Froyd has returned to Salt Creek again after a prolonged Easter vacation. Mrs. Froyd accompanied him and they expect to spend the summer here.

Lesson in Detail

The following letter was given us by Tax Commissioner Pedley, who secured same during one of his recent sojourns in Washington

Erie, Kansas,
April 28, 1920.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue,
Washington.

Refer to IT:I:P-1.

Gentlemen:

Referring to your inquiry of April 22, 1920, will say that it is impossible for me to give you the information asked for in regard to the deduction of $1,004.76 for traveling expenses or the $2,216.44 for repairs and depreciation, as I lost all of my accounts and records in a fire that occurred on the night of December 25, 1919.

It is noted that I have deducted $1,640.00 for dry holes drilled personally. You request that I explain fully the nature of this deduction. All I can say is that they were dry as *Hell*. You see, it's like this: These holes were drilled with the expectation of finding oil, but when the required depth was reached there was no oil there, hence the deduction was made for the cost of drilling dry holes.

As to the deduction of $2,400.00 personal exemption, and my claim for the support of two children under 18, will say that when I filed my income tax return I swore that the within statement was true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I still maintain that belief. While I have never asked my wife to make affidavit that they were my children, if you will furnish me the proper blanks I will do so, and also state that I maintain a home wherein they have resided since their birth.

Respectfully,
G. W. DOE.

The Drillers

When the rig building job is completed and done.
Then the producer calls for the drillers to come.
They come with dinner pails filled to the cup
And tackle the job that they call rigging up.
These drillers and tool dressers, they are the men
On which the success of the business depends.
And remember this thought I am giving to you,
If these men are not experts your dream won't come true.
No matter how much on a novice you hope
The first thing you know they'll jack off the rope.
And you take it from he and mind what I say,
While the boys are fishing the business don't pay.
There are so many things that have to be done
Before the real work of drilling is begun.
Between rig building and drilling there's always a space
When the boiler and engine are drawn to their place.
The gas line and water line have to be laid,
And the water tank hauled and placed on the grade.
The engine's to set and the forge is to make,
And none but an expert can put on the brake.
For of all the important things I recall
The bull wheels and brake are the greatest of all.
If this work proves faulty and the labor unskilled
It's a gamble if somebody doesn't get killed.
The belt and the bull rope are both to put on,
They may be too short or they may be too long.
By the skill of the workmen they are quickly adjusted,
They furnish the forge with a bellows or blower,
And the conductor hole has to be cut through the floor.
The wrenches are brought and placed by the hole,
And they balance them up with a wire and a pole.
The circle and forky jack both are brought o'er
And the circle is bolted down fast to the floor.
The pipes for the lights in the derrick are laid,
The water barrel is brought and the connections are made.
There's a cunning device which they make when they choose
To show the amount of the water they use.
By the crane and the hoist the tooldresser admits
Is the only real way to handle the bits.
The cable is hauled and spooled on the shaft,
The rope socket then to the end is made fast.
They scour up the box till it shines like a gem,
Then they throw out the rope and haul in the stem.
Then the spudding bit's found and brought to the pile,
Then the tooldresser scours up the joint for a while.
Then it's screwed to the stem and then at the last
By the wrenches and forky it's quickly made fast.
With the spudding bit fast to the stem, then you know,
With the jerk line in place it is ready to go.
It's the drillers' delight and he longs for the chance
To start the old stem on its magical dance.
And when it's completed and all working right
When seen in the day it's a wonderful sight.
But a far greater joy when seen in the night
And we watch the men work by the flash of the light.
But here is a joy that is far greater yet
When the forge is aflame and they're dressing a bit;
And the producer stands and looks the scene o'er

Like Longfellow's kids at the blacksmith shop door.
He sees the sparks fly and hears the forge roar,
With a smile on his face and a gleam in his eye,
His joy is so great and his hopes are so high,
That the same keen delight in his bosom will swell
Though his venture is a duster or a thousand barrel well.

Opportunity Soon Gone

In regards to insurance Mr. Illius submits the following clipping from "The Chariot:"

The impressive story will bear repetition of a sculptor who showed his visitor a studio full of statues of the gods. One statue presented a very odd appearance, the face being covered with hair, to conceal it, and wings being represented on each foot. "What is the name of this statue?" asked the visitor. "Opportunity" was the answer. "Why is his face hidden?" "Because men seldom know him when he comes to them." "Why has he wings?" "Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be overtaken!"

In that allegory there is a striking lesson. Success comes, as a rule, to him who knows his opportunities when he sees them, and, seeing them, embraces and exploits the chance for all it is worth, before it flees from him.

Why the Editor Left

Somebody sent the editor of the Poketown Gazette a few bottles of home-made brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results.

"Wm. Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention, in the presence of about 70 guests including two milch cows, six mules and one bob sled. Rev. McGee tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal couple left for an extended trip with terms to suit purchaser. They will be at home to their friends with one good baby buggy and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens."—Poketown Gazette.

The Shortest Path to Failure

Think you are successful enough.

Believe yourself quite indispensable.

Be satisfied to stick entirely to your own work.

Never try to help another fellow for fear he may try to get your job.

Keep your mind entirely upon clocks and pay checks.

Grab a good salary before you give good service.

Get as much relaxation and freedom in your working hours as possible—be sure there is no work connected with your free time.

But why continue? All of us have found our individual paths which lead to failure and the other fellow's might not get us there as quickly!

The only thing worth while about failure is, if we make enough of them, we might find the way to success after all.

—New York Commercial.

It's VERA funny—but Miss Banks' principal article of diet seems to be *"BUDADOSE." (Note—*This is Canadian for Potatoes.)

It is all right to spend money to make character,
It is all wrong to spend character to make money.

"Live—Laugh—Learn—the time will come when you can't."

Columbus took a chance, it's true, but we have no record of his having a wife and several little ones waiting at home. Safety First.

The cemeteries are filled with the graves of those who thought they could beat the train to the crossing; who thought that the gun wasn't loaded; who thought that mule wasn't ticklish, and they are there for the reason that they did not practice Safety First.

Have you made an application for the company insurance? Ask your superintendent today. It's free.

How about that insurance? Have you made the application? It will pay you to ask your superintendent about the company insurance.

If you see a man taking a chance that you yourself would not take, then it is time to tell him of Safety First.

Safety First means that every man values the life and well being of his fellow workmen as well as that of himself.

(Continued from page 5)

sands which have not as yet been tested by deep drilling. Big Muddy is probably at its height of production; Elk Basin and Grass Creek are on the decline. Rock Creek is a new field of large area which gives promise of large production, though it can not be considered as comparable with Salt Creek. Lance Creek is a new field which already has a number of large wells. The sands, however, lie at great depth and the distribution of the oil appears to be erratic and does not closely follow structure. Mule Creek and Hamilton Dome are comparatively small new fields and they are mentioned principally because they show the possibilities of sands which have not been highly productive in other fields.

The fields which have been mentioned lie in widely separated localities: Elk Basin, Grass Creek and Hamilton Dome, in the Big Horn Basin, which lies west of the Big Horn Mountains; Salt Creek, Big Muddy, Lance Creek and Mule Creek, in that larger basin between the Black Hills on the east, and the Big Horn Mountains on the west, and Rock Creek in a third great basin which is called the Laramie Plains. All the fields lie on the borders of the basins mentioned, and may be considered as anticlinal waves adjacent to the mountain uplifts. There are innumerable folds of which no mention is here made, some of which have yielded large gas production or small quantities of oil. A few folds are as yet untested.

The oil sands, which yield commercial production or shows of oil, are almost as numerous as are the fields, and occur at many horizons in the stratigraphic column. There are oil impregnations in the Madison limestone, which is Mississippian; production in the Amsden and Embar formation, which are Pennsylvania; in the Chugwater Red Beds, which are Jura-Trias; in the Sundance formation, which is Jurassic; in the Morrison, which is probably also Jurassic; in the Lakota of the Lower Cretaceous and in numerous beds of the Upper Cretaceous, the Dakota, Muddy, Mowry, Wall Creek or Frontier and, lastly, the Shannon. The greatest production comes from the Frontier or Wall Creek sands, which are the productive sands in Salt Creek, Elk Basin, Grass Creek and Big Muddy. In the Rock Creek field, production probably comes from the Muddy sand at the base of the Mowry shale; in the Lance Creek field, from the Dakota sand; in the Mule Creek field, from the Lakota, and in Hamilton Dome, from the Embar. There are several other small fields which obtain heavy oil from the Embar and mention of Hamilton Dome may be made merely because the oil from this field differs from other Embar oil in that it contains more than 25 per cent gasoline.

As noted above, all the really commercial fields are found on closed anticlines. These folds are much more pronounced than are the folds of the Midcontinent field. Dips on the flanks of the folds are seldom below five degrees, and more frequently range from 10 to 30, and even higher. Small production has been obtained from terraces, but so far as the writer is aware, only from formations in which the sands are fine-grained, so that the oil passes through them with difficulty and is therefore trapped on the terraces by friction which is sufficient to counteract the impelling upward force or combination of forces, whatever these may be.

The size of an oil pool in Wyoming appears to bear a direct ratio to the area of the sides of the anticline on which it is found; in other words, to the gathering ground from which the oil has accumulated toward the crest of the fold. At this point reference is perhaps made to theories as if they were facts, but this particular theory in the Wyoming fields appears to be substantiated. The east limb of the Salt Creek fold, for example, which fold bears the largest oil pool yet discovered between the Midcontinent field and California, is twenty-five miles in length from the crest of the fold to the axis of the syncline on the east—in fact, the rise of the beds is uninterrupted from the axis of the Great Basin lying between the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains—to the crest of the Salt Creek fold, which is situated on the southwest side of this basin. All the other important fields which have been mentioned have gathering grounds of wide extent. Most of the folds which have been proved by drilling to be barren are cut off from drainage areas by adjoining folds, as pointed out in the report by Lupton and Hewett on the "Anticlines of the Big Horn Basin."

As above suggested, oil accumulations occur on more pronounced folds than do those of the Midcontinent field. Structures with low dip or terraces which, in the Mid-continent would carry commercial pools, in Wyoming are barren. It would seem that in Wyoming there was not so much oil formed per unit of area as in the Midcontinent field and, therefore, it took a much larger area to form oil sufficient for a commercial pool. The writer is indebted to H. W. Lowrie for the suggestion that the great extent and uniform porosity of the sands may be accountable for the fact that oil has been replaced by water on most of the terrace structures.

The point to which the writer is leading in the above statements, and to which some of his friends may take exception, is that, in the Wyoming fields oil found its way from shale into sandstone in very minute quantities over broad areas involved in the folding and worked its way through the sands for great distances laterally to reach the crest of the folds. There does not seem to be any evidence that faulting or jointing is involved in the process. It may well be that the oil was produced at the time of the folding by the slow heat generated by the pressures which produced the fold, combined with the enormous weight of the rocks above. It may even be that these pressures had much to do with the forcing of the oil from the shale into the sandstone, inasmuch as the pores of the shale could be reduced by pressure more effectively than could the pores of the adjacent resistant sands and hence any fluid which the shale pores contained would be forced out into the sandstone.

That the accumulation of the oil has been a slow process, continuing long after the folds were made, appears to be shown by conditions in the Shannon pool, which lies about three

miles north of Salt Creek. The oil is found in the Shannon sand, which forms the escarpment around the Salt Creek field proper, and accumulation has taken place against a fault with downthrow to the north, which throws the edge of the Shannon sand against shale and effectually seals it. This fault is one of a system of faults which cut the Salt Creek dome, trending in direction north 65 degrees east. This direction is fairly constant over the entire area of the field. The trend of the faults appears to be independent of the shape of the fold and suggests that the faults were not formed at the time the fold was made. They appear to be related to other faults, which are found over a broad area in Wyoming, and were probably produced by regional stresses. In the Salt Creek field they appear to be most pronounced near the crest of the fold and to die out on the flanks, which would be the condition were they produced by a slight warping of the whole area after the major folds were formed. The faults, were, therefore, in the writer's opinion, formed subsequent to the time of folding. This point can not as yet be proved, but it is believed that all the facts point to its correctness. The natural conclusion is that if the faults were formed after the folding and the oil in the Shannon was accumulated against one of these faults, the time of the accumulation of the oil in the Shannon is much more recent than the time of the formation of the Salt Creek fold. If the oil was formed at the time of the folding, the accumulation has been going on through a long period of time and may possibly even now be taking place.

A most interesting fact which has been demonstrated by the development of Salt Creek is that the pool in the second Wall Creek sand which lies about 260 feet below the base of the first sand, occupies a much greater area than does the pool in the first sand, in fact an area four times as great. The first sand is 150 feet in thickness, the second sand is only 40 feet in thickness. It is significant to note that the thicknesses of the sands have the same relation to each other as do their productive areas, but in inverse ratio. The difference in the size of the pools in the two sands suggests that approximately the same amount of oil has found its way into each sand and that the pool occupies a greater area in the second sand than in the first, largely because the second sand is much thinner. Had there been vertical migration between the two sands it would seem that the greater part of the oil would already have forced its way into the upper and thicker sand. The writer is becoming more and more of the opinion that the oil which is found in a sandstone has been derived only from a few feet or possibly a few inches of the shale adjacent to the sandstone. The first and second Wall Creek sands in Salt Creek are both Frontier in age. The shales adjacent to them are similar and probably carry similar carbonaceous material. The amount of oil which has entered the two sands under the same conditions of folding is therefore largely a function of the area of the shales in contact with the sands. It may be suggested that the oil is derived from shale lenses included in the sands. With this the writer should agree, but he would not limit the shales in which the oil has originated to those included in the sands.

A great question in which petroleum geologists are always interested is the origin of gas. If it were known why gas is formed in one place and oil in another, we should hold the key to many things. This subject has been discussed in several papers by David White of the U. S. Geological Survey, and it may be mentioned here merely to suggest one or two lines of thought. If it be true that gas is produced under conditions of greater pressure and metamorphism than those which produce oil, may it not also be true that the character of the sediments may be largely responsible for these differences? The pressures exerted on shale particles which lie between sand grains will certainly differ from those exerted on shale particles included in homogeneous shale under the same stresses, inasmuch as the coarse sand grains necessarily protect to a certain extent the minute particles which lie between them. It may therefore happen that in adjacent fields in which the rocks have undergone practically the same pressures, the degree of metamorphism of the sediments may differ greatly, due to the original character of the sediments. In certain regions in the Mid-continent field there is evidence that the oil pools lie in belts at certain distances from some ancient land masses. Nearer the old shore lines or farther from them no oil has been found. This may be due to the variation in the character of the sediments which have just been postulated and which influences metamorphism as much as do the presence or absence of ancient plant life, which existed only in water of certain depth and of certain temperature.

I Will

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed.
I will cease to stand complaining of my neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear.
I will waste no moments whining, and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread,
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own.

Yeoman Shield.

Have you made an application for the company insurance? Ask your superintendent today. It's free.

(Continued from page 4)

691-E. Oil and Gas Geology of the Birch Creek-Sun River Area. By Stebinger.

691-F. Anticlines in a Part of the Mussell-shell Valley. By Bowen.

711-G. Geology and Oil and Gas Prospects of the Huntley Field. By Hancock.

Many of the States maintain departments for work along similar lines to that of the U. S. Geological Survey. The State Geologist of Wyoming at Cheyenne has issued a number of excellent papers on the oil fields of this state, but unfortunately, most of them are out of print. The new publications from his office are announced in the newspapers, and copies can be secured without charge.

2-3. *Drilling Wells and Producing Oil* —The U. S. Bureau of Mines at Washington, D. C., has issued a number of very valuable publications upon the subjects of drilling wells and producing oil. The most important of them are listed below. As with the Geological Survey, these papers may be secured free when first issued, but thereafter must be purchased from the Superintendent of Documents. By writing as soon as the publications are announced, it is usually possible to get them without charge, although they have only a limited number for free distribution.

Bulletin:

134. The Use of Mud-laden Fluid in Oil and Gas Wells.

148. Methods of Increasing the Recovery of Oil from Wells.

163. Methods of Shutting Off Water in Oil and Gas Wells.

182. Casing Troubles and Fishing Methods in Oil Wells.

195. Underground Conditions in Oil Fields.

Advance chapters of books being prepared by the Bureau of Mines upon these subjects are published almost every week in the Oil & Gas Journal.

More general descriptions of drilling and producing methods as well as of Geology and almost every other phase of the oil industry, may be found in the following books:

(1) The American Petroleum Industry (2 vols.). $12.00. By Bacon & Hamor.

(2) Principles of Oil and Gas Production. $3.75. By Johnson & Huntley.

(3) Oil Field Development and Petroleum Mining. $15.00. By A. B. Thompson.

Almost all of the books mentioned above are included in the Traveling Libraries of the Midwest Refining Company. Some of them may also be consulted at public libraries. The libraries in Wyoming usually have copies of some of the publications of the U. S. Bureaus, and many of them have the early bulletins of the Wyoming State Geological Survey.

In addition to the publications of the Government bureaus, articles upon geology and other topics concerning oil production are constantly appearing in the proceedings of various technical societies, such as the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, and the American Association of Petroleum Geologists. Most of these papers are only available to the members of the societies through the volumes of Proceedings, but of late, the trade magazines have been reprinting the most valuable of them. For this reason, as well as for the general news of the business, everyone interested should try to read a good oil paper. Some of the best are:

Oil & Gas Journal (weekly): $6.00 per year.

Oil Trade Journal (monthly): $4.00 per year.

Petroleum Magazine (monthly): $3.00 per year.

AUNTIE'S SKIRTS

(First four lines by Robert Louis Stevenson; balance by Harry Hamilton.)

Whenever Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound.
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

Now this, of course, was long ago,
When Auntie's skirts were wide and low,
They trail on longer up the floor,
Nor trundle after through the door.
That skirt of Auntie's now is found
Some fifteen inches off the ground.
The sight of it, we think, might stun
Her nephew, R. L. Stevenson.

—Harry Hamilton.

It is all right to say:
"I do not see good;"
It is likewise all right to say:
"I do not hear good;"
But who among ye is willing to say:
"I do not smell good"?

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
C. A. Fowler, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
Charles Combs, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
F. B. Smith, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
J. H. Gibbs, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. J. Kelly, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
Charles Thompson, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
W. A. Cummings, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District — Jesse Wills, Laramie District

G. R. Simpson, Greybull District — Earl C. Foft, Salt Creek District

D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District

J. G. Croskill, Treasurer — Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

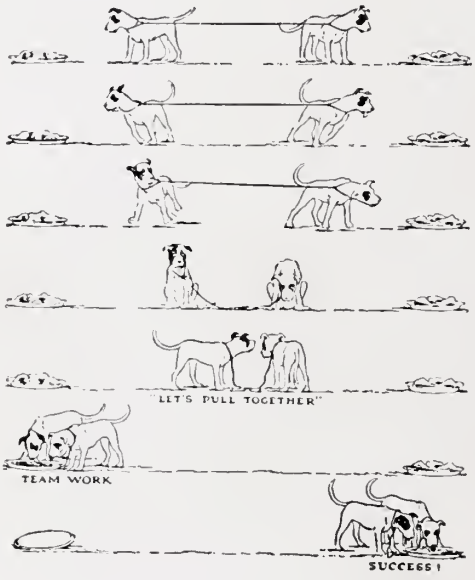
Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President — Wm. Stoddard

E. M. Keefe, Vice President — Frank B. Smith

Geo. Carpenter

R. H. Covington, Secretary



AN OBJECT LESSON IN CO-OPERATION

WELCH-HAFFNER PRINTING CO. DENVER

The MIDWEST REVIEW

JUNE-JULY · 1921

PUBLISHED FOR
The Midwest Family
by
THE MIDWEST
REFINING CO.

VOL·2
NO·6

SPECIAL WOMEN'S NUMBER

THE WOMAN'S EDITION

Oh! sad was her brow and wild was her mein,
Her expression the blankest that ever was seen;
She was pained, she was hurt at the plain requisition:
"We expect you to write for the Woman's edition."

Her babies wept sadly, her husband looked blue,
Her house was disordered, each room in a stew;
Do you ask me to tell why this sad exhibition?
She was trying to write for the Woman's edition.

Oh, what should she write? She had nothing to say;
She pondered and thought all the long, weary day,
The question of woman, her life and her mission,
Must all be touched up in the Woman's edition.

But what could she do—oh, how could she write?
She could bake, she could sew from morning to night.
She had even been known to get up a petition;
But now she must write for "The Woman's edition."

She felt that she must; her sisters all did it,
Would she fall behind? The saints all forbid it!
If the rest of her life should be spent in contrition,
She felt she must write for the Woman's edition.

She did it, she wrote it, now read it and ponder,
She treated a subject a little beyond her,
But that was much better than total omission
Of her name from the list on the Woman's edition.

Now her home is restored, her husband has smiled,
But, alas! that pleased look on his face was beguiled,
By her cheerful assent to his simple condition,
That she'll not write again for a Woman's edition.

—Selected.

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | June, 1921 | Number 6

In giving you this, The Women's Number, of The Midwest Review, we feel that we have dedicated it to the best influence that any man or any business can have. It is through the help and by the guidance of our women that we achieve success. No man has been a failure in the real sense of the word who has had and taken the counsel of good women.

From the time we first notice the things of this world our lives are influenced by our women; Who is it that doesn't remember the times that his mother has taken the real pain from a myriad childish woes and who cannot remember the many steps that she has taken in order that the way might be a little easier for our feet? She would have gone hungry with a smile in order that no want might be known by her children. We can remember how sorry we were when anything made her sad and how it seemed to cheer her when we expressed childish sympathy. And now that we have grown to man and womanhood whose praise is the more valued when we have accomplished that which is praiseworthy or whose sympathy lessens the blow when we have suffered a disappointment?

And our sisters:

We are to our sisters unconscious models by which other men are measured. Are we the sort of men that we can stand this test, day after day and not suffer by it? Do we treat our own sisters as well as we treat those of other men?

Our wives:

To them we owe in a measure the devotion and gratitude that we gave our mothers in an earlier day. Men never grow up and to the wives is given the task of caring for them after they have passed from the mothers' hands. There are the thousand and one things that must be done for a man every day of his life. His clothes must be mended and in their places and then they must be gotten from these places for his wearing; His buttons must be in place or they will be lost. His meals must be on time when he is and kept warm when he is late and forgets to phone. He must be soothed and petted when he is ill and praised and pampered when he tells of the day's work. He must be made to believe that there are only a few just like him.

We hope that you will like this number.

This is the second number of The Midwest Review to be issued under very adverse conditions. Due to a strike and resulting change in the personnel of the force of the establishment that takes care of our printing and the changes in system there has been a little delay in getting the magazine into your hands.

We apologize for this, with reservations, of course. You can realize that when a situation is met in the best way possible, there is very little need for an apology, and that is true in this case. Before time for the next Review to go to press, the conditions we have met the past two months will have improved materially and the Review will be on time.

Midwest Suffers Big Blaze

One of the most disastrous fires in the history of the oil game occured on Friday, June 17, when seven tanks of the Midwest Refining Company, holding an aggregate of 410,000 barrels of crude were set on fire by lightning.

The storm which had been approaching for a few hours was apparently a very small thunder shower with no accompanying lightning nor thunder, but a single flash of lightning crackled and almost instantaneously the seven tanks were ablaze.

Within a half hour after the first smoke was seeen a force of men numbering nearly a thousand were working steadily to throw dikes around the doomed tanks to prevent the spread of the flames to the nearer tanks when the intense heat should cause those burning to boil over. This work was carried on without undue excitement, and with the idea that all energy was to be expended to prevent further loss.

The tanks that burned were 219, 222, 223, 225, 226, and 227 all of 55,000 barrels capacity, and 230, a new 80,000 barrel tank. It is said by eye witnesses that 219 was the tank that was struck by the lightning and that the others caught from that almost instantly. Another incident that has aroused some wonderment was the fact that all the tanks that caught were covered with wood roofs and unpainted while between two of the burning tanks another stood unharmed, and the roof was unpainted.

The fire started at 2:30 p. m. and at 9:30 p. m. the first tank boiled over. This was the danger which the dikes relieved; The spread of the oil to the other tanks, and due to the care with which these dikes were built very little, if any, of the burning fluid flowed over the embankments.

The Midwest officials: Mr. Reed, Mr. Leavitt, Mr. Vandaveer, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wood, Mr. Peake and others were on the scene within a very few minutes after the blaze started and worked without stopping almost all night Friday night and with a few hours sleep continued to direct the fight against the fire.

One measure used to prevent the spread was the employment of the cannon from the city park with home made projectiles for the purpose of shooting holes in the tanks and in that way let the oil out more rapidly while the weather held good. An amateur gun crew working under the direction of A. W. Peake accomplished this warlike feat.

The officials of the company were loud in their praise of the men who took chances by climbing to the roof of the tanks to carry sand for other purposes in which undertakings they encountered no little danger.

Mr. Ellison was out of town at the time of the explosion and was told of the fire while at Billings.

Drum-Meredith

On May 11, 1921, Miss Fleta Drum and Elmer P. Meredith were united in marriage at Douglas, Wyo. Mrs. Meredith was born and raised in Casper and previous to her marriage was assistant cashier at the C. & N. W. freight office. Mr. Meredith is a trusted employee in the operating department of the Midwest Refining Company. After a wedding trip to Denver the happy couple have returned to Casper and are at home to their many friends at 305 W. 8th street. The Review extends congratulations.

Buck-May

Fred May and Sarah Virginia Buck, both of this city, were married last week at the Baptist Church in Themopolis, Rev. S. A. Philipa officiating. Mr. and Mrs. May will make their home here. (Mr May sent the editor and comrades a nice box of cigars: Hereafter no Midwest wedding will be declared official without our receiving the same offering. Editor.)

When Lightning Strikes

Seven Midwest Tanks Burning

What to Read on Oil

E. L. Estabrook, Petroleum Engineer

(Continued from last issue)

4. **Transporting and Storing**—The U. S. Bureau of Mines has issued Bulletin No. 155, "Oil Storage Tanks and Reservoirs," and their technologists have been carrying on extensive tests concerning the evaporation losses from field and storage tanks. Summaries of the results of this investigation have been published from time to time in the Oil & Gas Journal, and the final report is being prepared for publication.

5. **Refining**—Mr. V. E. Hanson, Chief Engineer of the Manufacturing Division, informs me that: "The best book available upon refinery construction is Volume 2 of American Petroleum Industry, by Bacon & Hamor. Another good book is Petroleum Refining, by Andrew Campbell; but it is not as up-to-date as is the other."

Details of construction and operation of the modern types of stills, condensers, etc., are trade secrets, and it is difficult to obtain any information concerning them.

Upon the chemical side of petroleum refining, there is quite a voluminous literature. Dr. S. K. Loy, Chief Chemist, has kindly compiled the following bibliography.

Reference Books:

(1) Examination of Crude Petroleum. Petroleum Products and Natural Gas (including Evolution of Oil Shale and control of Benzol recovery plants). By Hamor & Padgett, 1st edition, 1920, 581 pages; McGraw Book Co.

(2) Industrial Oil Engineering. By J. R. Battle. Vol. 1—first edition (includes Lubricating Engineers Handbook, revised), Lubricating and Industrial Oil Section. June, 1920; J. B. Lippincott Co. 1131 pages.
Vol. 2 (in preparation) Liquid fuel—its combustion; oil burning equipment; also fuel for internal combustion engines.

(3) Handbook of Petroleum, Asphalt and Natural Gas, Kansas City Testing Laboratory, Bulletin No. 15. Roy Cross; 496 pages; $5.00 net. 1013 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
Methods of analysis, specifications, properties, refining processes, statistics, table and bibliography.

(4) Oil Analysis,A. H. Gill, 9th edition, Lippincott Co., 1919.

The following Bulletins are technical in nature and deal with special phases of manufacture, testing, marketing or ultimate economical consumption of petroleum products.

Government Publications:

U. S. Bureau of Mines—Technical Papers.

No. 25. Methods for determinations of water in petroleum and its products.

No. 26. Methods for the determination of the Sulphur content of fuel oils.

No. 49. Flash point of Oil.

No. 166. Methods of testing and properties of motor gasoline.

No. 181. Determination of unsaturated hydrocarbons in gasoline.

U. S. Bureau of Mines—Bulletins.

No. 125. The analytical distillation of petroleum.

U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Action of sunlight and air upon some lubricating oils. 1911. (Standard reprint 153). 5c.

Behavior of high-boiling mineral oils on heating in air. 1911. (Standard reprint). 5c.

Data on oxidation of automobile cylinder oils. 1916. (Standard Technologic Papers 73). 5c.

Density and thermal expansion of American petroleum oils. 1916. (Standard Technologic Papers 77). 10c.

Effect of adding fatty and other oils upon carbonization of mineral lubricating oils. 1911. (Standard Technologic Papers 4.) 5c.

Evaporation test for mineral lubricating and transformer oils. 1913. (Standard Technologic Papers 13.) 5c.

Iodine number of linseed and petroleum oils. 1914. (Standard Technologic Papers 37.) 10c.

United States standard tables for petroleum oils. 1916. (Standard Circular 57.) 15c.

Sulphur in petroleum oils. 1920. (Standard Technologic Papers 177.) 5c.
U. S. Geological Survey.

Bulletin No. 475. Diffusion of crude petroleum through fuller's earth with notes on its geologic significance. 1911. 5c.
U. S. Agricultural Department.

Methods for examination of bituminous road materials. 1916. (Agricultural Bulletin No. 314.) 10c.

6. **Natural Gas and the Extraction of Gasoline**—There are several good books and a number of Government publications upon natural gas and the extraction of gasoline, such as:

Handbook of Natural Gas, by Westcott. 3d edition. Price, $3.50.

Handbook of Casinghead Gas, by Westcott. 2d edition. Price $3.75.

(Both published by the Metric Metal Works, Erie, Pa.)

Government Publications:
U. S. Bureau of Mines—Technical Papers.

No. 10. Liquified products from natural gas, their properties and uses.

No. 87. Methods of testing natural gas for gasoline content.

No. 104. Analysis of gas by fractional distillation.

No. 109. Composition of the natural gas used in 25 cities.

No. 115. Inflammability of gasoline and air mixtures.

No. 119. Limits of inflammability of mixtures of methane and air.

No. 121. Conditions of explosibility of methane-air mixtures.

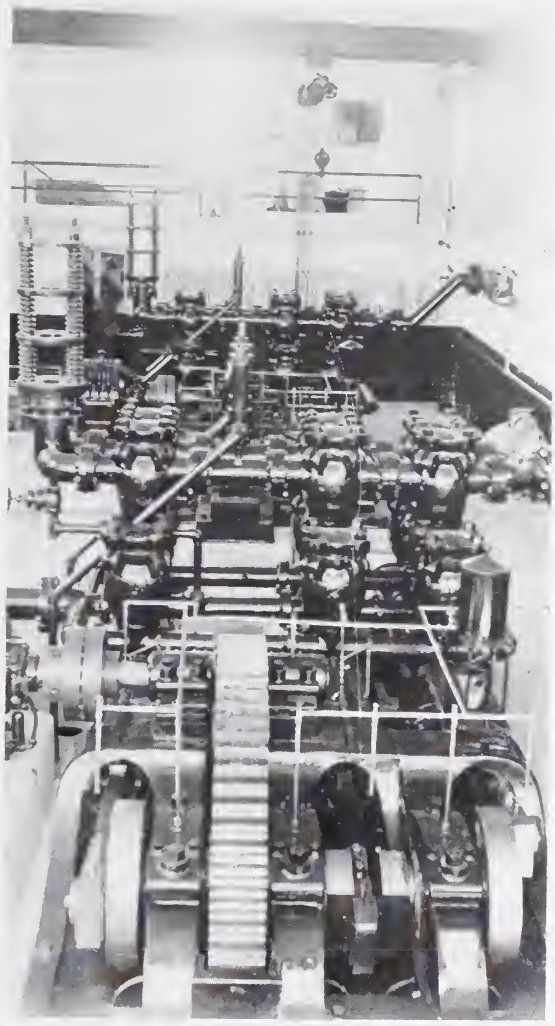
No. 131. Compressibility of natural gas.
U. S. Bureau of Mines—Bulletins.

No. 88. The condensation of gasoline from natural gas.

No. 120. Extraction of gasoline from natural gas by absorption methods.

No. 151. Compression plants for extracting gasoline from natural gas.

The Salt Creek Water Pump House.



The shortage of water suitable for boilers and other purposes at Salt Creek became so acute that it was decided to turn the old Midwest Six oil line into a water line.

Pump houses were built and after a thorough cleaning water was turned in for use on May 17.

The pumps deliver about 300 barrels per hour which is sufficient for all ordinary needs.

Safety Department

For your interest as well as his own, we are trying our best to teach your husband, father, brother, or son the principles of Safety. We have installed every modern safety device obtainable and are adding to these as fast as possible. Our methods of manufacture, to the best of our knowledge, are made as safe as possible. The one great thing which we cannot control is the "human equation." All the safety devices made and the very safest methods and rules will not **make** a man practice SAFETY about his work if he does not wish to do so. So, we are doing our best to educate our employees to practice SAFETY in everything they do. Not only at their work but also in their home; both as a means for the prevention of accidents and a means of the maintenance of health.

Disability either from injury or sickness is a very painful and disagreeable thing and is to be avoided if possible. You in the home are called upon to suffer and care for the one injured or ill and share the other burdens that accompany such misfortune. We, therefore, earnestly solicit YOUR co-operation in this plan of educating our workers to practice SAFETY in all they do. If you are a mother, begin by teaching your boys and girls these principles. While they are young, their minds are the most susceptible and impressions can be made that will last a life time.

A whole and healthy body is the greatest thing in the world to be thankful for, and once maimed can never be replaced. It is true that glass eyes can be made to so perfectly match one's own that they are hardly noticeable; but up to the present time we have yet to hear of a person being able to see with them. Many people walk very well on artificial limbs, but we believe that they could get along much better with the ones Nature gave them.

So help us, you Mothers, Wives, and Sisters to teach your men to "play safe." If you can give us a suggestion that will help to prevent accidents and aid in promoting SAFETY, do so; it will save **him;** it will help you; it will help us all.

Show him the table below compiled at Casper Refinery.

Foreign body in eye	41
Lac. cont.	67
Acid burn	6
Steam fire burn	3
Explosion	0
Nail punct.	9
Sprain or strain	11
Asphyxiation	0
Fracture	7
Rupture	1
Misc.	2
Total	147
First Aid	120
Dr. and Home	25
Hospital	2

Something to Think About

During the nineteen months in which Uncle Sam was actively engaged in subduing the kaiser, 2,000,000 American soldiers were sent overseas. Of that number, 50,150 were killed in battle or died from wounds inflicted on the battlefield, and 200,000 more were injured in battle. These figures are based on the latest reports from Washington.

During that same period of nineteen months, here in America, 3,000 miles away from the scene of conflict, 126,000 men, women and children were killed by *accidents* in the industries, on the streets and in the homes. Also 2,000,000 more were so seriously injured by *accidents* that they lost over four weeks of time or were permanently maimed.

What is the cause? *Carelessness* and *indifference.*

What is the remedy? *Safety first* and *forethought.*

Ask yourself this question: "Am I doing my share towards *accident prevention?*" The answer would be: "I am not."

How many of your friends and acquaintances are permanently disfigured because of some *accident* which could have been prevented?

You may be next!

Think it over. Better be safe than sorry.

"Our Folks From Laramie"

1.—Mrs. C. L. Mohr. 2.—Mrs. H. L. Minister and daughter. 3.—Mrs. Viola Myers.
4.—Marjorie Louise Ingham. 5.—Mrs. George Mohr and son. 6.—W. A. and Audrey Arrington.
7.—Mrs. H. Grosse. 8.—Donald Warren Sudman.

The Bosses of the Casper Folks

Mrs. A. W. Peake came to the Midwest with her husband, A. W. Peake, when the company was somewhat younger—in other words 1916. They have found that it's a rather good concern and that they like Casper. Mrs. Peake is a graduate of Leland Stanford university and a member of ————sorority.

Mrs. A. W. Peake

Mrs. J. C. Zolnoski

Being the wife of the employ of said Company since its organization, I take one who has been in this opportunity to thank them for their fair and square dealings, with their employees, in all matters as I can well attest to. It is most gratifying to hear so many of the employees speak so well of the Co. We of the "Midwest Family" should be most grateful for the "Safety First" campaign, thereby guarding our homes and happiness to a greater degree. It is also very commendable of them to insure the lives of their many employees thus providing for the future.

The building and loan is a great boon to many and makes for a larger and better "City of Homes." I understand they have enrolled a number of their older employees in the "Chamber of Commerce" thereby giving them an opportunity to assist in solving the many problems of the day, which tend to effect their community and city.

By the example they have established, as a fair corporation—just and fair to their employees—I trust they may ever remain a big and lasting institution.

Mrs. J. C. ZOLNOSKI,
306 No. Kimball.

Mrs. Big—You have a wonderful gift for training animals.

Mrs. Muddy—It's an acquired faculty, my dear. You know I've been married three times.

As one of the mothers of Midwest employees I received from the editor, recently, a request to write a few lines for the Review. My sojourn here having been of but short duration, this sketch will necessarily be mostly a record of impressions, with but small experience.

Mrs. Etta Langworthy

My younger son and I arrived in Casper from Oklahoma about the middle of last March and found apartments at 124 South Beech Street. In a short space he began work in the office of the Midwest. My elder son has been with this company since last July.

We like Casper in many ways, and although I was not as benighted in my opinions of this section as the young lady of New York who asked, in all seriousness, if there were any automobiles in this part of the country, I was at least surprised to find such a thriving and up-to-date city here among the mountains.

Among many favorable impressions conveyed by the Midwest is one regarding the ideal relations between principal and employee, and, in general, the loyalty of the latter to the interests of his Company.

As to the official personnel of the corporation, its policy of just and generous treatment of employees seems to bespeak it a body of honorable men. We are interested readers of the Midwest Review.

Sincerely,

ELLA LANGWORTHY.

Shawhan-Fassett

Miss Clarabel Shawhan of Canon City, Colo., and Mr. E. W. Fasset of Casper, Wyo., were quietly married at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cheyenne, Wyoming, the Rev. Klocker, officiating. Mr. Fasset is connected with the Engineering department of the Midwest Refinery at Casper and has a multitude of friends here who wish for the newly wedded pair the very best things that life has to offer. Mr. and Mrs. Fasset are making their home on the groom's homestead northeast of Casper.

I came to Casper from Xenia, Illinois, in November 1920, to join my husband, who came here in October and began working for the Midwest Refining Company October 12th. I think it is the best Company to work for, as our experience with it has always been very pleasant.

Mrs. Arthur Mills

I want to thank you in closing for the opportunity given me to express my appreciation of the Company.

Sincerely,

MRS. ARTHUR MILLS.

Permit me to introduce to you an Iowa school teacher. I came to Casper in July 1920, after a long year as H. S. Principal. My husband had been with the Midwest the year previous, working in the best part of the Refinery, as he says—the "Sweater Plant."

Mrs. Theodore French

During spare hours and with his brother's help our home on C Y. and West 14th was nearly completed when I arrived, and we spent many happy hours putting on the finishing touches together.

I missed dear old Iowa's trees, grass and flowers, but find we can have them here with patient coaxing and sprinkling, but the wind! I sometimes wonder if I'll **ever** get used to it.

I cannot say enough in praise of the Company. Their fairness to all, the privileges they grant to their workers, the inspiration they give to bring out the best of one's ability, the chance for promotion, the yearly vacation, the better wage, in fact the one-hundred and one things they do for their "Family" call forth our heartiest good-will and co-operation.

Sincerely,

MRS. THEODORE FRENCH.

It took some persuasion to leave the likeable gloom of Pittsburgh for the well advertised sagebrush of Wyoming.

Mrs. L. A. Reed

Had the editor asked for my picture last month I might have thought of a special anniversary number in my behalf, for it was eight years ago that the migration came to pass. Mr. Reed coming out the month before, hurried back east and talked long and learnedly of Wyoming sunshine versus Ohio Valley fog; altitude instead of sea level and coyotes, as house pets. He won.

Friends condoled, relatives wept, and I became a Mrs. Christopher Columbus. While California was not new, Wyoming was unchartered. However, with the help of two railway systems, Casper became an accomplished fact.

In retrospect these eight years have been pleasantly busy ones. To have had ever so small a part in the big things accomplished, is a never ending satisfaction.

As a housewife I am only too glad to state that I came to Casper March the 12th 1917, and after getting located in my home at 322 North Beech, Mr. Wilson commenced work for the Midwest Company on December 17, 1917, and has been in the employ of the Company since that time, and from our daily talks around our home with Mr. Wilson, I think the Midwest Company has been a good old Mother to its employees, especially these men who have been just and honest to the Company.

Mrs. William Powell

I have saved some of Mr. Wilson's earnings and can only say that as my part I am satisfied with all the dealings that we both have had with the Company and hope that Mr. Wilson may continue as heretofore and with the best wishes from our family to the Midwest Company, I remain,

MRS. J. W. WILSON.

We came to Casper in the spring of 1914; he has worked for the Co. ever since. I have seen the Co. grow tremendously and I am proud of it. We have had our ups and downs; one of the downs was when a truck on which he was a helper fell off the Platte river bridge while returning from Salt Creek, putting him out of commission for a few weeks (see picture) but we are still one of the Midwest Family, and hope to be for a long time to come. May the Midwest continue the good work for all time, good luck to them and all their family.

Mrs. J. W. Wilson

Milton has said,—"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit." If this is true then a good magazine is the offspring of many lesser spirits. A good magazine must fill certain requirements. It should satisfy one's craving for knowledge, for amusement, for uplift.

The Midwest Review, in my opinion answers these requirements for knowledge, first, because it contains information about one of the world's biggest industries—the production and refining of crude oil. Amusement is furnished in the snappy articles and clever cartoons contributed. The spirit of uplift is expressed in the purpose of the magazine, which is, to furnish a friendly, common ground of sympathy and understanding where all members of the great Midwest Family can meet in the columns of its pages.

Mrs. Burke H. Sinclair

The magazine has set for itself a high goal which it is rapidly approaching, the best proof of which lies in the fact that this issue of the magazine is a special woman's number. We may be "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" but womanhood in its highest sense can never change through all the ages, and today as never before, women are standing upon the threshold of unlimited opportunities. Their lives are so linked with the big things of the world that they can never be separated without disastrous results.

It has taken centuries for women to reach this high plane in world affairs and it is their job to fill that place intelligently, sincerely and thoughtfully.

Vermillion-Foster

The next man on the list of fatalities is Tom Foster, who was united in marriage to Miss Pearle Vermillion on June 9, at the First Presbyterian Church of Casper, The Rev. Chas. Wilson officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Foster are at home at their new apartment on West Eighth street. We are always glad to welcome new members to the Midwest Family and hereby extend the right hand of fellowship to the new member and wish you both much happiness.

(a) Mrs. R. S. Ellison (b) Mrs. E. R. Breisch (c) Mrs. A. G. Fidel

Festivities at Opening of Teapot Clubhouse

Another Midwest contribution to the welfare of its employees was given over to the public entertainment Saturday June 25, when the Teapot Club House was formally opened.

To I. L. Stewart, Superintendent at Teapot, is due much credit for the painstaking way in which preparations were made for this event. Everything good to eat was served and the hospitality of Mr. Stewart and his people was evident at every turn.

As usual in such cases there was a fly in the ointment or an ant in the butter or something thereby holding to the rule; The piano which was bought for the club house by the men of Teapot was to have been played by one of the employes at that place—a man who can coax more melody from one piano than Sousa could from his entire band if it were twice as large; He developed ptomaine poisoning so late in the evening that no substitute could be gotten out from town. Again the universal high order of Midwest employes was in evidence when E. A. Flinn, Jr., Chief Clerk of the pipe line department, who had come as a guest, stepped nobly into the breach and dispensed great gobs of a very high class harmony throughout the evening.

About thirty members of the family were present from Casper, but due to a cloudburst traveling without lights and on no sort of a schedule whatever, The Salt Creek faction was entirely absent.

Now to the Club House itself;

New Midwest Teapot Clubhouse

It is a frame structure of more than pleasing architecture 43 by 47 feet. The interior is finished in a panel effect with indirect lighting throughout. The building is divided into two parts one of which is fitted for an auditorium and motion picture theatre. The floor is especially finished to provide a good dancing surface and a fire proof projecting booth houses, a Powers 6-A Motion Picture Projecting machine which is the last word in the motion picture world. The screen is built against the wall thus insuring a steady picture at all times.

The other half of the building is fitted for a reading, billiard and refreshment room. Two Brunswick pool tables have been installed together with the necessary equipment. Magazines and books have been provided for the reading room, and in one corner there will be an up-to-date barber shop where the boys can receive a dash of lilac on their tresses when they so desire.

As completed it is one of the best club rooms to be found in a like location and the fact that it is appreciated goes without saying.

Peterson-Johnson

On June 15th, at Galesburg, Ill., occured the wedding of Miss Alice Jeanette Peterson of Galesburg and Mr. Roy Johnson of Casper, Wyoming. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents and only immediate relatives of the young couple were present.

Mr. Johnson has a responsible position in the accounting department of the Midwest Casper Refinery and immediately after the wedding received a telegram of congratulations from his fellow workers in this department and upon their return home a very beautiful wedding gift from the men in this department was presented. The wedding journey included a visit in the city of Denver and other points. The newly-weds are now at home to their friends at 531 So. Beech Street.

Our Fair Cousins From Greybull

Dear Midwest Friends:—

Two years ago next August, I came to Greybull. I had expected to find a very small shack town, and nothing but sheepherders and cow punchers abroad, such can be one's impression of a place as yet unseen by them. But I had made up my mind that I would like it anyway. So you can imagine my surprise when I had a chance to look around and see what a large oil center this was. Mr. Black had told me in his letters what a large business the Midwest did, but I could not understand. So after I had been here for a while I began to admire their way of treating their employees, and I heard many things about their generous dealings with the town of Greybull in the matter of water, gas, schools and so on. All of this looks most pleasing to me and as my husband tells me more of the advantages they enjoy the more I am satisfied with my home and the town of Greybull. When we first came here we had no home and lived in a rented house, but we soon decided that the best thing for us to do was to own our own place. So we selected a lot and started a house. We now have a small house on a very desirable lot, and we do not owe a hundred dollars on the whole thing and all of this has been done in a little less than a year and a half. If my husband had not been working for the Midwest this would probably not have happened as he is a bricklayer. The last Christmas eve, when we all gathered together like one large family made a very great impression on me as I am now convinced that if the wife and family of a laboring man is contented the man himself will be, and the Midwest has evidently figured this all out as their conduct seems to show. I am happy here and as the schools are good and my children can receive the schooling they need. I am glad my husband is a Midwest Employee and I want to be considered one of the Midwest Family.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. JAMES BLACK

Mrs. Clarence L. Brown

In reply to yours of the fourteenth I wish to say that I am very much interested in the progress of the Midwest Refining Co.

I came to Greybull from Billings, Montana, March 26th, 1921, and now reside at 337 Sixth Ave., S.

The Midwest Refining Company has always been represented to me as being very kind and considerate to all its employees, and although I have not resided here long, so far I have found it to be true. You have my wishes for another prosperous year.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Mrs. Clarence L. Brown

Mrs. Lillie Felkner

I came to Greybull December 16th, 1917, from Bozeman, Montana. I have been one of the Midwest family ever since that date.

I live on a ranch about one and one-half miles out of Greybull.

I think the Midwest Company is one of the best companies to the employes in the U. S.

I hope to remain in the Midwest family.

Yours with friendship,
MRS. LILLIE FELKNER

Mrs. William R. Hovis

Born in Wisconsin about 1890, or to be more exact, forty years after Wisconsin was admitted as a state, spent all the early part of my life on my father's farm in Grant county, near the Mississippi river. Attended rural school, later High school in Lancaster, and Normal in Platteville.

Ater teaching seven years in Wisconsin and Montana, I came to Wyoming, dissillusioned by beautiful scenic post-cards sent to me by Wm. (Speed) Hovis, gauger at the Midwest refinery. I arrived here on one of those typical hot, dusty days in August (1917) and decided I'd make my sojourn very limited indeed. After spending several weeks in Greybull, I decided I'd stay in Wyoming a year, and accepted a position in the Cowley schools. During the year I made many trips to Greybull, getting better acquainted with Speed and the rest of the Midwest family, and decided not to change my residence, but my name instead, so of course I've been one of that great group since March 24th, 1918.

In this age of turmoil and unrest among the great mass of laboring people a great deal of credit is due to the company that considers its employees enough to give them a voice in its affairs.

For instance the Industral council is composed of an equal number of men representing the employees and the company alike, and decides all questions to the interest of both parties concerned. Then again the insurance policy kept up by the company for its employees is a great benefit often coming just at the time such aid is needed most. And who does not look at a home, possessed by himself with a keen pride? The Midwest company has made it possible for every man employed to own his own home.

It would be well for the progress of communities if all organizations took such interest in public welfare as does the Midwest company which in this community came to the front during the "Flu" epidemic, and spared neither cost nor energy in supplying hospitals, physicians, nurses and in fact all necessities demanded in such a serious time. The company's interest in schools has made it possible for Greybull to have schools unsurpassed by few if any towns of its size. And we must not forget that the leaders of this great family are good sportsmen. Many of Greybull's people admit the finest base ball games they have ever witnessed were played by Midwest players. (Greybull)

When such broad-minded men as B. L. Warren, Supt. of the Greybull Refinery, are guardians, success and a kindly interest toward the company and great good to the community is the result, so let's all give the glad hand to Mr. Warren, our superintendent.

Now if you will just give me space enough to say William, Jr. joined the Midwest Family December 11 1921, and at present has office rooms in the Hovis residence, where his father reports to him daily, but later hopes to be a part of the actual working force of this great company, I'll stop with kindest wishes for the entire Midwest family.

Mrs. Wm. R. Hovis.

Mrs. R. L. Dockery

Our two years association with the Midwest company makes us glad to be identified as a part of it. It impresses me as doing more for its employees than any company my husband has ever worked for. It enables us to have a home and so many more hours to spend together in our home.

Better pay and shorter hours gives one a chance for recreation.

Well—anyway, we think it's just the best there is. Why say more?

Mrs. R. L. Dockery

We all appreciate the efforts of the amateur oculist. He is so earnest about it. But why let others get all the credit? Why not be one yourself? All you require is a few lessons by mail and a cast-iron nerve. Try everything once. Remember the victim suffers more than you do.

The first move is to roll back the upper eyelid by placing a medium sized plank behind it. Then while the victim boxes the compass with his eye, you massage his eye-ball with a match, a pair of tweezers, or the back of a knife, or any other appropriate instrument, first wiping the instrument carefully on a dirty apron or the sleeve of your shirt and wrapping the end of it in a soiled handkerchief.

Always remember that the exercise the victim gets by moving his eye rapidly from north to south and east to west is in itself beneficial. In the first place it distracts his attention from your excruciating efforts and in the second place it loosens up the ligaments that restrict the movements of the eye. In fact, if the exercise is continued long enough he may be able to look in several directions at one time without apparent effort. Furthermore, it may work the dirt so far into the eye that it will be twice as difficult to remove it. This, of course, makes your task much more interesting.

After you have prodded the eyes of several victims you will be astonished to find that the human eye is not made of solid rubber or polished ivory as you imagined, but can be badly damaged with even a comparatively soft instrument like a match or a pair of tweezers.

Don't let this fact discourage you however. Remember, if you want to be a member of the great army of heroic amateur oculists who are infecting and ruining the eyes of people all over the country you must persevere. There is no great gain without some small pain.

If you happen to lack nerve and this work seems too brutal for your sensitive nature, we would recommend that you refer sufferers to some competent first-aid worker or nurse Naturally, though, we are disappointed in you and you are deprived forever of the pleasure that an amateur oculist gets out of life, even though in the end you will have more friends.

—Courtesy Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

Wives, Mothers and Sisters at Muddy

Mrs. Charles Marshall

I arrived in Big Muddy on the fifteenth of May. This being my first time to see an oil field, I was greatly interested in the way they drill, pump and produce the oil. Having lived always in mining and smelting cities, everything here was quite new to me. surprised to find I was very much that the Midwest had such nice homes for their employes at the Big Muddy Field, nice clean modern, and steam heated houses, also natural gas to cook with. I had an idea that the Big Muddy field was just a small camp, with no nice homes and no conveniences, but I find everything here that a large city has in the way of keeping house. I also find the people very friendly and pleasant.

I am quite sure that I will like it here very much, and shall try to be a worthy member of the Midwest family.

MRS. CHAS. MARSHALL

Mrs. Roy Gurley

I arrived in Parkerton June 29th, 1919. Was the first oil oil field for me. I thought I'd leave for the east in the afternoon. I'll make the west my home hereafter. Big Muddy if possible.

I love the oil fields.

Mrs. Roy Gurley,
Big Muddy.

From Effete East

The trip from Rochester, New York, my home to Parkerton, was a delight.

It seems to me there is born in the heart of every Easterner a wish to some day see the west. I was no exception and it was with great joy that I realized my dream was to come true.

When the wedding festivities were over on October 27th, my husband and I lef Rochester and started west to become members of the Midwest Family, he an old one, I a new.

The thing that impressed me most was the bigness of the country and the hearts of its people, yes, and the Field itself. To see the wells and their working was a novelty. The splendid system and order of things at Big Muddy and the fair play of its heads, should be and are a credit to the Midwest Company.

MRS. J. A. CONNOR

Mrs. Frank A. Webber

As the wife of a Midwest employe I have been asked to write of my experience since I became one of the Midwest family. We have been in Muddy since November, 1916, with the exception of about eleven months in the latter part of 1919, and the first part of 1920

Our first home in Big Muddy was in the Fenix house on the Fenix lease in the eastern end of the field, where my husband worked on the old original Fenix well for Rathvon and Chew, labor contractors for the Midwest. After two and one half years we decided to go to Rock River, Wyoming, but did not like it there and only stayed ten days and left and went to Thermopolis, Wyoming, for the winter and in January, 1920 my husband left for Mule Creek and I came as far as Casper with him and stayed. While at Casper I took sick with the flu and had to send for my husband to come back so we deciled not to go back to Mule Creek but to stay at home, as we always called Big Muddy, and have been here ever since living in the west end of the main camp.

While I expect some people would rather live in town, I for myself like it better here than any field I have ever been in as we have all the modern conveniences of city life here.

We have gas and electric lights, running water in our house and a large condensing plant right handy where we can get all of the nice soft water we want. Also we have a very efficient office force, who try to make things convenient as possible for all Midwest employes.

While the field is not as lively as when we first came here I still think there is no place like Big Muddy, and I sincerely hope that our connections with an organzation as wonderful as the Midwest Refinery company will never be ended.

MRS. FRANK A. WEBBER

Mrs. O. W. Franklin

As the wife of an employee I am asked to recount some of my experiences since becoming one of the Midwest family. We came from Nebraska City, Neb., to Casper and after a short stay there moved to Big Muddy in July, 1918. Have been living here ever since.

When we first came here my husband was employed in the Boarding Home as cook and I worked "extra" in the dining room, but soon had a job as "regular" waitress. Later I helped take care of the Bachelor quarters and that way made quite a little pin-money for myself. In September, 1919, my husband was transferred to the Tool-House, which position he is holding at the present writing. We think the Midwest is the only company to work for and we look on Big Muddy as home, and expect to stay here as long as my husband has work.

We find that we can save more money here than in the city, and still enjoy nearly all the advantages of city life, with none of its drawbacks, and we feel that the Company is taking a lively interest in the welfare of its employees and their families, as witness this number of the Review, the prompt and efficient action taken in the threatened typhoid fever epidemic recenly, the free life insurance issued to the employees and other instances too numerous to mention, ranking high among them, that little magazine known as the Midwest Review. It is in my estimation one big factor in fostering that spirit of loyalty toward the Company one meets with so frequently among the Midwest family.

And now a word about the children. We have three girls—eleven, eight and five years of age. They are the very picture of health, showing that life out here agrees with them. We have an excellent grade school in charge of a competent corps of teachers. Also a high school. The building is fireproof, being constructed entirely of brick and cement. It is two stories high, well lighted, heated and ventilated and capable of accommodating all the children in the field without crowding. We have a church and Sunday school and a picture show every night except Sunday, so that the children as well as the grown-ups have every advantage so far as education and recreation is concerned. All this goes to show that Big Muddy Camp is a "Camp" in name only, as the meaning of the word is generally applied. In every other respect it is a little city, the only things we don't have are a cemetery and a traffic cop. But we don't need either one, as we are a live bunch and everybody tries to practice safety first.

MRS. O. W. FRANKLIN

Joyce Scott

In 1915 on account of my mother's health, we moved from the oil fields of Oklahoma to the Grass Creek field in Wyoming, where my father had secured work with the Midwest.

was then just a camp, and when we arrived after riding all afternoon over rough roads in a Ford, we thought we had surely come to

The Grass Creek field, forty miles from Thermopolis, the jumping-off place.

Our first school was held in one end of a garage, the other end of which contained a post office. Our first winter spent in Wyoming was the coldest winter I have ever seen

We lived in Grass Creek, or Midkest, as it is now called, until December, 1919, when we were transferred to Big Muddy. With the exception of one year spent in Colorado I have always lived in the oil fields. For almost six years my father has worked for the Midwest, and I am glad of this opportunity now to thank them for they have proved to be a great company to work for.

Yours truly,

JOYCE SCOTT.

In the Wilds of Wyoming

Mrs. E. Hyler

I left Chicago, October 21st, 1920. Arrived in Wyoming October 23rd, 1920. I was ready to go back on the next train. I have been in wind storms before but nothing like they have in Wyoming. I use to sit up all night thinking it would blow our house over. But I am like everybody else, I have gotten use to it now.

Well, spring opened up and the first we always think about is our garden. I was told it does no good to make a garden unless you could irrigate. Well, I am sixty-eight years old and I thought nobody could tell me how to make garden. I now have found out better. You never get too old to learn new things in Wyoming. You can look out of our bungalow and see the beautiful hills, and what puzzled me is how the pine trees grow on rocks.

MRS. E. HYLER

Loyal Women Folks From Salt Creek

Mrs. Floyd Waggoner

I have only been in Salt Creek a short time, coming from Sioux City, Iowa, in Feb. last. But was very much surprised and pleased to find so many conveniences which the Midwest furnishes their employees. I never was in a place where an employer treated the employees as the Midwest does theirs. They certainly try to make things pleasant and comfortable for their employees. We certainly expect to stay here.

Yours for best wishes,

MRS. FLOYD H. WAGGONER.

Mrs. Fred Louis Koehler

I came to the oil fields at Salt Creek about five months ago. It is a new and interesting life to me.

Since my arrival here I have been very enthusiastic about seeing things and learning all about the oil fields. I have been fortunate in seeing two wells come in from my own little doorstep.

My husband, son Arthur and I live in a "wee" house (that is what I call it) and we have it fixed up so bright and cozy that I would like every one to see it.

Altho everything is so very different (here) and I am so far from my friends and the life I have been accustomed to, I am extremely happy and content here.

The sunrise and sunset are more colorful and glorious out in this big country and even tho it is rather barren I find it very impressive and I want to stay here and be one of the "Midwest family"

Very sincerely,

MRS. FRED LOUIS KOEHLER.

Mrs. Stella Payne

For fear others will do like I feel like doing (as I don't know what to write) I will write a few lines and help make the women's number of The Review a success as much as it lies in my power to do so.

We have lived here about 14 months and the Mr. worked here several months before we could get a house so the children and I lived on our homestead till he could get a place for us to live. We were in Montana five years before we came to Wyoming, but like it much better here. In March my oldest and youngest and myself visited in Arkansas, Illinois and Iowa, but we were all glad to get back to old Salt Creek.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. STELLA PAYNE.

My Life in Salt Creek.

When I read that this issue of the REVIEW was to be devoted to the women of the Midwest Refining Company, I thought it the duty of all those who have been here as I have, to participate.

My father came to Salt Creek in January, 1912. My mother, we five girls, and my one brother came in June of the same year. Our house was the second or third, I'm not just sure, which was built here.

Needless to say it was just a scorching, barren, sagebrush prairie. I presume a great number of the families who are here now, will wonder what I call it now. But only by having lived here then and now can one draw the amazing comparisons. Today we have electricity, the picture show, sidewalks, and ice, just to mention a few very diverse things we did not have then.

Gas lights were used in the houses, gas torches lit up the "street" at night. Electric lights are now in the many residences. The only amusement was a dance occasionally in the small company boarding house. The large amusement hall we have today was not built for several years, not until the camp became much larger. Today, we have a picture show tri-weekly which furnishes the best and most up-to-date pictures.

Now, mentioning sidewalks may seem a very insignificant thing to people so used to them.

but when you have waded to your knees in gumbo, just to go to the store, then and only then can you appreciate our cement, and incidently, our broad walks all around in Salt Creek.

In those summers before we had ice it seemed the water we had to drink was on the verge of the boiling point. Butter and similar articles were placed in a hole dug by the side of the house about two feet deep, and suitably covered. There were no cellars. The women, or kind husbands dug these holes. They poured a bucket or two of water in them at night so as to make them cool during the day. Of course it was not long before each house had a large cellar built to it by the company.

Thus one might go on and on enumerating many and perhaps more important changes of which I have only started, that have been made by the Midwest, to make it a more agreeable place for their employees to live, but the letter called for merely a brief summary.

As to myself, personally, I attended the first school held in Salt Creek, being in the eighth grade then. Four years later I graduated from Casper High School. Then I attended the State University.

Salt Creek being my home so long, naturally I like it. Of course I know there are other places that offer more in many ways. But the one thing I like here is the apparent prosperity of everyone. There is no poverty here. That, I am sure one does not find so much in places that are presumably more pleasant in which to live.

VOILETTE WARD WALL.

Daughter of Midwest Family in Limelight

We have in the Midwest Family a young lady that has made for herself a name that is spoken in certain circles from one end of the land to the other. Miss Lou Alta Melton, daughter of W. K. Melton of Salt Creek, a graduate engineer is the lady in question and to give you the real dope we reprint here some of the good things said about her in Newspaper Enterprise:

Missoula, Mont., April 15,—Miss Lou Alta Melton is assistant bridge engineer of the U. S. Department of Public Roads and is attached to the headquarters office at Missoula.

Among her proudest possessions is a membership card in the American Association of Engineers.

"The woman who has taken an engineering course has been grounded thoroughly in reasoning," she says. "This is because on engineering course of today is not narrow, as it once was, but trains one in mathematics, chemistry, geology, physics, the principles of industrial management and the political and public problems of the day. It touches every phase of industry and activity.

"While it is doubtful if ever woman will take up engineering as a profession to the extent that men have it is evident that the highest attainment of the human race will come only when men and women work shoulder to shoulder for the same purposes and ideals."

Miss Melton graduated from the University of Colorado, receiving a degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. Less than a score of such degrees have been granted to women throughout the the country.

Lattimer-Garriot

Mr. Chas. L. Garriott, was married on June 7th, to Mrs. Lucile Lattimer, of Louisville, Kentucky. The wedding journey included points of interest in the Blue Grass State and a visit with relatives of the groom in Chicago. Mr. Garriott is a valued employee of the Midwest Refining Company in the pipe fitting department. The best wishes of the Midwest Family for a happy married life are hereby extended.

Dudley-Mann

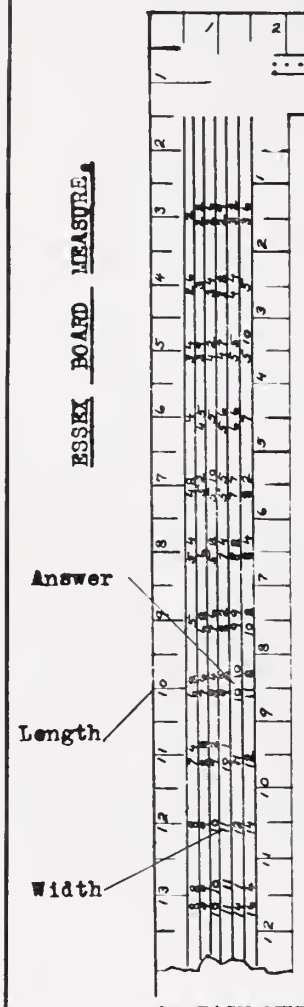
Miss Ruth Dudley and Mr. William Mann were married on June 10th, 1921, at Trinity Methodist Church in Denver, Colo. The father of the bride performed the wedding ceremony. Mrs. Mann has been an instructor in the Natrona County High School for several years. Mr. Mann since his return from over seas has been connected with the Midwest Refining Company, first in the Engineering Department and at present in the new Sharpless Plant. Both young people have many friends in Casper who wish them Godspeed on the journey of life together.

The Casper Refinery Challenges any other Division of the Midwest Organization to show an equal or better record of June marriages.

Henry Stevick New Director

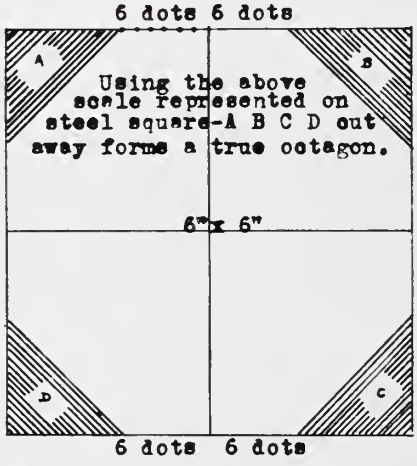
Mr. Henry Stevick is the new member of the Board of Directors of the Midwest Employees Benefit Association of the Casper Refinery and succeeds Mr. Frank B. Smith who has left the service of the company.

The Steel Square



HOW TO USE THE OCTAGON SCALE.

The row of dots inclosed between two lines and figured to a scale of tenths; each dot equalling 1 inch. Therefore 6 dots for 6" square, 8 for 8" square, etc.



HOW TO USE THE BOARD MEASURE

The figures under 12 represent the width of boards. Their lengths are represented by the figures on the blade from 1 to 24. PROBLEM 1- How many board feet in a board 1"x11"x10"?

1x11 11x10 110. 110 12 9' 2"

AN EASY METHOD FOR CALCULATING LUMBER-- Draw a vertical line. To the right put the number of pieces and their dimensions. To the left write 3 and 4, because they are the multiples of 12. Proceed as in cancelation.

EXAMPLE-How many board feet in one piece 2"x4"x 16" ?

3 | 4 2 x 16=32÷3
4 | 16 =10 2/3 ft.

THE MIDWEST REFINING CO. CASPER, WYO. FIELD ENGINEERING DEPT.		
DR. BY	TO ILLUSTRATE METHODS OF USING THE ORDINARY STEEL SQUARE AS EXPLAINED BY W. K. MELTON OF THE SALT CREEK MACHINE SHOP.	DATE
TR. BY		SCALE
CK. BY		DRAWER
APPROVED BY		DRAWING NO.

A Treatise on the Steel Square. Prepared by W. K. Melton of Salt Creek

Denver Folks

Mrs. E. W. Illius

As the wife of a Denver Employee of the Midwest Refining Company I would like to say that of the different institutions Mr. Illius has been associated with during our married life, from none has he been accorded the consideration and fairness that he has received at the hands of the Midwest Refining Company. Mr. Illius' association with the Midwest Refining Company for nearly seven years has been most pleasant. I can say with all sincerity I am proud that I am a member of the family of the Midwest Refining Company.

Yours for success,
MRS. E. W. ILLIUS.

Mrs. R. C. Tuttle

We came to Denver in July 1921. Upon our arrival in Denver Mr. Tuttle obtained employment with the Midwest through a friend whom I knew in Oil City, Pennsylvania. My home was formerly Tidioute, Warren Co., Pa. I was glad to hear that there are a great many from that good old state now employed with the Midwest. I think the Midwest to be a fine Company to work for. They have treated us fine especially this Spring when Mr. Tuttle was off from work for two weeks on account of sickness. Our home is 3420 Alcott St., North Denver.

MRS. R. C. TUTTLE.

Dick Rausch, of Casper Refinery popularly known as "Tiny," by his fellows, is at a sanitarium in Thermopolis, fighting off an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Dick is a Stillman at the Lubricating Stills. The boys are all hoping for his speedy recovery and return to work.

John M. Hay

John M. Hoy, an employee of the Midwest Refinery, died of diptheria at a local hospital on June 6, 1921. Mr. Hoy's father from Keystone, S. Dakota, was at the bedside at the time of the young man's death. John was a young man of fine character and was held in high esteem by his fellow employees and by his employers. The insurance carried free by the Midwest on all employees, was paid promptly to the beneficiary. The Midwest Family wishes to extend deepest sympathy to the bereaved parents and other relatives thru the medium of the Midwest Review.

"Far from the Madding Crowd"

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stebenne at Linger Longer Cabin

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Doings of the Denver Office

Pictures and Things

The entertainment, smoker, social session, or whatever term is more applicable to it, given last month by the George B. Steele post of the American Legion, to which a large majority of the "he-men" of the Denver office was invited, and who attended—it is needless to say—to the limit of invitations outstanding, was indeed a most enjoyable, not to say startling affair. Due credit must be given a member of the committee employed in the Denver office for the privileges extended and the fine time had by all.

All advance information as to the class and character of the entertainment was confirmed and perhaps more. Some had heard through the well-known underground channel of the intense entertaining qualities of the moving picture to be shown, and of those who were in a large measure prepared for this feature of the affair, it may be said that no disappointment was suffered. To those who were ignorant of what was in store for them, no data is available at this time as to their impressions.

The affair was ostensibly given in the name of Charity, but if any had forgotten it, he was certainly reminded that "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

The evening was divided into three principal parts, the first being devoted to giving all who were worshippers of the Goddess of Chance ample opportunity to demonstrate their luck or skill, or both. When the hour had been reached where no further profit was possible from this pastime, the picture was brought in and thrown on an improvised screen. Perhaps all, or at least most of those present, have been accustomed to looking for the familiar "Passed by the National Board of Censors," or some similar emblem indicating that somewhere some one had assumed unto himself the duty of passing on what was proper for everyone else, but in this case no such notice met the view of the expectant gathering, and it may be said that no one was put out by the omission. A description, either general or in detail, of this unusual and entertaining picture finds no place in this article; but to those who might wish to see it, it might be proper to say that reference can only be given to its last appearance. It can be said, however, that it was "Made in France."

From the viewpoint of some, it remained for the best to be reserved for the last. Due announcement was made of what was forthcoming and it can again be said that no disappointment was suffered by the guests. One criticism, however, was heard, but it only had to do with the lights being dimmed, the wonder being the necessity for such, as the war is now over and there is no need for fuel and light economy. Mack Sennett has more girls in his bathing squad than appeared for the feature of the evening, but it cannot be said that Mack's group ever made a more intense or profound impression than the young lady who carried off the honors of the evening. Some called her stunt the "Dance of the seven veils." Your correspondent did not see seven veils—owing possibly to the lights being low—but it is immaterial whether the number is stated accurately or only approximately. The music accompanying the last feature was, to some of the older guests, reminiscent of the old Midway at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

12:45 a. m. found the guest running for owl cars and taxicabs.

Had the City of Denver exercised the full police power conferred upon it by the Colorado Statutes, it is questionable whether the Denver office would have opened on time the following morning—in no event, however, would it have had a full attendance.

For we've missed Bo Scherrer's kissin'
Ever since that Tramway game,
We will never be the same,
For the homerun king last game did miss 'em.
McPhee's Zip Service came along and spoiled our fun,
Bo must start all over, hit one to the clover,
The girls are rearin' for another home run.

Now Bo, go do your duty,
Or the other boys we'll have to call,
That will sure be your downfall, so come on thru,
Someone said the next time that you pout,
She'll take hers before you're worn out,
Cause we're missin' Scherrer's kissin,'
And we're sure he's missin' ours.

Inasmuch as this is a feminine number of The Review, we needs must again pick on Kelly. Kelly's standing with the fair sex is now as solid as the pyramids, but then we can't all have dainty pedal extremities. Kelly, just a short time ago, won immortal favor by taking the sore and corn producing areas out of a pair of some fair damsel's new oxfords.

Heard in just the faintest of whispers:

Fuel oil, slop oil, acid oil, and tar;
These are the words that our pleasures mar.
So we'll change them to four percent wine and hooch,
Rah! Rah! Oh, what a life!
G O O C H !

Philip Duncan is back on the job after a severe illness in which Diphtheria played the leading role for about three weeks.

Betty Mae Schwartzlose—synonomous to a wee bit of heaven—weighing eight and one-half pounds, arrived on May 29th, 1921, to take up her abode with papa and mama Schwartzlose. We extend our heartiest congratulations, and best wishes for the young lady's future.

FISHING.

He sat on a rock in the Laramie,
And fished from morn til night,
He coaxed then swore and D——— the fish
But still they would not bite.

He had traveled out from Denver,
A thousand miles or MORE.
He hadn't caught a doggone thing,
No wonder he was sore.

He sat up the whole night long,
But he figured out how to hook 'em
He camouflaged himself a bit
Then someone else could cook 'em.

He rummaged round and found a sack
'Twas just the thing he wanted,
He slipped it on just over his head
And to the river jaunted.

He didn't fish so very long
Until he had a bite,
A couple more just on his left
Then a dozen on his right.

His camouflage was working fine
He fooled most everything
But he fooled the ones he feared the worse
Cause skeeters pack a sting.

So he threw down his rod, rushed to the tent,
And with an angry roar,
Announced his intention, to quit fishing,
And never to go anymore.

The Denver Team's Adventures To Date

If we can slip this by the censors, perhaps we can feed the hungering Midwest family a few morsels of real, live dope. Naturally, an issue of the Review would not be complete without a word or two about the ups and downs of the Denver Team.

Since last reports, we have opened our Commercial League schedule. At our first attempt we succeeded in defeating the fast Tramway nine by a score of 2 to 1. This was the best game played in this league to date. It was played in record time of 1:20. Ray Hamilton defeated the veteran twirler, Red Root, in masterly style. "Bobo" Scherrer divides the hero honors with him by hitting a home run driving in a run before him which won the game.

Our next engagement resulted in disaster, when our ancient rivals, McPhee & McGinnity, trimmed us by a score of 9 to 2. Harry Morton, a former Midwest employee, pitched a splendid game against us. As an alibi, we offer the fact that the Zips got all the so-called breaks. We are in hopes to get even in the return game which will be played at our home grounds on July 9th.

In a practice game of seven innings, we defeated Sacred Heart College by a score of 5 to 1. The Collegians secured only one hit off our twirlers, Hamilton and Mellen.

Then an intermission occurred for several days due to the arrival of an enormous amount of moisture in the form of rain. This caused us postponing the C. & S. game which is still to be played.

We then were the chief attraction at the Gas Company picnic at Elitch's, where we trimmed the Meter Readers by a score of 23 to 5. We had a considerably strengthened lineup in this game with the addition of Frank Philbin, who has returned from Des Moines, and Dewey Flint, a Denver University graduate.

In the last game played to date, we defeated the fast coming Hendrie & Bolthoff nine, by a score of 9 to 2. Hamilton was again the star of the game. Bill May, McNicholas and Shorty Hanlin also played well. This was Shorty's last game with us as he is leaving the company to become connected with the Woolworth Stores Company. We regret to lose him.

We trust that this will keep everyone in good humor until our next publication.

Ed Freeman Married

Tennis is a dangerous game when young men endeavor to play it with young ladies. When Dan Cupid serves beware, for the "love" element is sure to take effect.

Some time ago Sir Dan served a double arrow which caused two hearts to beat as one when on Wednesday, June 8th, 1921, Miss Mildred Ayres became the bride of our fellow-worker, Mr. Edwin Freeman, of the Insurance Division and who is also famous as Chief Reporter to the Review for the Denver Office. Al. Ayres, a brother of the bride, was best man and Miss Freeman, Edwin's sister, was bridesmaid.

After the ceremony the couple left for a short honeymoon somewhere on the Moffat road.

Mrs. Freeman was formerly an employe of the B. K. Sweeney Electrical Company. We make this statement so that many of our employees may now know just why they would see Ed. waiting patiently on the corner of Thirteenth and Broadway every evening about five-thirty.

We assure Mr. and Mrs. Freeman that the Midwest family extend to them their best wishes for everlasting happiness and prosperity.

Pepular Employe Ensnared

Romance is not dead yet. Take for instance the case of Elmer Roewe. During the last of May E L.R. hies himself to the hills and upon his return he has a wife. Mr. Roewe used to say "No wedding bells for me" but, like all of these poor men, when the right girl came along he saw his opportunity and took advantage of it, pronto. Here's wishing Elmer all the joys and happiness possible and may our story close like the tales in————etc., in the fairy books we used to read, "And they lived happily ever after."

A Strong Argument

How often have you heard the saying, "There's nothing new under the sun"? Far be it from us to correct the fellow who made this statement but we beg to announce that there is something new, not exactly under the sun, but anyway it's new. We are referring to Kahn's new pipe. What!!!! didn't you hear that MMK threw away his old strong pipe and got a new one.

Mr. Kahn stated that he hated to throw away his very old and dear friend but it was getting so decrepit that it was necessary that strong friends must part. We all feel sorry for Mr. Kahn's loss and sympathize with him in his hour of sorrow but just the same we sure are glad that he has a new pipe. For his act of valor Mr. Kahn wins the flowers. Boy, say it with flowers.

Midwest Employe Burned

How many of us poor mortals have suffered the tortures of Sunburn? Almost all of us at one time or another have been afflicted in the above manner, n'est-ce pas? Mr. M. M. Kahn of the rate department seems to be the one that has the tenderest texture. During the three holidays which we enjoyed, namely Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Decoration Day, our erstwhile friend, namely MMK, partook in the sport of fishing with some of his friends. Alas!!! the result was again fatal to MMK's beauty for he had a wonderful case of sunburn on his neck in the very spot where his collar goes. You can't fool MMK however. In order to proceed with the business for the day he put one of his beautiful silk handkerchiefs inside his collar thus preventing the collar from rubbing against his neck and making a very sore place much sorer. MMK says that hereafter when he goes fishing he will wear a bandana handkerchief to prevent the rays of the sun from marring any other spots of his beauty. P. S.—Other fishermen take note. "Experience is a dear school but some will learn in no other," as it were.

Decoration Day in these parts was spent by many of us in the hills. Mr. and Mrs. Stebenne spent the time at a house party at Eldorada Springs. Several other young folks made up the party including Mr. Olaf Mauldin, also of this Division. Spin reports that he had a wonderful time with the exception that he had to fry his own pan cakes for the rest of the week as his wife remained the balance of the week in the hills, leaving Spencer to find out what a home is without a wife.

Mrs. Stebenne is proud of being a member of the Midwest family. She is a former employe and says she knows what she is talking about when she says the Midwest is the best there is.

We are here reminded of another incident which occured in the Bohmann family shortly after Jake became a benedict. Mrs. Bohmann, knowing that Jake liked chicken, proceeded to a nearby poultry store to purchase a foul for Sunday's dinner The clerk, who was an accommodating chap, inquired if she wished a pullet. Mrs. Bohmann replied that she preferred to carry it.

It seems that shortly after they were married, Mrs. Johns surprised her husband, Art Johns, at dinner with a fine looking dessert which she informed him was Cottage Pudding. After tasting it, Art replied that he knew it was for he could taste the plaster and wallpaper.

May 12th, 1921, will go down in history as a very important day, at least in the memory of one Thomas May. It was on this eventful day that Tom became twenty-one. Like all true Irishmen, Tom says the greatest thing he received outside of regular watch, was the power to vote. He immediately registered and was eligible to vote at the spring election. He reports that he voted early and often.

The month of May also contained the birthday of another celebrity which is no less a person than Al Ohnemus. Al is known by his most intimate friends as a modern Samuel Pepys. He is keeping a diary which is very interesting. Al also keeps a complete file of all baseball box scores. Anyone wishing to get the "dope" may have access to these records upon getting with A.W.O.

The Sales Accounting Division is favored with the presence of the Agricultural Experts within their midst. These are Messrs. Crawford May and J. W. Casey. Their advice is free, and it might be some good to anyone planting Government seeds.

Wade Casey has just returned from a two weeks vacation, spent in the wilds of creation. He is looking fat and sassy, and reports that he is ready to put in 365 days minus Sundays, holidays, and Saturday afternoons.

Bill Elliott Talks

Bill Elliott, the only veteran of the great war in the Sales Accounting Division, tells the following:

It happened during the advance of his company into Germany shortly before the armistice. The detail had just arrived near the front lines when the captain looked around and noticed a private, hatless and coatless.

"Where's the rest of your uniform?" the captain demanded.

"Back where we came from."

"Go back and get it."

The private vanished and later reappeared correctly uniformed, but without his rifle.

"Where's your gun?"

"Left it back where we came from."

"Listen!" bellowed the captain. "You're a fine soldier. What were you in civilian life?"

"Plumber's helper."

We'll say he was.

Jake Bohmann: "I have some money, but I dont know whether to buy a home or an automobile."

Stebenne: "Take my advice; buy a home and mortgage it to get the machine. Then you'll have both."

"Bet you don't" was our reply.

"Around your neck", says Al.

Truck rides are often disastrous for the young and bashful ones. We have had it reported to us from authentic source that one Lucille Anderson of the Accounting Division can justly testify. So girls beware, but if you want advice on this subject, we advise that you ask Lucille, as it is believed that she has recently had some very exhilarating experiences along this line.

SAABD Doings

Commenting upon the speed of the Review in going to press, we would like to offer a suggestion to our fellow contributors that now is the time to get your Chrismas stories ready for the next issue.

Nevertheless, we will state further so that the editor will pardon us for the foregoing statement—which just had to come out—that all of us are mighty glad to get every copy, and await the appearance of the succeeding copies with expectant anticipation. In fact, some of us measure out time by the dates of the issuing of the monthly editions of our magazine instead of using the numerous calendars that bedeck the walls of our various offices. For instance, instead of May 12th, 1921 they write Review Five, 12th, 1921. By this explicit example, you can see how it is done. This method is recommendel by its users as very efficient, and they are in hopes that it may spread like measles or small-pox and become universally adopted.

As Women's Suffrage came hand in hand with the well advertised Eighteenth Amendment, and as the two sister states, Colorado and Wyoming, were pioneers in this movement, the editor in order to get himself in good with all the ladies, issued a proclamation announcing that this issue would be devoted to all feminine contributions from the Midwest family. We therefore, as a contributor, feel duty bound to aid the editor whenever called upon to do so. Digging back through the files of our memory, we unearthed a few anecdotes which we believe will be of interest to the dear readers of this illustrious magazine.

One on the Boss

We have been informed that Mrs. Gene Illius, who is the wife of the boss of this division, does not like to get up early, especially since Gene has to be on duty at eight bells. She, therefore, has acquired the habit of cooking her breakfast food in a double boiler at night. One night not so very long ago, Mrs. Illius came within an ace of cooking Crystal Soap Chips in place of Rolled Oats. It is just possible that she was thinking that an internal bath might have been a pleasant change for Gene in place of one of the many external baths he is in the habit of taking, especially when fishing. However, the calamity was averted by Gene, who happened to be present, and as all stories should end—they lived happily ever afterward.

Casper Refinery News

Mr. W. J. Sloan is enjoying a combined pleasure and business trip which will take him to Kansas City, Mo., and a number of points in the Ozark Mountains.

Mr. R. H. Cooley and family have taken up residence on their homestead several miles northeast of town. Mr. Cooley is having a hard time convincing his friends that he likes to get up with the birds about 4:30, and an equally hard time convincing them that he enjoys busying himself until after dark lightly (?) spading up the virgin sod. However, he has made some highly interesting plans for crossing the river, such as aerial bicycles, etc.

Mr A. T. Slack, of the Western Electric Company and Mr. Granger, of the Hendrie and Bolthoff Manufacturing and Supply Co., were business callers recently.

Mrs. Beatrice Wells, who has been confined to her home for two weeks with a slight attack of pneumonia, is now quite well and back in the office.

Mr. Linton Hopkins has been very busy for a week building a fine log cabin on his homestead on Casper Mountain, where he expects to take his family for the summer months.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hollis on April 22nd, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Scott are the parents of a fine baby boy born April 30th.

Another cartoonist has been added to the Midwest family in the person of little Joy Hopkins, who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Linton Hopkins on April 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Gauvain are saddened by the loss of their infant son who was born on May 11th and secumbed to pneumonia on May 13th. The deep sympathy of their many friends is extended to them.

George W. Torrance, Jr. left for an extended visit to the Ozark Mountain country.

Charlie (Shallie) Black thinks he is a fisherman.

E. O. Wasson has left our midst, and now totes a gun in the official capacity of watchman. Prowlers and evil-doers are hereby warned to steer clear of his beat as it has been said he shoots with deadly precision.

Ray E. Robertson adherent to Breisch's force is one of the tickiest ticket takers that ever ticked.

William J. Sloan takes this opportunity of advising his friends and acquaintances possessing cars that since parting with his "Henry Super Two" that the roads are hard and dusty, that he is built for comfort and not for speed, that an occasional lift will not be met with a brazen look, and a smile will be forthcoming when met in the warehouse.

The Warehouse fishing fleet put to sea in the vicinity of Deer Creek and Bates Hole in Master Kaltenbach's schooner, "Little Phoebe." Hunter remains the undefeated champ getting the limit (and some more).

For those wishing more detailed information concerning Potter's "Past"—Lemon, South Dakota, is a very small town containing twelve people in the summer time when S. Perkins' son is home from college, where the town Philosophers still hang around the general merchandise store, where the curfew still peals its warning to flippant youth and the County Fair is the main event of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Gauvain wish to express their sincere thanks to their friends for the floral offerings and many other kindnesses extended to them during their late bereavement—the loss of their infant daughter.

Robert E. Ivie, who has been connected with the traffic department at the Casper Refinery has severed his connection with the Midwest and has returned to his old home in Lawrenceville, Ill. where he will probably go into business. We wish Mr. Ivie luck in his new venture.

Phil Ryan, popular among the Filter House force is back on the job after being laid up with a fractured foot.

A Newcomer

Mr. Crawford May

We wish to introduce to the Midwest Family a new addition, who has just become an active member of the Sales Accounting Division, Mr. Crawford May, Mr. May is a brother of Tom May of the Sales Accounting Division, and Bill May of the Traffic Division. Like his brother Bill, he is also a good athlete, having played football, basketball and baseball at West Denver High School from which school he graduated this year. He will be welcome both in the office and on the team, and we know that to know him is to like him. He is a good kid.

HEARD IN ROOM 928

Throckmorton to Miller, who had just returned from his vacation:

"Well, Bill, did you find any fish with my brand on them?"

"I sure did."

"Well, what did you do, throw them back in?"

"I had to. They were all under seven inches."

Now this innocent remark is causing Throck some considerable anxiety for fear there may be some veiled insinuation about his fishing ability.

George Boyle, of the Wax Plant, has been honored by the citizens of the new town of Mills by being elected their first mayor.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wedell have bought a new home on East 12th street. Mrs. Wedell is in Dr. Lay's office at the Casper Midwest Laboratory.

Dr. S. K. Loy, chief chemist of the Midwest Refinery Co., returned on May 20th from an extended trip to San Francisco and Salt Lake City on company business.

Howard Johnson, employed at No 2 Treating Plant, is just breaking the news to his friends that he is a married man. The deed was committed December 29th of last year at Colorado Springs. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Miss Mamie K. Pope, of Laramie, Wyo. Congratulations, folks, if it isn't too late.

Clarence Wheaton, one of our old reliable Stillmen at No. 2 refinery, is taking an extended vacation trip via Ford, through Colorado, Kansas and Missouri.

Big Muddy Notes

Many of the ladies of Parkerton have got together and formed a ladies aid society which is in itself a hopeful sign in getting acquainted and making this world a pleasanter place to live in.

A meeting is held about once a week in the old school house which the Baptists, with the help of the workers in the field, purchased for the use of a church. Services are held each Sunday, and mothers can fully appreciate the benefit of such an institution for sending their children to Sunday school and so know more about the object and duties of Sunday.

The members of the school board at Glenrock and Parkerton are discussing the erection of a gymnasium at Parkerton school house, which, if it goes into effect will prove a great boon to the children in providing recreation which is largely denied them at the present time.

Ladies Aid Workers of Parkerton

Parkerton the "getting off" place for Muddy Field, is beginning to assume big proportions in its building program.

A brick building has just been completed by Frank Stewart, the proprietor of Parkerton Pool Hall and Barber Shop, for the purpose of running a Picture Palace, and Dance Hall. A Garage and Auto Repair Shop is in course of completion for H. W. Hawkes.

The picture Palace will fill a long felt want in Muddy as many of the resident families who could not conveniently make the journey to Glenrock will now be able to avail themselves of the entertainment provided for them close to home.

The opening night on Friday May 13th took the form of a dance, and one hundred and thirty-eight tickets were sold which filled the house to overcrowding while the following night a show was put on which was equally successful.

We feel satisfied that the building will be well patronized in view of the number of workers employed wth the various Oil Companies operating in Muddy and our wishes are extended to Frank Stewart that the new project so successfully launched may turn out prosperous.

H. W. Hawkes will soon open for business in earnest in his New Garage and repair shop. No convenience or accommodations have ever existed in the past for minor repairs and accessories outside the Company's shop.

A filling station we understand is to be installed and, in view of the many strangers and tourists making use of the main road from Douglas to Casper during the summer months and fall of the year, we cannot but feel there should be a big volume of business in store for Mr. Hawkes.

On Saturday May 14th, Muddy was unfortunately visited by a fire. One of the Rigs located on A. E. Humphreys lease was burned out. Much credit is due to our neighbor, The Texas Oil Company, for their prompt services in helping us out with many willing fire fighters, who came to our assistance with a good pressure of water which did much to prevent the flames from spreading over a greater area.

George Jaques, our machine shop foreman, has been busy recently in transferring the Muddy machine shop equipment to Casper. We understand the new quarters just completed in Casper will soon be in full swing for extensive operations.

Bert Fuller has succeeded George Jaques in operating the Muddy shop which will in future take care of Muddy work only and so relieve the field of the outside work.

Chas. Marshall, our boiler maker, who is undertaking our repair work has moved his family here from Montana and Charley is now comfortably housed in married quarters where we feel sure he will be in good hands and protection will be given him from the bad habit of spending so many late nights in town, a weakness which Charley is conscious of.

Overheard at the Cook House

1st Hasher—"Say, what time is it, Mag?"

2nd. Hasher—"Just 5:40."

1st.—"My Gawd, the bell will ring in a minute, say Mag lend us yer powder rag."

2nd.—"Sure, Gee, I'm getting tired of this. Just run my heels off all day long, dealing them off the arm to a bunch of bimbos that can put an elephant to shame when it comes to packing the chow. BELIEVE ME AG! I won't linger here long when I get mine made. Me for the big circuit."

1st.—"You bet Mag, with your looks you could knock 'em dead on Broadway."

2nd.—"Yeh, I often thought of that, once in Thermop—'member when I was working in the "Dirty Spoon"—well, I met a New York guy there that told me I was losing time in the sticks. Say he was some guy—was crazy about me."

Dish-Washer—"Aw, he musta been crazy!"

2nd—"Say you who do you think yer talking to? huh? The nerve of some peoples' children—an' him a pearl-diver—Can yer beat it?"

CLANG CLANG CLANG

1st—"My Gawd! Look at them guys rush."

2nd.—"Yeh, think it was the first square meal they had in a week."

1st.—"Let's go!"

2nd.—"Yer fresh thing—no there aint no fried chicken to-night. What's the matter with the beef stew? Where do you think yer at? huh?"

1st.—"SOME MORE SPUDS!"

2nd.—"ANOTHER LINE!"

1st.—"What's the matter with the meat? Say how do yer get that way? You didn't know what meat was when you were out on yer dry farm. Take yer kicks to the complaint department—fourth floor—rear."

2nd.—"SOME MORE BEANS!"

1st.—"(No, I haint got no date to-night—what time? Sure) A PLATTER O' BEEF. (Say Mag I just made a date with that good looking tool dresser—yeh the guy with the car)"

2nd.—"(Look out for that bird Ag)"

1st.—"What? Some more tea? Yeh, sure—won't yer have a demmi tasse too?"

2nd.—"(Say Ag—get the knife thrower at my table—ain't he there?—he can get the gravy off the plate.)"

1st.—"I'll say he can—he wins the gilt-edge tonsils."

2nd.—"SOME MORE CAKE!"

1st.—"Thank Gawd, the rush is over. Say Mag what der mean?—'look out for that bird.'"

2nd.—"Well I aint never been out with him, but I hear he's a bad egg. They say he has a wife in Lusk and another in Rawlins."

1st.—"Oh I think he's a gent—he looks a little rough and ready but—"

2nd.—"Yeh—he looks rough and ready—not so rough—but ready—ready for a wash. Suppose yer going in that thing he calls a car?"

1st.—"Sure—what's the matter with the car? Don't it run? It may need a little fixing and—"

2nd.—I'll say it needs a coroner more than anything else."

1st.—"Aw go on—I think yer jealous cause I made a toolie and all you can grab off is that long haired pumper with the dog."

2nd. "Don't you kid yerself—I can grab off any driller in the field—if I want to. That pumper is all right. He's got young ideas. Trouble with you kid, is you aint seen nothing. Hit the big towns—Glenrock, Casper or Douglas and get some of the hay seed brushed off yer."

Preparedness

Mrs. W. T. Gifford

Casper Storage Yard

It's a merry life we lead here at the Storage Yard. Every one knows that variety is the spice of life, so we must be well seasoned. Some time ago, last year to be exact, we had a real live pig, to go to one of the boarding houses. About a month ago Mr. Monaghan was nurse maid to a very pretty spaniel, this same animal took a great fancy to "Monty," and it was with tears in his voice that "Monty" bid good bye to his charge. Then along comes information that a Shetland pony was at the express office consigned to the Midwest, or one of the family. We fed him some sugar, gave some friendly pats and sent him on his journey. Following close, came a consignment of birds—canaries,—three of them, and we will admit that they were not bad singers,—when they sang on account of bad roads, we were compelled to feed them and water them, as we had to hold them for a few days. We feel we are well versed in caring for all manner of living things.

Andy has sworn that from now on and forevermore he will keep clean shaven, as the other night a fellow started in talking to him in Greek thinking that that was his nationality, and he blames his whiskers for the insult.

George Goodrich has been learning to drive a truck, after a half an hour he has marvelous luck. Keep it up, George, you will be able to cut down your time after a while.

"In the spring a young man's fancy—" you know the rest. Well, Saunders must certainly be a young man, even though his looks contradict it, for he has taken unto himself a wife.

About the first of May, Mr. Saunders was absent from his place of work, and as he had been sick or rather absent minded, we thought nothing of it. But on his return to the yard on Monday, Saunders informed us that on Friday he and his intended journeyed to the city of Douglas, to have a knot tied with the tongue that cannot be untied with the teeth. As it happened no one at Douglas knew him to identify him and he was obliged to call on Mr. Nickolayson, who convinced the city clerk that old Saunders was all right. So here is luck and lots of it, Saunders. May you live long to enjoy Life's blessings, and may happiness be yours.

Yes, the Memorial Day Parade was a success. Why shouldn't it be? Weren't there two M. R. truck drivers in it? Nuf sed.

"You can always tell a truck-driver, but you can't tell them anything."

"I sure slipped thru the willows."

"G-5 can coast uphill."

"Yes and they put chicken wire in the windshield and gave me a light that a sheepherder would have to have a lantern to find when it was lighted."

"Now boys, all your repair work must be done in our own garage, you see they've put a 50 per cent overhead on all labor done in the shop, etc., etc., same old line."

Whitey innocently "Do we get day wages?"

We see by the papers:—

Styvie is once more a checker in the warehouse.

Hughes still carries the old grouch.

The Duke of 59 manages to make two or three trips a week when the sun shines.

Shorty Goodin hasn't got a bottle yet. (See Tom Virgne)

Hixon likes warehouse loads.

Whitney thinks that G 45 is a five-ton truck.

Mr. Morris is still a staunch supporter of the home baseball team.

The two Jesses and Donahue, or the Missouri triplets motored to Salt Creek to look after their interests and returned the same day, thereby establishing a record.

Dell Fink has left our fair city and taken a homestead north of town.

Our greaser is still on the job putting grease all over the trucks except the cups.

We see by the papers:—

Rusty has a new crab to play with.

Hox is still on the straight and narrow.

Ed Treglown is still in his same old place. Oh, you don't know him? Well, he's the guy that puts the view in Review, editing our stuff.

Our Mr. Dunbar has had his Chandler repainted. Atta boy Charlie, keep her polished up.

Sailor Hixon thought it was a new car.

Can you beat it?

Dunnie: Why don't you pull?

Truckdriver: Well, it looks like rain, the roads are slick, I've got a valve stuck, spark plug broke, universal on the hummer, magneto points burned, need new tires, needle valve in my carburator needs grinding and two bearing knocking.

Real Reason:—

Casper vs Greybull, Game called 4:15 P.M.

There is only one thing that I have in my mind:—How can an F.W.D. make touring car time?

What is human nature?

Well, it's that incomprehensible something that every truckdriver has, which makes him want to get loaded ten minutes before quitting time, won't let him pull when the sky is cloudy, sends him to the shop when a ball game is scheduled, makes him hardboiled when somebody doubts what he says his truck can do; like he pulled 9,600 over the pavement hill in high, and makes him peeved when the Review is late.

Laramie Notes

A short time ago I received one of the circular letters from the Director of Industrial Relations of the Midwest Company asking if I were a mother, wife or sister of a Midwest man, would I please write a short sketch of my experiences with the Company.

It would not be in good form not to comply with your request to the best of my ability. You said, "Short Sketch", so I am practically limited to head lines.

I will endeavor to keep within the limit, but I cannot say in a few words all the things I think and know about your splendid Company.

I became a member of the Midwest family on May 1st, 1920, when my husband, Ross B. Moudy was appointed Chemist for the Refinery located at Laramie. He resigned his position as State Chemist of Wyoming to accept this appointment. Some people looked at him in askance and shook their heads, but he is a man of thoughtful deliberation and knew what he was about.

So far, he, myself and our three children have in no way had any reason for regret; instead, only thankfulness that it fell our lot to have the privilege of being a part of a company so big, broad, kind and absolutely fair as the Midwest is, and ever pushing on in all directions that tend toward the betterment and uplift of humanity.

The Industrial Relations of all corporations, whether large or small, sway to a great extent the contentment of their employes, if the right principles are back of these relations; their combined efforts form a trem-

endous power in handling the labor question which is the bugbear of our country today.

The new department you have added in the Industrial division, that of free instruction to any employe who cares to avail himself or herself of the privilege of special instruction along the line in which they are interested, is, I think, not just a step, but a great stride toward more perfect workmanship, contentment, and in general, better feeling between capital and labor—I congratulate you.

The Midwest is certainly working in the right direction, and is doing much along the line of Americanization.

You asked for my photo, but I have no late one; anyway, it would only fill space and I believe it wiser to leave that for more valuable purposes.

Sincerely,
Mrs. R. B. Mondy

Mrs. Charles H. Ray

My husband has been with the Midwest 2 years in Greybull and over a year in Laramie. The thing I like most about the Midwest is the personal interest the Company takes in the men and their families, also that they pay good wages, so if we manage right we can have good homes, live comfortable, and lay by some for a time of need or old age

I think those things make satisfied men, and if they have the honor they should have, good workers for the Company

MRS. CHARLIE H RAY.

THE LATEST CHAPTER.

Not many days ago, there might have been seen standing upon the streets of Laramie, a Dodge automobile with its hood protected by an old, shabby appearing and somewhat tattered and frayed rug. It is quite possible there were other automobiles with their hoods protected from the cold wind to be seen standing by the street curbs, but this story has to do with a rug protecting a particular Dodge car, and which might have attracted attention because it was so very old appearing and because so much of the pattern as could be seen was strange and unusual.

So shabby was the rug that the owner decided to take it to a cleaner, and here begins the latest chapter in a history which leads back perhaps for centuries, and to scenes and climes that are very different from anything we know here in Laramie Truth is ofttimes stranger than fiction, for it chanced that the Cleaner to whom the owner took the rug for cleaning and mending is not an everyday workman, but a man who has traveled much and is a connoisseur, not only of furniture, but of rugs.

The Cleaner immediately became much interested in the old rug when it was handed to him. He examined it closely all over, back and front, and then took a long look at the owner.

"Where did you get this rug?" he finally asked.

Now the owner, has upon several occasions, had the same question asked of him before; he distinctly remembers several times in the past when people appeared to be interested in the rug and in the manner in which it had come into his possession. As a matter of fact, the owner knows little of its antecedents. The rug was given to him some two years ago by his father, who had found it included in a purchase of a miscellaneous lot of furniture from the estate of a second-hand furniture dealer, who had died suddenly.

The cleaner examined again two worn places upon one end of the rug and a third worn place toward the center. He looked again at the curious pattern, showing lines all converging toward the end of the rug away from the two worn places, and taking a pair of tweezers extracted several short brown hairs apparently caught in the fabric. The hairs he examined with interest.

"The rug shows signs of decay upon the back", said the Cleaner. "And should receive special treatment. This treatment is expensive, but I will give you $10 for the rug if you care to sell."

Something prompted the owner to refuse what appeared to be a good offer, but he left the rug with instructions that it should be cleaned and mended in the best manner possible.

A week later the owner of the rug returned to the Cleaner to get his property and found it greatly improved in appearance. It was clean and glossy. The ragged edges had been neatly repaired, and the curious design in the fabric now showed plainly, although still dull and faded. The two worn places at one end and the worn place in the middle were still very visible.

"I have worked hard upon the rug", said the Cleaner, "I am interested in it for reasons of my own and I will be glad to give you $100 for it".

Again the owner refused, and the dealer, somewhat eagerly, increased his offer to $200, to $300 and then $400 and finally to $600.

Feeling assured that there was something about the old rug that it would be well worth his while to know, the owner paid for the work upon it and carried it home, to the very evident disappointment of the Cleaner.

The friends to whom the rug was shown in the next few days could find no solution to the mystery as to what could make so shabby a thing worth $600 to a furniture dealer and cleaner of rugs. Finally the owner went back to the Cleaner and ask him if he would not tell him why he was willing to give a large sum for so insignificant a piece of property.

"I am willing to tell you since I cannot purchase the rug", said the Cleaner. "I have traveled much in the East as a collector of curios and art work for a large importing firm at Paris. My business, especially, was to find antique Persian "Prayer" rugs, and if possible, to purchase them for my employers. I believe the rug you brought me to clean, is a genuine and very ancient specimen of just the kind which brings great prices."

Taking a small package from his desk, the Cleaner unfolded it and showed almost a handful of short hairs.

"Those are camel's hairs", he said, "and came from the fabric of the rug into which they were doubtless blown in the course of many desert storms". He went on to explain that the two worn places at one end of the rug were made by the knees of many generations of Mohammedan worshippers and the worn place in the middle by the foreheads which had bowed to the ground upon it for perhaps hundreds of years.

"The devout Mohammedan", he continued, "no matter where he may be when the call to prayers comes at sunset, always spreads his rug upon the ground with the design upon it pointing in the direction of the sacred city of Mecca, and kneeling upon the other end, says his prayers, ending with three times bowing his body forward until his forehead touches the rug before him."

"There are other and more sinister things in which the old rug may have had a part", continued the dealer, "the brown stains still visible at the end opposite the worn places may even, as the rug is very ancient, mean that its history stretches back to the times when the sacrifice of an innocent human victim was part of the ceremony at the annual unveiling of the sacred stone or "Kaba" at Medina, and the blood smeared upon the prayer rugs of the very devout. It's real value—well, that may be anywhere from $1 000 up, although such rugs have become somewhat less rare since the war has in mysterious ways brought them to light."

And thus it is possible that the frayed, shabby old rug, which, the other day protected the hood of an automobile from the chilly, mountain winds of Wyoming, has been the most precious possession of generations of Persian or Arab owners, and has been spread perhaps upon the most sacred ground of the Mohammedan world at Medina or Mecca, or even on the tassallated pavements of St. Sophia itself. Many thousands of times and in many generations the old rug has been spread upon the hot desert sands as the call of the Mu'addhin, B Allah el Allah, Allah el Allah B sounded over the motionless caravans, and was lost in the still reaches of the desert.

MRS. W. S. INGHAM

Laramie, Wyo.

A FEW PROBLEMS TO SOLVE

By Mrs. H. L. Minister

Is Earl J. Black?
Why did Joe buy a Cole?
Is William A. Cumming? (S)
Why does Robert E. Dodge?
Is William W. a Draper?
Who said Landy H. was a Goodman?
Is Alden J. Gray?
Does Earl L. have the Hicks? (Hic's)
Why was Myron C. a Forester?
Did Charles O. have a Holliday?
Is Andy Johns-son? (Johnson)
Does Harry B. have the Keyes?
Why is Norman Lacey?
Is Harry L. a Miner?
Did Herbert E. buy a Mile Stripe?
To whom does Howard L. Minister?
Isn't David Noble?
Can Ivan H. Read?
Did George C. get Moore?
Why did it cost Leslie Jr. Nickles?
Did Gus See-Ling? (Seeling)
Why is Henry M. Gray?
Is George G. a Goodman?
Did Emmett B. Dodge?
Why is H N. Brown?
Who asked for (George W.) Moore?
Did Henry C. (see) Reals?
Is John White?
Was it made of (Edward L.) Wood?
What does B. A. Reed?
Who is Noah T. Tom's-son? (Thompson)
Was it dark as (Everett) Knight? (night)
Is Herman F. a Sitter?
Did Rollen Z. drive a Pierce?
To Wyoming, Albert Blew.
Wast Herbert T. in the Woods?
Isn't it funny to see William A. Dodge?
Was Phillip A. in a Ward?
Why is Victor H. White?

Mr. and Mrs. Arrington both served their country during the great struggle for Democracy. Mrs Arrington served as a Red Cross Nurse in the Base Hospital at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where Mr. Arrington was stationed, where they met and immediately after discharge returned to Kansas City, Mo., and were married. They have both been awarded the Victory Medal, and are also the proud possessors of a fine baby boy.

To the Midwest Family:—

My husband has been working at the Laramie Plant since October 1919, and from his wages we are building ourselves a little home on Eighth and Canbe Streets, thanks to the Midwest. We wish each and every one of the Midwest Family health and wealth.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. H GROSSE

(Wife of the Jolly Janitor)

WIFE

These ears of corn gathered and rubbed in my hands upon broken Sabbaths, I offer first to my wife.

Dr. MacDonald

MOTHER

This volume is inscribed with deep reverence and affection to my Mother.

Loraine

SISTER

Reveal to me, O Good Genius! to me whom thou lovedst, those truths which conquer death, deprive it of terror, and make it almost beloved!

Renan

During the last two days of April, Mr. V. E. Hanson, Chief Engineer, and Mr. H. B. Maxwell, boiler maker foreman, were at the Laramie Plant on business.

H. T. Woods of the Machine shop, has just returned from a vacation spent in Southern Colorado.

Ray Holt of the Boiler House, is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Messrs. L. A. Reed and Burke H. Sinclair were visitors at the Laramie Plant, on May 6th and 7th.

Fred Smith, the treater, was absent from the plant during the first week of the month, with small-pox.

Miss Crete Woods, the seventeen year old daughter of Ed. Woods of the Boiler House, has been very successful as a member of the Dramatic Club of the University of Wyoming. Miss Woods recently appeared in the "Seven Keys to Baldpate," presented at the Empress Theater by the Club.

Joe Cole, Machine Shop Foreman, was off several days with a bad attack of tonsilitis.

Messrs. F. O. Blair, H. L. Minister, George Mohr, Will Powell, and Charlie Loucks spent Sunday and Decoration Day fishing in the Foot-Hills on Chugwater Creek. They report a very successful excursion, and that Charlie Loucks covered himself with bacon-grease and glory during the trip.

Between baseball and timekeeping, Mr. L. A. Varnadore, has had an extremely busy month; thanks to Varn Has he helped the team when in a tight place?

Messrs. C. H. Pforzheimer of New York, connected with the Midwest Refining Company, and H. M. Blackmer of Denver together with Mr. Cullen drove to Rock River, Monday, May 16th.

Earl Harman, who was recently married to Miss Dora Maynard of Laramie, is building a home in the Midwest Addition.

Messrs. Powell, Blair, Mohr and Stricker were fishing on Horse Creek during the month of May.

Mr Jess Wills and party spent a day fishing on Horse Creek about the middle of the month.

Fred Ambrose, one of the Stillmen, is building himself a home in the Midwest Addition.

LADIES

They are the life of conversation.

Napoleon I

Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the Gentler Sex. It is wonderful how the Ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbors, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them.

Capt. Marryat

A YOUNG LADY

She was in the lovely bloom and springtime of Womanhood; at that age, when, if ever Angels be for God's Good purposes enthroned in the mortal forms, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful, that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions.

Dickens

SISTER

The mission of a sister ranks next to that of an Angel. It is gentle, and patient, and loving. It can accomplish great things; and often saves a soul from ruin. No disappointment or trial, can extinguish the hope which sustains its inspiration.

E. M. Davies

WIFE

The wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon and thou art the man in the moon. Congreve and her pleasures are in the happiness of her family.

Rousseau

MOTHER

The love of a mother grows sweeter as the years go by, never becomes exhausted, never tires and always helps to shape the destinies for men and countries. Her love is the last word of the wounded and dying soldier and it always speaks as though it were the voice of an angel, sent from that beautiful world just beyond.

H. L. M.

Mrs. Carroll Mohr has for the past three years, held the Woman's Single Tennis Championship of Colorado; also, the Championship in the mixed doubles, and the Ladies Championship for three years of the University of Colorado. Mrs. Mohr hopes to compete in this year's Championship Tennis Tournament at Denver, Colorado.

Joe Cole, Machine Shop Foreman, since the starting of the Laramie Plant, has been transferred to Greybull, where he takes charge of the pumps and machinery. We are sorry to lose you, Joe, and assure you that we will always remember you.

W. A. Cummings has been promoted to Machine Shop Foreman.

B. W. (Doc.) Sutherland has been made assistant foreman, under Mr. Cummings.

Oil and Pep from Greybull

Early in May our cartoonist R. S. Olson, had the misfortune of scalding his foot. But did he let a little thing like that keep him from being useful around his home? Not a bit of it;—just look at the cartoon he drew of himself, and learn "How to be Happy though Scalded!"

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Anchor on May fourth, a 12½ lb. baby girl, who has been named Meriam Elizabeth.

On May third Mr. W. B. McCune made a business trip to Casper, returning to Greybull a few days later.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes Mortimer of Basin were among the many out-of-town visitors who attended the opening game in Greybull on May 17th.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Gansey on May 19th, name—Lewis John Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Williams left Greybull on May 27th for their new home in Billings. Mr. Williams, who has been employed for some time past in the shipping department, has secured a position as manager of the Billings branch of the Nash-Billings Motor Company. Their many friends will wish them success and happiness in their new home.

M. M. Gant, operator, went to Iowa early in May for a few weeks vacation.

Mr. Dobbins began work in the Laboratory early in the month.

Roy Joyce joined the force of shipping clerks about the middle of May.

Miss Bradley is doing the stenographic work at the office.

A MODERN MIDWEST MADONNA
Personifying
THE HOLINESS OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

A Modern Midwest Madonna

Right up to the minute, is she not? This little, happy-faced Mother with her perfect babe has been worshiping the great Giver of All in His most wonderful of temples,—the mountains. There limitless space and unbounded sky tell of His limitless and unbounded love, myriad stars nightly tell of constant watchmur always of His purity, the eagle fulness, clearest of mountain springs and waterfalls mursoars from the highest point of the canyon wall, so far into the blue above the eye can scarcely discern him, suggesting that there are no heights to which we cannot aspire and reach, the stream laughs lightly as it dashes white spray over the rocks in its bed, teaching us to laugh and go on even in the face of difficulty and trouble, birds, squirrels and others of His small creatures draw near, wondering but unafraid, secure in their faith of His care. And the great calm, silent mountains with their mantles of evergreens typify the immensity of Life and its indestructible EVERLASTINGNESS.

Thus in the mountains do we find and worship God, learn many wordless lessons written in His own divine way, and receive priceless gifts of health and happiness. And dainty Dixie Derby, taken into God's great, natural temple at the tender age of three months, seemed to prove by her unfailing cheeriness and content that we, with all other things of Nature, make up God's great scheme of Life, and by acting in accordance with our most natural impulses can we best fulfill His desires.

BELL SPRINGS NOTES.

Early this month, General Manager Wilson made this field a hurried visit. We hope that the next time Mr. Wilson makes us a visit it will be a longer one.

Bob Roe and James Doyle made Casper a visit the latter part of this month. Bob complained that the best his Buick would make is 45 miles an hour. But Bob, how do you expect to make over that with the car full of girls or angels, as you call them? Don't forget some angels are awfully hard on rear springs.

Mrs. Valentine went to Ogden, Utah, a few days ago to attend the military funeral of her brother whose body has just been returned from France.

Mr. J. E. O'Melia who has been driving a truck for the company, has gone into the trucking business for himself.

Mr. C. W. Jones, driller, is now on our well No. 4 Mahoney Dome and expects soon to get the hole in shape to cement and finish.

The little Taylor girls, daughters of our worthy cook at Mahoney Camp, are now enjoying a new swing, built at odd times by the crew.

Supt. Jack and Mrs. Roe visited the Sand Hills Oil Co. barbecue and celebration of their well in the Ferris Dome Sunday May 29th. Jack said that as yet they have not killed the bull, as they had pork sandwiches and other good things to eat. They have about 1800 feet of oil in the hole and the celebration was attended by 15 cars of Rawlins people who are very much interested in the well.

Mannie Neal, who has been toolie for the past few months is now driving truck for the present. While loading some heavy material the other day he asked one of the boys if he knew any new cuss words and later said, "Dad Burn It, I never did expect anything in my whole life that I wasn't disappointed", and his helper replied, "Well, Mannie, I reckon you will be on tools 'fore long, and 'sides you're gettin' three squares and a place to flop, aintsha"?

A Dry Farmer

Mrs. E. P. Hougham

Will write a few lines in regard to the Midwest and its family. My husband has been employed at the Midwest, two years the 28th of June. You will always find us interested in its welfare and will always boost for the Midwest and its family. We are living on our Homestead ten miles Northwest of Casper, (dry farming what spare time we find in the evenings).

Am enclosing a photo of myself and baby. Here is wishing the Midwest and its family the greatest success in the near future.

MRS. E. P. HOUGHAM

Jayhawker

Mrs. Jens Harksen

I think it is real good of you to make a special number for us women.

I came to the Gas Plant, April 2nd, 1920, and my impression of the camp then would not look very good in print, I am afraid, because everything was mud. Of course, that was not the fault of the Gas Plant, and since then I have liked it here real well and hope to make my home here for a long time. I think the wages paid and the treatment given the employes is as good as anyone could wish, and a great deal better than could be had in most places. My husband has worked here since August, 1919, but as we had not yet proved on our dry farm, I couldn't very well come until later.

With best wishes to all the Midwest Family I am,

MRS. JENS HARKSEN.

A SPASM THE SECRETARY HAD

A—is for "Andrews," we'll say she's "there"
The Jap situation is as clear as air.

B—is for "Batt" both Merle and her mother,
You never see one, without the other.

C—is for "Curtis" and Current Events Club
A combination I'm sure we all dearly love.

G—is for President "Gladman" by name
Who at two minute speeches is sure to win fame.

H—is for "Harksen" who is little 'tis true,
With her around we'll never be blue.

H—is also for "Harksen" who is little 'tis true,
But we all know her heart is true blue.

J—is for "Janie" that baby so fine,
Who enjoys the club—part of the time.

L—is for "Landry" our new club member,
We wish her joys thru many Septembers.

M—is for Mascot, "Mary" you know,
Who enlivens the club, we all love her so.

N—is for "Niethamer" it's really a shame,
To pester her to pronounce her long name.

R—is for "Rodda" I'm glad to relate
Has the finest baby in this great state.

S—is for "Sanders" whose been far away,
We are all glad to welcome you home today.

T—is for "Teamwork" as you all know,
If we pull together we'll make a good show.

From the Gas Plant

Mrs. Hector McArthur

Born in Kansas, but that has little to do with it, because it has been so long ago that some people have forgotten it. It was in 1896, to be correct about a little thing, although I am means: only weigh not little by any about two hundred pounds. Went to Colorado twenty years ago. Lived there until 1916, when I came to Wyoming and joined the Midwest Family, where I married Hector McArthur in 1918. He was driving a truck for Charley Scott at Grass Creek, and have been with the bunch ever since, and I must say I like them fine.

MRS. HECTOR McARTHUR.

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. C. Zolnoski, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
D. C. Marvin, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
Jas. E. Burnett, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
Chas. C. Campbell, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. S. Chalfont, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
J. O. Heywood, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	H. Moore
Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
Harry C. Reads, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District
Jesse Wills, Laramie District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District
T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer
Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President
Wm. Stoddard
E. M. Keefe, Vice President
Henry Stevick
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

SEE clearly, speak candidly and truthfully, work with an objective and success will come:

—*SELECTED*

VOL·2· NO·7·

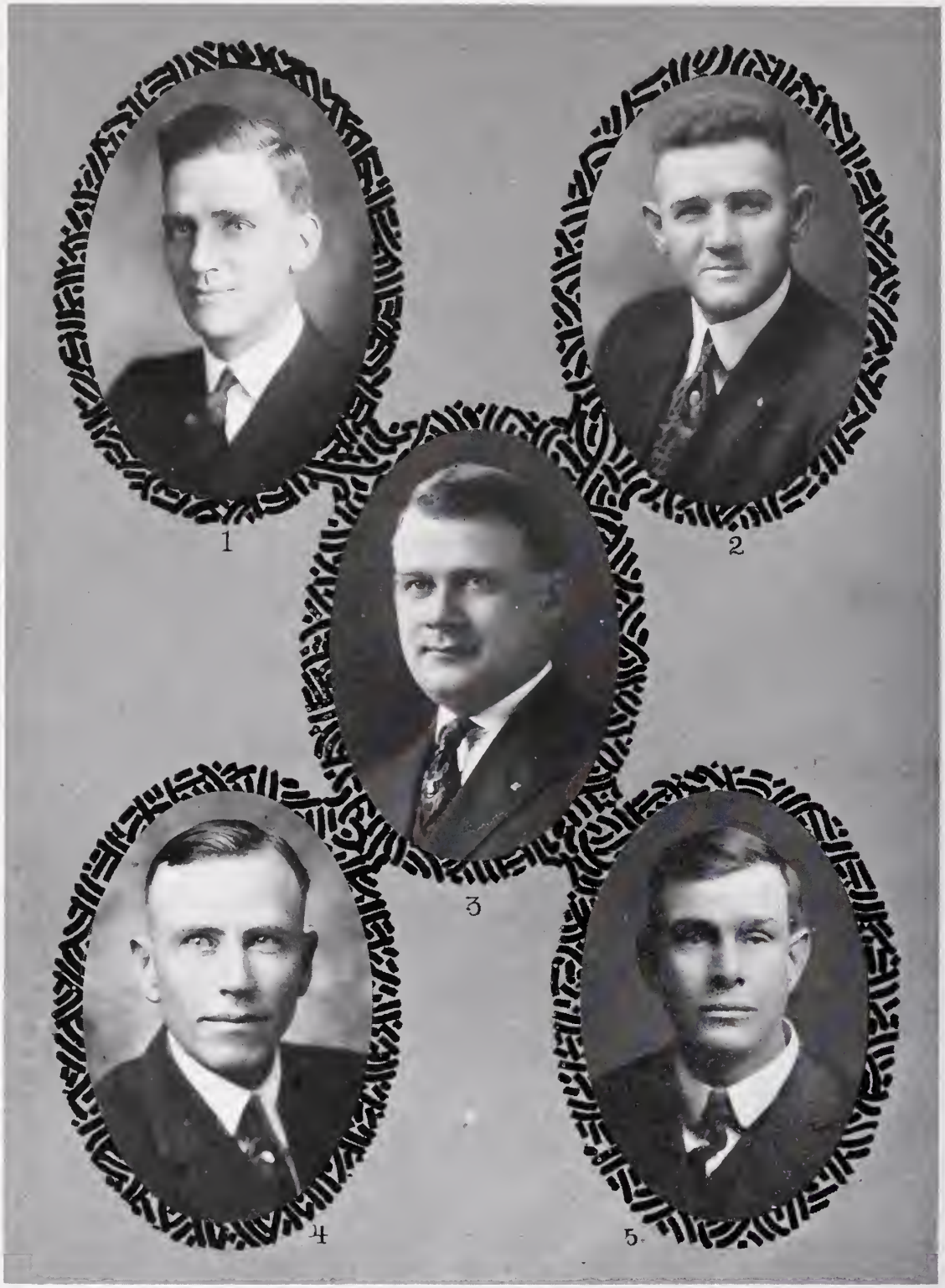
The MIDWEST REVIEW

AUGUST 1921

PUBLISHED FOR THE MIDWEST FAMILY by THE MIDWEST REFINING COMPANY

"SERVICE BRANCHES OF PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT"

Midwest Service Chiefs



1—J. R. Dunbar, Superintendent, Casper Storage Yards and Transportation

2—J. R. Paden, Superintendent, Field Building Department

3—G. H. Jaques, Superintendent, Central Machine Shop

4—E. W. Davis, Superintendent, Casper Field Garage

5—F. M. Brown, Manager, Midwest Commissary

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | AUGUST, 1921 | Number 7

We take pleasure in this number of the Review, in presenting for the consideration of the balance of the Midwest Family, the Casper Service Divisions.

You know, in this oil producing and refining business, it isn't simply just a little matter of poking holes in the ground, letting the petroleum run out into tanks, then refining it into water white, gasoline, lubricating oils, paraffine, etc. There are a few little essentials that are quite necessarily incidental. Not only incidental, but imperative. For instance, from the production standpoint, there is a great quantity of material that must be procured, housed, cared for, transported, repaired and built. There must of necessity, where production camps exist many miles from the railroads, be made ample provision for feeding and housing of workers, and seeing that they are made as comfortable as possible, and that they have plenty of tools to work with, and that they get to them on time, and are in the best of shape.

Therefore, to do these things properly, the Midwest must have a well organized and smoothly operating service force, and it must be just about as infallible and dependable as such things can humanly be.

And here in the little old Midwest, we have 'em. And this number is to tell about them.

The Casper Storage Yard is concerned with the receipt and housing of the materials, and the trucking force with getting the stuff out to the various fields.

The Field Garage is concerned with keeping the trucks in good repair, and with keeping all the valuable and important rolling stock in good running order.

The Central Machine Shop is to a very large extent, actually making the tools used. It is likewise seeing to it that special tools are made as needed, and that all repairs are made in good order.

The Building Department is concerned with erecting the various shops, warehouses, etc., and with building homes for the men to live in. This department has its hands full.

The Commissary is entrusted with the job of keeping plenty of supplies on hand for the field workers, because the man that isn't fed, will not work as efficiently. In addition, the Commissary has the demands of its local Casper trade to keep up.

Now mind you, when you consider that this service deals with thousands of tons of material in the course of a year; that it must get it in shape and transport it to the fields over roads that are at times well nigh impassable; and that condition, time and promptness are the essence of the contract, you can see that a real man-sized job confronts every one connected with these various services.

And every man-jack in the different outfits is delivering the goods, from the heads of the departments down to the bull ganger. The Midwest service is acknowledged to be number one, and the finest thing of all is the good spirit that actuates every man on the job. He is out to do business for the Midwest, and he is doing it.

So take your hats off for a moment to Ed Davis and Ralph Dunbar, and Jim Paden and George Jaques and France Brown and every man they have working with them. They are entitled to a bit of a bonquet at this time.

There are more rumors flying about the Denver and Casper offices of the Midwest these days, than ever flew about any army barracks during the war. Best sit tight and do your work. That is your part.

Central Machine Shop

By W. C. Gove, Store-Keeper

Though not yet completed, the Central Machine Shop, a new branch of the service department of the Midwest Refining Company, was opened for business about one month ago.

A new department in name only, it is really the old Muddy machine shop disguised by a large, well-lighted and well-ventilated cover, but more centrally located to the different fields which it is to serve.

The same management prevails, the same crew and above all, the same spirit of co-operation and mutual understanding from top to bottom that gave the old Muddy shop the enviable reputation it held in the opinions of the oil men in this district and which has in the past four years enabled us to weather the stress of rush work, inadequate equipment and other adverse circumstances.

The equipment of the new building is all of the latest design, all machine tools being electrically driven, each machine having its own individual motor; the hammers, of which there are two, one fifteen hundred and the other a twenty-five hundred pound, are operated by compressed air, thus doing away with boiler trouble and expense.

All cranes, track and other equipment have been designed, constructed and placed so as to give the least possible delay in manufacturing and repairing oil tools.

Through this shop the Company will be better enabled to handle this particular line of work than ever before and will have the advantage of having its new tools made and the old ones changed to suit the conditions existing in the different fields and to coincide with ideas of the superintendents in charge and made at actual cost of material and labor, plus operating expenses, cutting out the usual profit of manufacturers and middle men.

This being an old company, it naturally has many thousands of dollars worth of equipment in the different fields in need of repair, that now can easily be put into first class condition for service during the present lull in drilling operations.

It can be predicted and safely too, that the Central Machine Shop which is easily the best of its kind in the Middle West, together with its fine equipment and its heritage from the old Muddy shop will live up to our expectations by becoming an indispensable unit of the Midwest organization, justifying the appropriation which made it a possibility.

In conclusion, I will say that every mechanic in this organization will assist Mr. Jaques, our superintendent, in making this prediction come true.

George Jaques, Superintendent of Shops for the Company, was born in Illinois and raised in Nebraska. At the age of eighteen he left school to learn the trade of machinist which we may say at

Shop Force Central Machine Shop

Reading Left to Right—Front: "Rags", Geo. Hackett, Chas. Hammond, Jack Abram, Geo. Gunderson, Jack Cummins, Jack Eaton. Back: "Bill Gove", Frank Coburn, Ed Watkins, Sam Paxton, Chas. White, Aubrey Merritt, Merle Tompkins

1—Bolt Cutter
2—27 1-2x24 Foot Bridgeford Lathe
3—Four Foot Rapid Drill Press
4—Planer
5—Jack Eaton at Shaper
6—Tool House
7—Rags
8—Office
9—Central Machine Shop, Main Building
10—Living Quarters for Central Machine Shop Employes

this time he learned very thoroughly.

For years he followed railroading and mining in practically all the branches of these industries, and in all the western states as well as Old Mexico.

He entered the oil game in California and in 1917 came to The Midwest to organize their shops at the Big Muddy under N. S. Wilson. The shops at that place are known over the entire state for the quality of their product.

Mrs. Ethel W. Abram, Chief Accountant

When the Central Machine Shop was planned Mr. Jaques was chosen as the logical head for the department with the title of Superintendent of Shops.

He is married and has two boys who it is hoped will be as good mechanics as their father.

A New Game

Recently one of the chemists of the Midwest Refining Company decided to try a hand at golf. Incidentally we don't want to mention any names, but his initials are Warrance Algernon Roe, Casper. On returning from his morning's sport we heard him remark that all he could say for so-called golf was, that it took a big, husky man to manipulate the stick. Incidentally, Warrence is rather delicate, weighing only 190 pounds. On being asked when he cared to play again he remarked, "No more cow pasture pool for me."

L. S. Campbell is now riding about in a Ford roadster, Doc says he has the best little car in town—he has challenged E. W. Davis to a race up the hills—Mr. Davis has, since the challenge, torn down his Dodge for overhauling and has postponed the assembling of it indefinitely—hence no race for the present.

Downey-Robinson

Miss May Downey, of Ottawa, Ill., and Frank L. Robinson, of Casper, Wyo., were married at the rectory of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Denver, Colorado, June 25th, 1921. Mr. Robinson is on the clerical staff at the main warehouse at the Casper Refinery. Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Robinson was employed in Washington, D. C. Mr. Robinson's many friends have been busy the past few days collecting cigars and extending congratulations.

Casper, Wyoming
July 25th, 1921.

Dere Ole:

Ay work for Midwest Refine Kompane. Ay bane drive truck. Das boss he say, "Andy, have yu ever herd sheep?" Ay say "yes sir" (yu rayuember Ole ay bane herd goat for Yonson). Dan he say, "yu skoll mak gude truck driver."

De boss his name bane Robinson but he ant bane Swensk. He bane Auerican. Den he bane tak me to garage and say "here bane yur truck, yu skoll drive dis wou." Won of das older fellers coom over den and das boss say "August yu bane halp dis new driver start G sax" and wat yu tank Ole, dis August, he bane gude Norsk. We bane work hard on truck en she bane start. Ay bane gat in das cab en back out das door. Das truck ant bane work lak Henry truck so ay skoll hav tronble wit her. Ay finally gat load on en das boss say "drive to Salt Creek en step on her so get back befor dark." Ay tank he bane yoke me for Ay bane not see enything to step on, ay laff en go. We bane gat as far as saventeen mile well en ther ay bane carry fafteen saxteen buckets water. Wan feller dar ay tank bane Swensk. He bane Ink lake wan Swensk. His name bane Whitey en he bane sa "das radiator only hold ten gallon but ay bat he bane yoke me. Ay gat Salt Creek allright. Wan of das fellers, he bane caled Duke (ay tauk he Anglisher Ole) bane show me way to eating house. After ay bane eat, ay drive das truck back to Casper. Das bane all wan day work Ole. En ay skoll make fufteen dolar. Das bane gude yob ay bat. Ay bane see if ay cant gat yu gude yob round har, Ole, den we skoll go back to Minnesota. Das Junited States bane allright but ay skoll kom bac home den.

Jur brudder-by-law,
ANDY ANDERSEN.

The Bull Gang

By T. B. Virgne, Yard Foreman Casper Storage Yards

As this is the first article, and will probably be the last, that I have ever written for the Review, I would like to introduce to the Midwest Family, the Laborers of the Casper Storage Yard. (Commonly known as the Bull Gang.)

Our Heavy Gang consists of nine men

Light Gang (left to right)—R. M. Thompson; J. A. McBurney, Foreman; T. Mills, W. L. Hale, S. A. Wilson, George Hall

and Gang Foreman J. M. Saunders, known as Jack. There is nothing too heavy for this bunch to handle as was shown when they loaded the Twenty-two-Ton engine base for Teapot.

Our Light or Lumber Gang consists of six men and Foreman J. A. McBurney. While handling lumber is their principal work, they do anything that is required of them.

We are often required to furnish men for other departments and these are furnished from the bull gang. These men are always willing to do anything that we ask them to do which was shown when one of the gang went into the manhole of the city sewer and endeavored to get the sewer released which had become clogged on account of the high water. The Bull Gang is small in numbers, but large in results, as is shown by the tonnage reports for the first six months of this year. There was handled in and out of the storage yard 13,196,039 pounds of freight. The Bull Gang is a large factor in making the Casper Storage Yard a Success.

Heavy Gang (left to right)—Back Row: J. M. Saunders, foreman; William Powers, E. Inman, W. J. Bryant, J. W. Ruby. Front Row: T. J. Brown, William Sherrod, F. Evensizer, Charles Kubler, A. Decker

---

In compliance with a special order issued sometime late in June the various departments in Denver and Casper offices became busy the first week in August and a few moves were made.

The accounting department under the able leadership of A. L. Merritt and his lieutenant, Stevens, made its appearance Sunday, August 7, and were met by the mess and billeting officers of the Casper office. They were shown to the mess hall and assigned billets. They then chose as headquarters the old offices of Crosskil, adjutant for the Casper division, and the enlisted personnel were quartered in the regular quarters of the department on the fifth floor.

Monday, the day following the arrival, the entire organization was functioning with its usual precision and all was as before.

Mr. Henry Stevick is the new member of the Board of Directors of the Midwest Employes Benefit Association of the Casper Refinery and succeeds Mr. Frank B. Smith who has left the service of the company.

L. B. McCormick has a new Buick roadster —Mack says, "You've got to show me," whenever approached about some other make.

Genial Mr. Merritt and his auditing department are now in Casper. You know the old town stuff—what is Denver's loss is Casper's gain. But that is quite true in this instance.

Truck Transportation, Its Trials and Tribulations

By E. K. Anderson

In October, 1917, most of the freight to Salt Creek and Teapot was being moved by string teams. The Company had two string teams, ten F. W. D. trucks, two Pierce-Arrow Trucks and two White trucks. By string teams I mean, there were from twelve to twenty head of horses hitched to a string of three or four wagons with a cooster or grub wagon on behind. These teams were driven by skinners known as the long line skinners, now a thing of the past. They handled from six to twelve tons a trip, making it to Salt Creek and back in from a week to two weeks.

The fall of 1917 was pretty severe and the trucks, being a new thing in this country, had a hard tryout. E. W. Davis was then head of transportation and by the spring of 1918 began to get drivers and trucks to working. We made several hard trips with the trucks that spring, through the mud, to the field. One in particular, I remember: we took an F. W. D. and the Duplex and left for Salt Creek. Ed Davis went with us in the new 3-4-ton White, which we used as a trouble car. We picked up a load of meat on the road, were stuck for six hours on the forty-mile hill. Left the Duplex there and motored into Salt Creek with the F. W. D. at 2 a. m.

In April, the Company bought the 5-ton and from that time on the string teams became a thing of the past. The 5-ton with its trailer moved from eight to twelve tons to the field and was back for another within three days. The other trucks were making the trip in two days. The June of 1918 we moved a fourteen-ton engine base to No. 1 Station. A frame for this piece of machinery was rigged up so that the base was swung between a caterpillar wagon and the 5-ton truck. Its clearance was eighteen inches and it was a new idea in transportation. Many of the truckmen were skeptical about it being moved successfully, but we put it out there in two days. We had trouble crossing the draw at Horse Creek but a few shovels and husky arms solved that.

The next astonishing thing which the department did was the moving of Halfway Station to Teapot. We put a 12-ton engine on the bed of the 5-ton and moved it four miles over the sage covered hills to Teapot successfully.

Then came the time for all the old and experienced drivers to help their country. With most of them away to camp and with the flu epidemic hitting the new ones hard, our transportation department suffered.

Along came the new year of 1919, and the army being through with us we started drifting back to the trucks. As fast as we came we were put back on the trucks. The spring was fairly good and everything went fine. We went over into the narrows stringing pipe for the pipe line. Putting our F. W. D.'s to pulls, horses would balk.

Then that summer came the two-wheel trailer for its tryout. We loaded six tons of boiler flues on for the Absorption Plant. This trip was successful and then the big still from the Gas Plant came. Under the direction of Mr. Davis, the shop force welded together two, three-ton Warner trailers and put a bolster on the 5-ton. The 15-ton still was swung on timbers between the truck and trailers and the trip started. After a few difficulties which we overcame, we made the trip out in eighteen hours; thereby setting a record for weight and speed that has not been equalled under the same conditions.

We shall now skip the summer in which nothing unusual happened and go on to the bad fall of 1919. All of the drivers were old men in the service of the company at this time. We hit into bad roads, almost at once. In October, after heavy snows had fallen, the weather became warm and the roads turned into a morass. Trucks were high-centered and stuck every day. The drivers were encouraged and aided as much as possible by E. W. Davis and Dave Lewis.

About this time the Midway Test Well was started and the material had to be moved by trucks through the greasewood

1—H. L. Gooden
2—August Thedin
3—J. J. Lewis
4—C. B. Kear
5—D. L. Fink
6—G. F. Hoffman
7—C. M. (Jess) Scott
8—B. R. Hixon
9—C. A. St. Louis
10—E. K. (Andy) Anderson
11—C. M. Miller
12—E. B. Stewart
13—E. T. Stewart
14—John Sturgeon
15—H. L. Mathews
16—E. J. Donahue

flat. We had no road to go over and the mud was hub deep. On Armistice Day, 1919, four of the drivers went out to get two trucks which had been frozen in. A blizzard came up and the temperature dropped to twenty below. The trucks could not be kept running so we decided to walk to town. We got lost and very nearly froze to death, until by chance we stumbled onto the line rider's cabin, after wandering around for six hours in the storm. From there we phoned to town and a car was sent out to us, which brought us back to town at 6 o'clock the next morning.

The snows continued to come and the two wheel-drive trucks could only make Teapot Station, where a depot was established. From there, material and foodstuffs were taken to Salt Creek by the F. W. D.'s. We were out there over a month, hauling between Teapot and Salt Creek; having fourteen to eighteen hours work a day to make the trip. We were frozen in nine miles out of Salt Creek for three days and teams came out for the freight.

Then came the spring of 1920 and the thaw. The roads broke up in April and we had to pole the trucks up in trains to pull and push our way through. A depot for supplies was established at the Horse Ranch and the trucks took two days to go one way. We couldn't use the main road at all but had to keep to the ridges. Then it got so bad the trucks couldn't move, so the department purchased a 10-ton Holt Caterpillar Tractor. Salt Creek was low on food and oil, so Ed Davis and his drivers took the "Cat," a F. W. D. truck, and two trailers loaded with food and oil and left on Sunday morning for Salt Creek. The next morning at 2 o'clock they pulled into Halfway Station, having put two more truck loads of food and meat on, which they picked up on the road. They left Halfway that morning and pulled into Salt Creek at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. This was the first motor driven vehicle there for three weeks. We rested a day there, then picking up six F. W. D.'s that were stranded there we began the return trip, picking up two touring cars with women and children in them and got the caterpillar and three trucks into Halfway that night. The next morning we rested and got the rest of the string in and took food and supplies to the main line camp. After sitting up two nights at Halfway because there were no sleeping accommodations, we started for Casper arriving here that night about 11 o'clock. That was our hardest trip but there was no grumbling and the boys were all in good spirits. Most of these drivers are still here.

The roads became passable along in June and the trucks again began to make their regular trips. Mr. J. R. Dunbar was appointed Superintendent of Storage and Transportation the first of this month. The summer passed away as all summers do and fall set in.

We had a good fall and moved our largest load. Teapot ordered a four-cylinder Dietzel engine for pumping oil through to Casper. Now all we had to do was to move the said engine to Teapot. The engine base and crank shaft weighed twenty-two tons and was all in one piece. We broke several trailers in underestimating the weight, but finally got two heavy steel trailers and swung it between them. The trailers were 10-ton capacity and on front of it we hooked the 10-ton caterpillar. We had two F. W. D.'s to hold it back on the hills and nine to pull it through the sand. Our first trouble was at the bridge, where the crossbars would not go over, so we skidded it across, reloaded it and went on. From the time we started until the time we got there, was a day and a half. This is the most notable of all our achievements. Success for this undertaking is due to Mr. E. W. Davis.

We were put on a percentage basis on January 1st, 1921, and having practically no bad roads with which to contend, have been moving more freight than ever before. This takes us up to the present time, we are running three Clydesdales, one 5-ton White and fourteen F. W. D.'s. The majority of the drivers have been with us two or more years, and have hit all kinds of roads.

J. W. Parker is back again, he has been to Chicago visiting his folks for two weeks. Chicago still looks good to John, so he says—wonder why the return?

As Told By J. R. Dunbar

I have been asked to give a history of my connection with the Company. I was hired by A. M. Johnson, then President of the Midwest Oil Company, at Denver, in October 1911. In those days we didn't have the train service between Denver and Casper that we have today. I left Denver in the afternoon, stayed all night at Cheyenne, leaving at 7 o'clock the next morning; changed cars at Orin Junction and ate dinner; arrived in Casper late in the afternoon. That trip was like the "Slow Train Through Arkansas."

J. R. Dunbar at Three

When I arrived in Casper the Company had a car waiting for me, and they rushed me to Salt Creek. The Midwest pipe line had just been completed but it was January before they received any oil through the line at the refinery. This was on account of so many breaks in the line when trying to pump the oil through. Finally at 2 a. m. on January 5th, 1912, the oil reached the tank farm. There was great rejoicing among the officials and employes on the Casper end as well as the ones on the Salt Creek end. We were all sitting up waiting for the big event. After we had got the pipe line to hold the oil our next big problem was to get enough oil to run the refinery.

The entire production of the field at this time was only 350 barrels per day. The refinery was calling us on the phone every day asking us to give them more oil. These were anxious days for the officials of the company. They had spent over a million dollars in pipe lines and refineries and drilling with very little oil in sight.

The next big event was the bringing in the first big gusher on February 12, 1912 on Section 36. It came in with a production of 1,500 barrels per day. They have brought in wells since that time that have produced a larger amount of oil per day, but none of these gave the officials as much pleasure as this first big well.

The State of Wyoming and Casper in particular, owe a great deal to Mr. V. Z. Reed, and his associates for their foresight and faith in the Salt Creek field. Had it not been for them the oil industry in Wyoming would not be advanced as far as it is today.

When I first went to Salt Creek there was just a small boarding house, one small bunk house, several tents and a sheep wagon.

There was not a very good road to Salt Creek, just a wagon trail and no bridges. When the water was high in the creek, which was quite often, you had to wait until it went down before you could cross. Sometimes we had to wait five or six hours for the water to go down.

We think that our transportation problems are big today, but we do not have some of the things to contend with that we did in the early days. All the freight was hauled by string teams and it took them from five to thirty days to make the round trip. One winter the Franco Petroleum Company loaded a string team with hay and oats for their camp at Salt Creek; the team was thirty days on the road and by the time they arrived at Salt Creek they had fed all the hay and oats

to their own horses, and the Company had to loan them enough feed for the horses to get back to Casper. (I will not vouch for the above story being true, as it was told to me by the employes of the Franco Company).

When we wanted to come to Casper, we had to drive in with horse and buggy. It took from ten to twelve hours to make the trip. It is quite a difference from the one and a half to two hours that it now takes.

I was the first clerk at Salt Creek and when I first arrived, there was not very much work to do, but after the first big well came in, things began to hum. Besides keeping the time, making out reports and various other work connected with the office, I handled the office end of the ganging department. Was also warehouseman and kept the warehouse records of material coming in and going out, approving invoices, etc. I also had the position of Commissary clerk. Besides dishing out prunes and beans, I cut and sold the fresh meats. When I didn't have anything else to do I swept out and made the beds in the official bungalow.

"Newt" Wilson was the first postmaster in Salt Creek. But I did the work, and in order to have everything done in proper shape I wrote to the Department in Washington, over Mr. Wilson's name, asking them to appoint me assistant postmaster. They wrote back to Mr. Wilson, telling him that if he could not handle the job to resign, as they did not appoint assistant postmasters to fourth class postoffices.

In October, 1915, I was transferred to the Big Muddy field, and had charge of the first two wells drilled there. As Big Muddy did not look very promising, on May 1st, 1916, I was transferred to Riverton for it looked as though Pilot Butte was going to be a real oil field. Again the Company was disappointed and closed everything down in November, 1916.

I then went into the contract drilling business with R. J. Mosher. On September 1st, 1917, I was offered my old position as Chief Clerk at Salt Creek, which I accepted. On June 1st, 1920, I accepted the position of Superintendent of Transportation and Casper Storage Yard. Since I have been at the Casper Storage Yard I have tried to impress upon the employes here that we are here to render service to the several departments of the Company. We may not always give the service that we should, but we are endeavoring to make the Transportation and Storage Yard the best department of the Midwest.

The Midwest Review:-

In connection with the recent fires I am sending you a picture of the cannon that was used to puncture the tanks. It is

doubly famous in that it was used in the Spanish-American War.

The picture was taken last summer and the little girl is a Midwest grand-daughter.

Sincerely,
W. Clarence Graeff

G. A. Sullivan has been reelected as a member of the Salt Creek Industrial Council. Mr. Sullivan has been very efficient in this capacity.

An Old and A New Member of the Midwest Family

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson

"As It Was In The Begininng"

By E. S. Murray and H. W. Ladd

The history of what is now known as the Casper Storage Yard dates back to the early spring of 1917.

The first stock of material was shipped in from Bucknum and consisted of two No. 2 National rigs and necessary tools and equipment for two wildcat wells. With this stock as a foundation the "freight yard" as it was then called was duly launched. This was April 5th, 1917 and it was located at the east end of the C. & N. W. railroad bridge crossing the Platte river.

The only means of transportation at this time from Casper to Salt Creek Field, was by string teams of from six to eighteen horses to the outfit, drawing one or three freight wagons, as the case might be, along with the inevitable "cooster" or bunk

A String Team

wagon. In this manner, freight of all description was hauled to Salt Creek, the round trip being made in a week, under favorable conditions. It was a sight to see one of these outfits under the direction of a "long line skinner" start out heavily laden over the sand hills, with the horses tugging and straining through the thick sand, and the "skinner" heating the atmosphere with various and sundry pet names in a voice that could be heard clearly for half a mile. Among the most spectacular and accomplished of these gentlemen were Iron Jaw Lewis, Plenty-horse Hoagland, Daddy Sprague and Jumbo Steffens, so named to comply with their particular condition.

The Big Storage Yard Crane

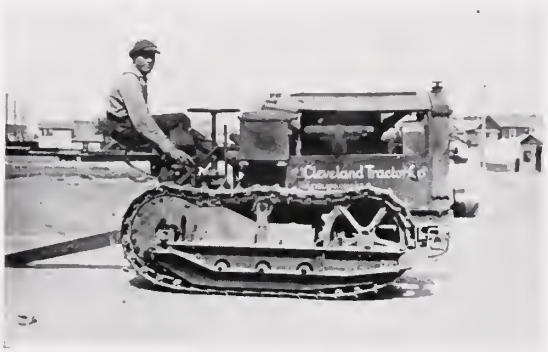
Under the supervision of Mr. N. S. Wilson, the General Superintendent, the company purchased sixty head of horses and several complete outfits, making "Missou" Hines team boss and forcing him to use a Dodge car, much to his disgust.

Early in the summer, material began to arrive for the new gas plant at Salt Creek. This was the biggest job yet tackled and was by far the most urgent. After struggling along with string teams and heavy machinery with unsatisfactory results, Mr. A. W. Peake, then Gas Plant Superintendent, advised the use of trucks. The first order consisted of two 2-ton White trucks and two 3-ton Four-Wheel-Drives, the latter being the first of the kind in Wyoming, but which proved to be so successful in covering the almost impassable roads, that Mr. Fielding, acting for Mr. H. B. Steel, purchased twelve more. The trucks could make a round trip to Salt Creek in two days in comparison with the week consumed by teams. In addition to the Gas Plant machinery and construction material, and also the constant flow of equipment and supplies for the Salt Creek Field, the three-inch pipe for the welded gasoline line which now runs from the gas plant to the Casper Refinery, began to arrive and was welded into 40-foot lengths and hauled by the teams to the proper location. Later, about the middle of the summer, the Reed Transportation Company secured a contract for hauling this material, and pro-

ceeded to comply with it by bringing in three secondhand caterpillar tractors in various stages of disrepair, later hauling some of the machinery too heavy for the trucks.

The "freight yard" had begun to flourish and expand as far as was possible, the area allotted being limited, although the conditions for efficiently and conveniently handling material were as poor as could be imagined. Located at the extreme end of the switching tracks, where all loaded freight cars had to be switched through the Union Tank Line Company's repair shop during the night, the engine being busy in the day with tank cars, we only had about one hundred feet of trackage from which all incoming freight had to be unloaded. The yard itself was deep sand, causing a great deal of trouble in getting the trucks, once loaded, out to the road again. Material, casing mostly, was piled sky-high, with just room enough for a truck to pass through between the piles. Our "warehouse" was a tin shack of two rooms, also piled full of various odds and ends, about twenty by sixty feet in size.

Mr. E. S. Murry, now of the engineering department, had been in charge of this work, being joined in August by Mr. H. W. Ladd, now of the General Manager's



The Busy Cleveland

Department, and superseded by Mr. Harry H. Ward, in the early part of 1918, under whose jurisdiction the present Storage Yard was started.

As the work of this department was expanding so rapidly, necessary buildings were added, including a stable, barn and truck garage, the latter now being the Refinery Garage. Also a truck garage

Material at Casper Storage Yard

was built, giving Ed Davis more convenient quarters in which to do this work, which had been taken care of previously at the present city garage, in cramped quarters, with very few facilities. These additions provided better operating conditions for all concerned, and gradually the motor trucks were replacing the string teams, having demonstrated their more economical and satisfactory results.

The road conditions which had to be contended with at this time were something frightful, and it was soon seen that this must be remedied to secure the best results and moke trucking a more efficient proposition.

The worst part of the road was that between the river bridge and Soda Lake, over the sand hills, it being no uncommon sight to see these new trucks hooked up two or three in a string to get over this stretch. This is now a cement highway over which trucks spin in all kinds of weather without difficulty not realizing that they are going over scenes of the struggles of their forbears.

With the passing of the string teams, a new era was ushered in and the various oil companies began to realize the advantage of motor transportation, and the necessity of better roads as a part of it. Also this company appreciated the value of a receiving and storage yard with the proper facilities for handling material. It is a long step between the methods of 1917 and those of today, but the accomplishments of the present system are the results of experience gained in the previous years in overcoming the handicaps

which were then present. The growth of Salt Creek Field is in a measure dependent upon the development of transportation and handling facilities, as it would indeed be difficult to operate there now depending upon string teams for delivery of the necessary material

"IS NOW AND———"

There is now a warehouse at the Storage Yard that is 130 foot by 40 foot and a triangular, open platform 150x200x275, on which there is a stiff leg derrick, of 5-ton capacity. There is a concrete road on the south side of the warehouse and a 24-foot roadway in and through the yard. We have a P. & H. Crane of 7½-ton capacity at its mean radius which is used for unloading cars of pipe, casing and heavy timber and loading same onto trucks. The Holt Tractor is used to pull heavy loads to the field or at times to pull loaded trucks out of the mud, when the trucks get stuck. The Cleveland Tractor is used to move freight cars to "spot" for unloading, and hauling material around the yard.

Pipe at Casper Storage Yard

With our forces and facilities we believe that we are competent to handle any work or piece of machinery that we are called upon to perform or haul. We do not want to "blow our own horn," but would rather let our deeds, actions and results speak for us.

Special Delivery Service

Express Truck and Crew. Left—Leo Wiloth; Right—Claude Prewitt

Freight Truck (left to right)—J. W. Mongahan, F. R. Butler, William Houghman, R. Grizzel

Mr. Claude Prewitt and Leo Wiloth have the pleasure of picking up express and light material that is purchased locally.

With this combination we are enabled to take care of all local material and incoming freight and express.

To handle local freight and heavy local material, we have a 2½-ton truck, G-55. The driver, Mr. Butler, and crew of swampers, handle all kinds of jobs excellently. Mr. Mongahan, our "freight rider," also accompanies the truck to look after our freight interests.

The Field Garage

By. E. W. Davis, Superintendent

H. L. Wilson, Chief Chauffeur. Territory: The Universe

I was approached the other day by our worthy and highly esteemed friend, Mr. Hal Riney, whom you all know as the man that will cheerfully steal equipment to keep G-37 on the road, and asked to write a history of myself during the time I have been with the Midwest Refining Company.

It is an awful thing to ask a man to write about himself and furthermore there are so many things I have forgotten purposely and otherwise. A man with a past should not have to "spill his own beans," but here goes:

In the spring of 1913 the Midwest Oil Company was looking for a man to act as chauffeur, mechanic and general utility man for their fleet of cars; namely, one Hudson, 6-54. At last they found me in the passenger and livery business between Casper and Salt Creek.

I was hired by Mr. N. S. Wilson, then Superintendent of the Midwest Oil Company. It was allotted to me to take the office men to and from the Refinery and to make any other trips necessary, and in case of an injury at Salt Creek or the vicinity to drive the injured to the hospital in Casper.

The road to Salt Creek in those days was nothing to brag about. There was only one bridge and that was over the Platte. The road through the hill, just across the Platte river, was just deep sand, and at times the road to Salt Creek was so muddy that it was necessary to send a team of horses along on the trip. Before the C. B. & Q. went through Casper it was necessary for me to chauffeur the officials to the varions fields in Wyoming.

About this time the Hudson was replaced with a Peerless 38, which had only been driven 20,000 miles previous to my receiving it. When the speedometer registered 120,000 miles of bad roads this too was replaced.

In the spring of 1917 the Salt Creek Gas Plant was in the course of construc-

1—L. B. McCormick, Shop Foreman. The Smile is a Permanent Feature

2—P. V. Hendricks, Storekeeper. Oh, Yes, Girls, He's Married

3—Henry A. Larned, Timekeeper. Also Married

4—John W. Parker, Material Accountant. Write and Ask Us If He's Married

1—Casper Field Garage Shop. Part of Repair Force (left to right)—Stephensen, Radiator Man; Edwards, Mechanic; N. Davis, Helper and Errand Boy; L. B. McCormick, Shop Foreman; Sellers, Mechanic; McKay, Mechanic

2—Machine Shop and Motor Room. Carl McCormick on Right at Lathe, Pete Geraghty on Left at Drill Press, R. Cushman talking to E. W. Davis, C. G. Todd Working on Motor

3—Garage Warehouse

4—Blacksmith Shop. Gat Sullivan in Front of Forge

tion. This necessitated the buying of a number of trucks and caused the starting of a repair shop in the boiler room of the Uptown Garage. I was placed in charge of the shop, which was equipped with one 9-inch lathe and a secondhand drill press.

The Storage Garage was then enlarged. In addition to the two-stall garage on the west side of the alley a three-stall garage was built on the east side. The truck storage garage was located along the railroad track at the Refinery. It had Wyoming for its sides and the sky for its roof. In the fall of 1917 a truck garage was completed on what at that time was the Casper Storage Yard property and later taken over by the Refinery trucks and cars.

Nineteen hundred and eighteen saw the building of a repair garage across the road from what is now the Refinery office, where the Sharples Separation Plant was recently built. This garage when completed had a welding shop, blacksmith shop and a machine shop.

The game of checkers continued, the Refinery wanted the ground we were on. The present site was chosen in 1919 and we moved again into the most complete and best equipped shop in the West. A cylinder grinder was installed and in addition modern lathes, a drill press and a thread cutting machine. There is also an up-to-date acetylene welding shop, blacksmith shop and machine shop.

The present garage has all the necessary equipment to rebuild motors, recore radiators and do all general overhauling.

As Seen By An Employee

A little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And landed in Wyoming, in a spot so far away,
The Angels named it Salt Creek, the reason why I do not know.
History says the angels named it and that ought to make it so.
We're sure it's part of Heaven, that we live on sacred soil;
For God preserved this chosen spot with a billion barrels of oil.
Some people say 'twas Ireland, that fell from out the sky,
Perhaps they do deserve the honor for descending from on high
But Ireland claims the honor for the Emerald Isle alone,
Now we know they started trouble and God pushed them off his throne.
Slowly they drifted earthward 'til they landed in the sea;
To find that mighty England was to bear them company.
'Twas then that Salt Creek busted loose, and slowly earthward fell,
And landed in Wyoming, at a spot God loved so well.
A few of his chosen children, God sent unto this land.
To sweat and toil, to develop the oil, the wheels of progress demand.
Midwest was in its infancy, when they tested Salt Creek's loam,
But from the start, they did their part, and tapped this great oil dome.
Several years of toil and hardships with ever increasing yield.
Has proved Midwest, has stood the test,
Now the pride of the Salt Creek field.
Today Midwest is leading all, with a city of their own,
Known to the world as Salt Creek, their employees happy home. —R. A. G.

Night Watchmen

Our night watchmen are W. J. Green and E. E. Pelsor. These are both old employes of the Company. They go on duty at 4:30 p. m. and work until 8 a. m., taking turn about at working the early shift. The early man sweeps the office and cleans up after the bunch in the warehouse has left. On Sunday George Goodrich keeps watch until the night man appears.

Night Watchman, E. E Pelsor

To enable them to keep a close watch of the yard, there are three powerful searchlights located at various points of vantage. These illuminate the entire area. As the yard is enclosed by a three-strand, barbed top, six-foot fence, these men are enabled to keep a good watch of the storage yard territory.

Night Watchman, W. J. Green

The Midwest Commissary

By F. L. Brown, Manager

Tracing the growth of the Commissary Department of the Midwest Refining Company from its beginning to the present time is very interesting, at least to the "old timers" with the Company. This department is one of the cogs of the big wheel that has turned the Salt Creek district from one of wilderness to a great oil field.

Back in the days of slow communication when the wagon train traveled the roads between Casper and the Salt Creek field, the first small store of the Commissary Department saw its inception in the field.

This department was first opened in Salt Creek in 1911 with J. R. Dunbar, commonly known as "Dunnie," in charge. At the time the Commissary was opened, the pretentious name of store was applied to the small building in which it was housed, and the patronage came from the occupants of the three or four houses then in the field. A space 10x16 feet proved ample accommodation for the original store.

The writer came to Salt Creek in the spring of 1912 and began work in the Commissary which was at that time a one-man department. It was during this year that the Salt Creek field first began to take on the appearance of a wonderful oil field.

Casper at that time did not boast of many wholesale houses and the merchandise that was handled at the first field store was purchased at the retail stores in Casper. Fresh meats were hauled from the then famous Tisdale ranch located in the Powder River section north of the field. In the summer time all meats were hauled at night.

In 1915 the first truck loaded with supplies reached Salt Creek after spending nine hours on the road between Casper and the field. At that time truck hauling did not appear practical on account of the heavy sand pulls and it was necessary to plank the sand hills just south of the Platte River bridge.

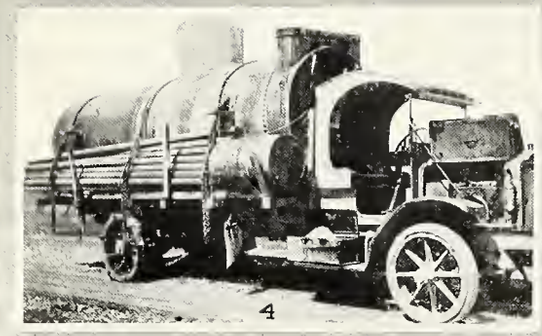
But the constantly growing field placed more and more demands on the commissary and in 1915 this department occupied a building twenty by forty with full basement. This storage space enabled us to carry a fairly large supply of perishable merchandise, hauled in the fall before freezing weather and eliminated to some extent the winter freighting. In case it was necessary to haul perishables, they were loaded in covered wagons in which were placed stoves and the trip

The Force at the Commissary

Transportation

1

3


4

2

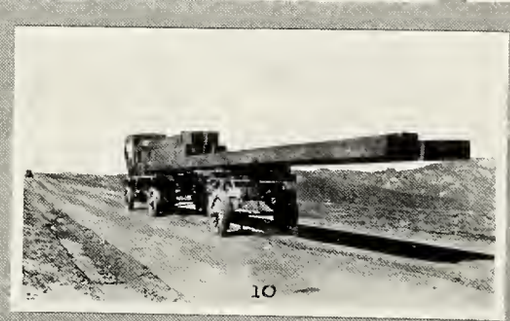
5

6

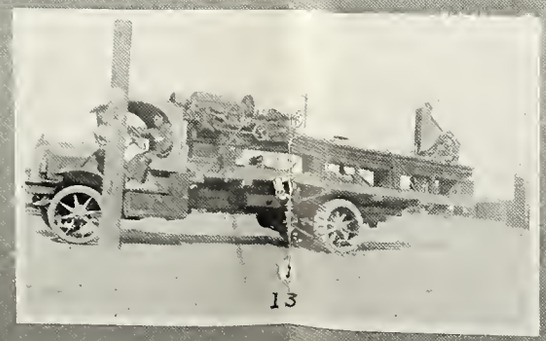
8

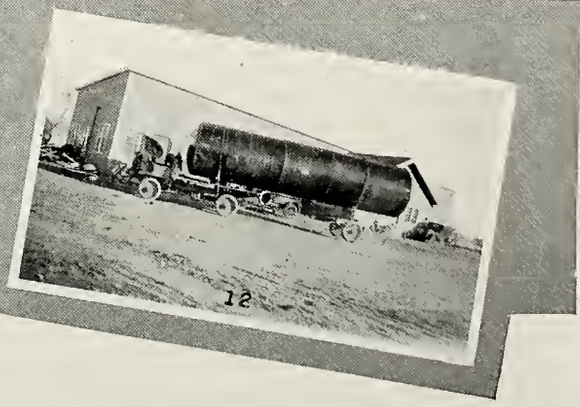
7

9


10

11


13


12

1—A Still Enroute to Salt Creek Gas Plant
5—G-45 Coming to the Surface
9—Gas Traps for Salt Creek Gas Plant

2—Loaded With Tubing
6—Twenty-Four Foot Lathe Calling for a Double Header
10—Forty Foot Timbers and Big in Proportion
13—Another Lathe from Big Muddy

3—Hard Luck for G-45
7—G-45 Loaded With Telephone Poles
11—One of the First Stills to Salt Creek

4—Ten Ton Boiler On a Five Ton White
8—Twenty-Two Ton Engine Base for Teapot
12—Long Wheel Base

took from four to five days.

The year 1917 found the Commissary with an establishment in Casper which was used at that time for a buying and shipping location. Since then, however, the growth has been steady and the facili-

The Midwest Commissary

ties for handling quantities of foodstuff so increased that today vast amounts are handled with ease and dispatch.

The old string team has been replaced by powerful motor trucks which make the trip in three or four hours under most all weather conditions.

While the growth of the firm's business in Casper has manifest itself the Commissary Department in the field has kept in even pace. At present a building 40x100 feet with a full basement is required to handle the needs of the institution in the field and twelve men under the direction of Mr. A. B. Lucas, as store manager, are employed in this department.

The refrigerating plant carries a storage of about half a car of fresh and cured meats and a specially equipped fruit room carries ample supply of fruits and vegetables. The warehouse which is used for storage purposes only is 40x60 feet and occupies the building formerly used by the Company Hotel. The front part of this building houses the Post Office and in the rooms above the Commissary family find very comfortable living quarters. In addition to the store and warehouse, the hay and grain barn and the filling station are operated by this department.

The Casper department recently moved into its new building which is 50x110 feet, is thoroughly fire-proof, and with a full basement. The building faces on Yellowstone avenue, which is the main thoroughfare to and from the refineries and in the rear is Burlington trackage. A warehouse on the Northwestern industrial track gives ample room for storage of heavy commodities. The city department comprises a force of eighteen employes, under the direction of A. C. Bruns as store manager.

Under the policy recently inaugurated at the request of the joint councils, the Commissary Department is selling to all Company employees on a cost plus basis. This plan has resulted in a great increase in the volume of business and according to reports from the industrial council at the refinery has worked a substantial saving for the employes. The prices on practically all commodities handled are considerably lower than uptown prices.

The increase in selling volume will en-

They Deliver the Goods

able this department to purchase in carlots and heavy wholesale quantities. The favorable location on the industrial tracks of both railroads in Casper brings the cost of handling all supplies down to a minimum.

This department is maintained and operated solely for the benefit of the company and its employes and not for financial gain, and looking into the future the management only hopes it will be further interlinked with the development and that it will continue to be more beneficial to the company and its employes.

The Duties and Trials of The Storage Yard Warehouse Crew

When goods are received, some one of us must check them in from the freight or express truck. Each package, box, barrel or bale must be examined or checked as to its contents. Next is a requisition number so that we can determine to which department it should be sent, and off course the firms that ship the goods in many cases neglect to place the requisition number on the package. So here is where the ouija board comes in good play to tell whether it should be placed on a Salt Creek Warehouse, Gas Plant, Pipe Line, Teapot, C. S. or C. M. requisition, or whether it should be delivered to the Refinery Warehouse on a KW order.

Here comes a truck to be loaded for Salt Creek. Now in order to load so that we will get weight on each truck, we may have to load some Gas Plant, some Salt Creek Warehouse, some for Pipe Line Warehouse and perhaps Dad Johnson wants some of that tobac or pop and we must of necessity get that out to him; so it is badly mixed but most of the truck drivers are good natured and we get by with them. Some of them can tell to the weight of a Gnat's heel how much they have on by looking at the springs.

Now we must turn a copy of the receiving slip over to the bill of lading or scale man; and if the list is not TOO long, you get by him O. K. But if it should be a long list you should deliver it to him v-e-r-y carefully with the fullest sheets covered and walk quietly away, not returning in less than thirty minutes. Next day we will perhaps get a telephone message from Salt Creek "we are short," and of course the Superintendent says "You guys are signing for something you did not get."

Now a word about the warehouse men:

Mr. C. A. Richardson came to Casper from Illinois, has been with the Storage Yard for over two years, transferred from the bull gang to the warehouse about eighteen months ago. He is a good scout, can count fairly well, but says he can't weigh one pin and make a very good estimate as to how many there are in a truck load.

Mr. George Goodrich also came from Illinois, says he used to work on the railroad, was transferred to the warehouse about eight months ago. George is a good mixer, he is looking after the paint and gets it pretty badly mixed at times but I guess the color will be all right when he gets through.

Bill Houghman, otherwise known as "Willie," is quite a ladies' man. Bill came to Casper four years ago from Iowa and lived on a dry farm for some time, has been at the Storage Yard for about one year, he is a good looker, a good worker,

The Warehouse Crew (left to right)—T. C. Daley, J. McKendry, C. A. Richardson, George Goodrich, William Houghman

can count some, has been transferred from the warehouse to Truck G-55 as they needed a well educated guy to rustle freight.

Last but not least we have with us Mr. T. S. Daley, otherwise known as "Stuvy," lately transferred from the office to take the place of the ouija board. Mr. Daley has been with the Storage Yard about four years and has worked in most every department.

As Mr. McKendry, commonly known as "Mac," wrote the foregoing, and as he is a bashful retiring sort, he failed to mention himself as connected with the warehouse. Mr. McKendry has been with the Storage Yard about three years and has been a very valued employe, we feel that he should receive honorable mention.

The Midwest Building Department

The possibilities of the Midwest Building Department was brought to the attention of the company officials in October, 1919. The growth of the company was so rapid that the problem of erecting new buildings and repairing old ones had become quite a burden to some of our field superintendents. The necessity of a department to concentrate the responsibility of building and painting was decided upon at a meeting of all field superintendents at this time.

This department began to make history in December, 1919, when Mr. James R. Paden, the present superintendent, was given charge, to organize and build up the department, co-operating, of course, with the field superintendents in the construction and maintenance of field buildings. Mr. Paden's experience, as foreman in charge of construction for several large contractors in California, has shown for itself in the work he has done here.

Soon after his appointment, Mr. Paden started the erection of a modern carpenter shop at the Casper Storage Yards. The equipment consisted of a combination saw and jointer, planer and surfacer, 27 inch band saw, boring machine, and a universal wood worker. At the time this shop was put in operation, May 30, 1920, this equipment was sufficient to take care of any ordinary millwork. However, necessitated by the growth of the department, there has since been added a swing cut-off saw, and a few minor changes made. This shop is under the supervision of Mr. P. W. Arner.

The advantages of a portable house to care for the needs in various fields, especially in wildcat fields, was suggested at this time, and with instructions to work along this line, Mr. Paden designed a type of building which is manufactured at the Casper carpenter shop. Although in some cases this building has been erected and used for purposes for which it was never intended, thereby causing undue criticism, it has proven very popular when fulfilling its original purpose. One or more of these buildings have been erected in every field, and are meeting with approval as bunk houses and cottages. A small stock of the different sections are kept in stock ready for immediate shipment, or any emergency call for a hurry-up camp.

Salt Creek being the largest field, and construction work there being very heavy during the past year, a large crew of carpenters and painters has been busy, and the small shop at this point worked to capacity. This work has been under the supervision of Mr. A. W. Guthrie as carpenter foreman, and he has shown himself to be very proficient. With the exception of a few times when things were going full speed ahead it was possible to get out all millwork at the field. Much credit is given Mr. Lewis for the success of this branch of the Building Department, and for fear of no better opportunity, will say that his co-operation at all times was greatly appreciated.

The painting program the past year was carried out to the last letter and proved its worth beyond expectations. The department has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. M. W. Hancock, who is one of the best, if not the best, with his crew in this line of work. Mr. Hancock, known as "Dad," has made the rounds of all the fields, and has left his mark every-

where. From reports, his work has been performed to the complete satisfaction of every one. In addition to the field work, Dad has a small paint shop in connection with the Casper spare car garage, used for painting company cars. No fault can be found with the work he turns out in this shop, but he advises that if work of this kind increases any during the next year, he will have to have larger quarters.

It will be surprising to learn what has been accomplished by this department in so short a time. Following is a list of buildings erected in the various fields, at a cost of over $400,000:

Salt Creek	61
Casper	19
Osage	12
Big Muddy	8
Grass Creek	7
Teapot Station	6
Mule Creek	5
Elk Basin	2
	120

In addition to the above construction, repair costs including painting, handled from the Casper and Salt Creek carpenter shops amounted to over $200,000. Included in these figures are the new hotel and 32-room bunk house at Salt Creek, the central machine shop at Casper, hospital at Elk Basin and club house at Teapot Station.

It would be well to mention a few facts relative to the central machine shop at Casper. Plans were made by the Engineering Department, and work started February 17, 1921, and machinery was in operation by the latter part of April, which speaks well for the dispatch in which construction work has been handled. Mr. W. M. Miller had supervision of this job, and proved beyond a doubt his ability in getting results.

We do not want to forget the fact that Mr. Herbert Capps had charge of all material for this work, also for the Casper carpenter shop, and he has never failed to be the first man on the job and the last man to leave.

Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Hendricks and two children left July 26th for Chicago and other Eastern points. While in the East Mr. Hendricks will attend the reunion, in Pittsburgh, of the Eightieth Division, of which he was a member.

T. B. Virgne, Yard Foreman

T. B. Virgne

Before coming to Wyoming, Mr. Virgne worked for Neiland-Boland Lumber Company for fifteen years, at Hinton, West Virginia, as sawyer, filer and assistant superintendent. It was necessary that he leave West Virginia on account of his wife's health. Mr. Virgne worked for a short time as an inspector for the Hooshier Mfg. Company at New Castle, Ind.

Mr. Virgne came to Casper, Wyoming, in 1917 and secured employment with the Keith Lumber Company, as Yard foreman. In December, 1918, he came to work for the Midwest Refining Company at the Casper Storage Yard. His first position was that of laborer in the Bull Gang, which was only for five days. He was then taken into the office.

On May 15th, 1920, he was promoted to Chief Clerk. On December 1st, 1920, he was transferred to the yard as Loading Foreman, having charge of the yard under Mr. Dunbar.

Bennet-Littlechild

On June 18th, 1921, Miss Irene Bennet and Mr. D. E. Littlechild, both of Casper, were united in marriage by the Rev. Philip K. Edwards. The ceremony took place at the Episcopal Church in this city. Mr. Littlechild has a responsible position with the Midwest Refinery at Casper. Midwest friends wish to extend congratulations and to welcome heartily the new member brought to the Midwest Family.

Wilson-Bosworth

On May 12th, Miss Nan Wilson and Charles R. Bosworth were married at Billings, Mont.

Mrs. Bosworth's home previous to her marriage was at Cowley, Wyo., where she had a host of friends and well wishers. Mr. Bosworth has long occupied a position of trust with the Midwest Refining Company, and at the present time has supervision of the treating of all light oils. Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth are at home to friends at 327 E. 7th street. The Midwest boys wish you a long and happy married life.

Storage Yard and Office Force

Every one is more or less familiar with the work that is necessary in an office of a warehouse. So we will not need to go into details. The office force of the Casper Storage Yard consists of seven men and the Chief Clerk.

Inasmuch as all material for the Salt Creek Field is received, checked and must be sent to the field there is more or less entering to be done to keep the records in shape.

The amount of material that is sent to the field keeps one man busy making freighters' bill of ladings and making record of that material as having been sent. As all material for the Salt Creek Field is charged to the Storage Yard, when material is sent out, transfers have to be made, and these same are made from the forementioned bill of ladings. Receiving slips must be made for all incoming material, which keeps another man busy and believe me "moss" does not get a chance to grow on his back. Keeping track of freight and express has kept Baldy busy and he claims that it is turning him grey.

The above mentioned work with letter writing, ordering material for our own stock, looking up errors and correcting same, keeping record of time and material now on hand keeps us busy. We are proud of our force as with the exception of Mr. Counts, transfer clerk, all saw service in Uncle Sam's army.

It won't do the girls any good to look them over as with the exception of two all are married, and happily so. They are all proud to belong to the Midwest Family.

Storage Yard Office Force (left to right)—H. E. Yard, H. E. Moss, E. N. Bowman, E. J. Treglown, C. C.; T. P. Counts, Ray Hughs, T. S. Clayton, E. H. Morris

A Friend In Need

One of the pleasant things we saw at the recent tank farm fire was a real exemplification of co-operation, that cardinal virtue in business and industry, which we have been preaching about for so long, by one of our old friends. Our readers will recognize B. E. Silver, of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., even in a "jump-in" suit which he acquired from the city fire department in a remarkably short space of time after the lightning played havoc at the seven crude oil tanks. Mr. Silver or the "Goodrich belt man," as he is better known to many, is a frequent visitor to the camps and refineries of The Midwest Refining Company, where he has many friends in our big family. Because of this fact and because we have now come to see in him certain characteristics of a "spark" we were not surprised to see him

trying to carry a line of hose unaided or wielding a shovel with all the vigor of one of the charter members of the bull gang. Daybreak of the second day of the fire found this hose specialist (his house is the manufacturer of the famous

B. E. Silver, Salesman for Goodrich Rubber Company

"White King" fire hose and "Planet" mill hose which has protected us all at various times) still trying to do his bit in the big task then uppermost in the minds of all Midwest employes. Mr. Silver, being a former member of the U. S. Air Service, even suggested going to Denver in one of the local planes and bringing back fire hose from his stock, if doing so would benefit the cause any.

Our friend has always been "on the job" at all the big conflagrations in the East—Chelsea, Salem and Baltimore. He says he has always felt that he missed something because he was not present when the "cow kicked over the lamp" at Chicago. If ambition had prevailed he would today have been counted among the successful fire chiefs of our land, but fond parents changed the blue-prints. He was prominent in the rescue work at Pueblo, being part of the detail that established communication and first relief by road after this was requested of the American Legion by the Adjutant General of the Colorado State Militia. His native home is Boston, Mass., and he is, of course, very fond of "pork and." His hobby is to play cowboy and his spare moments are spent roaming the hills with a good horse. They say that for a tenderfoot he shakes a wicked spur. This stuff about the spur is only hearsay, however. We do know that when urged to shake said spur over Lin Hopkins' ancient bay mare, Mr. Silver remembered a pressing engagement and left hurriedly—at that, we don't blame him.

Heating Plant

To keep the warehouse, truck garage, repair garage, Commissary and Carpenter Shop warm during the cold and feezing weather, we have a two-boiler heating plant.

The firemen or engineers are Ed. Snow, J. I. Hale and W. L. Hale (a son of J. I. Hale).

Fireman (left to right)—W. L. Hale, E. Snow, J. I. Hale

With this combination, we are enabled to keep quite warm and comfortable during the cold months.

The heating plant was remodeled last Fall and put into operation during October. During the past season our heating plant was operated on fuel oil. The past few weeks saw the method changed, we have connected the boilers with natural gas. We have them so connected that we can burn either gas or fuel oil. We do not expect to freeze or have the radiators of the trucks freeze and leak the coming winter.

We are also planning on adding another boiler to our heating plant this summer.

Autobiography of L. A. Robinson

I came with the Company May, 1920, as Truck Foreman. The first assignment was to locate and list all material that was left on the road between Casper and Salt Creek, during the previous winter and spring. There was a total of 43 loads, which were picked up and delivered to the proper departments.

L. A. Robinson, Foreman of Trucks

Before coming with the Midwest Refining Company, I had various positions. My start in the trucking game was running a truck between Cripple Creek and Victor, Colorado. I left Cripple Creek for Denver. Here I worked for the Duplex Sales Company, as road service man, until the spring of 1916. I then came to Casper, locating here and operating trucks of my own until called by Uncle Sam for service in the Army. My soldiering consisted of truck master work until discharged. I then went to Lusk during the boom of Lance Creek Field, where I had charge of a fleet of fourteen trucks. I returned to Casper in September, 1919, and worked as brakeman on the railroad, which position I held until coming to work with this Company.

With all the bad weather of the spring of 1920, a total of 47,909,901 pounds of freight were hauled by truck from Casper to various fields, which includes the new pipe line that was constructed that year.

The change in the pay schedule which went into effect January 1st, 1921, from a monthly basis to a tonnage basis, has proved more satisfactory to both truck drivers and the Company. The truck drivers that are now driving for us are the best bunch that I have ever seen working for one company.

E. J. Treglown, Chief Clerk

Better known as Ed, started his business career with the Western Union Telegraph Company, at Denver, being in their employ for four and a half years. Joined the Tank Corps of the U. S. Army. After discharge, like the balance of former service men, was busy for a time looking for a job. Took a job as traveling salesman and landed in Casper in April, 1920, in that capacity Hearing of a position at the Casper Storage Yard applied for and was accepted in the Midwest Family on May 1st, 1920, as general office clerk. He was promoted to the position of Chief Clerk on December 1st, 1920. Since he has assumed this position he has systematized the office and got our records in good shape. If you want to know anything about our records, ask for Ed.

Edward J. Treglown, Chief Clerk

Safety First

The Safety Department of the Casper Refinery, due to its efforts in the education of Refinery employes along the lines of Safety First, has made a very enviable record in reducing accidents at the Refinery.

A Bulletin recently published by them shows that during the month of May, 27 employes were injured by having foreign bodies enter their eyes, while during the month of June the number was reduced to 6, or 77 and 7-10 per cent reduction.

Likewise, in the case of nail punctures caused by carelessness of employes in leaving boards lying around with nails protruding in them. The Bulletin shows that during the month of May, 14 men stepped on nails which caused injury. In the month of June this number was reduced to 9, making a reduction of 35 and 7-10 per cent.

This is conclusive evidence of what a little educational work along the lines of Safety will accomplish. Thoughtlessness is one of the greatest causes of accidents and by eliminating this cause and replacing it with its opposite, thoughtfulness, splendid results may be obtained. Employes who are thoughtful will wear their goggles when on any work at which the eyes are in danger of particles entering them; and, likewise, a man who is thoughtful will bend dangerous nails over or pick up the board which has them in it and see that it is properly placed so that it will not endanger another employe.

Month of May Accidents

Foreign body in eye	45
Lacerated Cont.	47
Acid burn	5
Steam—Fire burn	5
Explosion	
Nail in foot	16
Sprain, Strain	10
Asphyxiation	
Fracture	2
Rupture	
Miscellaneous	7
Total	137

Month of June Accidents

Foreign body in eye	35
Lacerated Cont.	61
Acid burn	1
Steam—Fire burn	5
Explosion	3
Nail in foot	9
Sprain, Strain	15
Asphyxiation	
Fracture	7
Rupture	
Miscellaneous	4
Total	140

Some Facts

By C. A. Fowler, Jr., Asst. Director of Industrial Relations Casper Refinery

I am often asked by Midwest employes what good has been accomplished by the Council of Industrial Relations, since its organization.

Naturally, a new institution such as our Industrial Council, is under the critical judgment of both employes and management and stands or falls by its constructive accomplishments.

It is my intention to review for you in a series of articles a few of the more noteworthy things accomplished by the Council of Industrial Relations at the Casper Refinery.

One thing which has engaged the attention of the Council probably more than any other, has been the solution of the HIGHER Cost of Living in Casper as compared with other cities of the West.

As a result of investigation and recommendation by the Council, there has been established the Midwest Commissary, operated without profit by the Company and the Midwest Cleaning and Tailoring Co.

In this article I shall tell you what the latter institution has done and is doing for Midwest employes.

It came to the attention of the Council that men's clothing was costing much more here than in other large Western cities. It was suggested that a tailor might be secured from among the employes. Such a man was found in the person of A. L. Parmenter, a well qualified tailor and cleaning expert, who agreed to order made to measure clothing for Midwest men on a margin of 10 per cent above actual cost. His original quarters were in an unoccupied loft and tho small served the purpose as a starter. The response from Midwest men was immediate and Mr. Par-

menter was kept busy measuring men for suits of clothing at a saving of from 25 to 40 per cent. The volume of business soon made it necessary to seek larger quarters, which were provided at considerable expense by the Company. The new building is located on the banks of the Platte river just north of the main gate. Mr. Parmenter has installed in his new plant the most up-to-date cleaning and pressing machinery to be found in the Rocky Mountain region. This equipment cost in excess of $7,000 and includes two large Hoffman pressing machines, two sewing machines, one pleating machine, four washing machines, two gasoline extractors, one dry tumbler, steam table, spotting board, glove washer, glove finisher and puff irons.

The processes in an up-to-date cleaning establishment such as this are interesting. Not only is clothing cleaned with gasoline but fine textured women's clothing must be treated with certain chemicals which keep the colors from running and preserve the texture of the fabric.

In all over forty-four chemicals are used in this establishment in different cleaning operations. Machinery is to be installed for cleaning gloves and an expensive pleating machine is soon to be added.

Now, instead of having to pay a dollar and a quarter for pressing and from two dollars to two and one-half dollars for cleaning and pressing this service can be secured from our Midwest shop, at seventy-five cents for pressing and a dollar and a half for cleaning and pressing and you are assured of prompt service and a good job.

On the day of my interview with Mr. Parmenter, seven hundred and fifty-seven pieces of clothing passed thru his cleaning establishment, about two-thirds of which were men's.

When the new shop was opened for business one month ago, two men were employed and one truck was doing all the collecting and delivering.

Now eight people are employed and two trucks are kept busy and a third truck has been ordered which will serve Midwest employes in the fields at Salt Creek and Big Muddy. This article is written not, primarily, as an advertisement for Mr. Parmenter, but to better acquaint Midwest employes with one agency which has been established thru the efforts of the Industrial Council in connection with the hearty co-operation of the Midwest Refining Company, in an effort to save money for employes on two very necessary things in life viz, clothing and keeping clean.

From the many commendations which I have heard I feel sure that Midwest employes are very appreciative of the efforts of the Council and the Midwest Company in getting established our own Midwest Tailoring and Cleaning Works.

Motoring Through Wyoming In A Peerless

By E W. Davis, Supt of Field Garage

Automobile trips made in the early days of the Salt Creek field were not as pleasant to make as at the present time. The following description of a trip I made to Sheridan, Wyoming, with a party of Texas Oil Company officials will explain to you the conditions of roads at that time.

Leaving Casper one morning in a Peerless touring car, one of the first cars purchased by the Company, the day was lovely and Kaycee on Powder River was reached without trouble. But, alas, it rained all night and after having breakfast in Kaycee, we proceeded on our way to Buffalo—it raining meantime all the way. Our wheels resembled huge barrels as we plowed through the mud; arrived at Buffalo at 4:30 p. m., after being on the road all day with no lunch. After a hearty meal we resumed our journey to Sheridan. After traveling about three miles we came to a small stream where we were obliged to wait at least an hour for the water to run down so we could ford it, as a heavy rain had made a small river of it. On again in the mud and rain till at last we lost a chain and stuck in the bottom of a mudhole. After a muddy and mighty effort we recovered the chain, put it on the wheel, and resumed our journey; and then—the rubber having all peeled off of one of our tires, it blew out, leaving us sitting in another mudhole where we had to change tires.

On again, sliding from one side of the road to the other, we make a few miles more; and then the old boat buries herself in the mud at the side of the road; and we abandon her and start on afoot. We soon came to a gate with the sign, "Home Ranch:" going in we find it operated by Midwest officials who gave us a hearty welcome and after a good supper —time now 10:30 p. m.—the officials of the Texas were driven into Sheridan in a spring wagon by the Home Ranch boys. Next morning I secured a team and went back to the old Peerless and pulled it out on the road and resumed my journey to Sheridan. There I found my party still in bed at the Sheridan Inn. I placed

my car in a garage where I had it washed and made ready for the return trip.

Leaving Sheridan at 10:30 the next morning for Salt Creek, I arrived at that point the next morning at 2:30 after traveling through the mud and rain all day and night. Awaiting me at Salt Creek, I found N. S. Wilson, superintendent, who accompanied me back to Casper, and judging from general appearance it was hard to tell who had accumulated the most mud, myself or the Peerless.

WUXTRY---New Amusement In Casper

Friday evening a new troupe made its initial appearance in Casper. The name of their act is "Baseball As She Is Played," and played is right. The cast of characters is, Moss, as receiving clerk, catcher; "Whitey," as his name implies, was the shining light from the mound; "Kuppie" Morris certainly held down first base; "Big Stew" played "at" second; "Pretty Boy" Andy short stop; "Saint" decorated third; "Louie" Robinson tried right field; Charles Kear center, and "Toothpick" Butler over in left field.

All "first nighters" were greatly amused to say the least, and we are hoping that we shall have a return engagement, as there has not been an entertainment to equal it in many a long day. "Whitey" had a very nice slow ball that was hard to hit. When his arm gave out "Pretty Boy" mounted to the mound, and after properly winding up, gave the spectators a real exhibition of "perfessional" pitcher's actions on the mound. His first delivery went over in great shape it landed in Louie's territory, he just returned the ball to the pitcher and same was sent in the same channels as the first and when hit it also went into left field, after recovering the ball but not himself Louie swapped places with Saint, posing very graceful on or as near third, as his intake would permit, his exhaust was very powerful, blowing up a cloud of dust whenever he exhausted. Charles, in center, caught a hot one right off the griddle, and after patting it several times and gazing upon it proudly threw the ball to the pitcher.

The new troupe were old timers (at truck driving) and had only practiced throwing crossfire at each other, a couple of times, they were tried out by the already famous team, Garage, but we hope that after a few more rehearsals they will be able to put on a finished "play."

M. E. Stevenson says he is "off betting" with Mr. Davis—he has been convinced that there is no such thing as a "rubber cork."

R. V. Cushman and family are enjoying their new Ford touring car which has recently arrived.

Greybull Notes

Joe Cole, who went from Greybull to the Laramie Refinery some time ago, returned to the Greybull Refinery early in June.

Superintendent B. L. Warren went to Casper on June 14th, returning to Greybull on the 17th.

Col. Burke H. Sinclair was in Greybull on June 17th and 18th.

On June 22 a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Mead; he was named Henry Warren Mead.

The following original verses were handed in to the reporter. They were signed only with the initials, T. W. P.:

THE OIL PUMPER

In the shade of the receiving tanks
The oil pumper stands,
The pumper is a tall, slim man
With large and greasy hands.

He pumps by day and he pumps by night
He pumps what oil he can
And the oil that he does not pump
He leaves for the other man.

Week in, week out, from morn 'til nite
You may hear his steam pumps go
They grind and groan and squeak and moan
With strokes that are long and slow.

He pumps the gas and he pumps the wax,
He pumps it all up hill.
He pumps until there is no more
And then his pumps are still.

But not for long they stand this way
For there is more yet to come
And when he gets it on its way
His day's work it is done.

He then goes home to hunt the hay
And dreams of oil galore
He wakes up at the dawn of day
And comes out to pump some more.

—T. W. P.

Mrs. R. B. McKay has returned home after a two months' stay in Colorado. R. B. seems to be staying at home now, nights.

C. H. McCormick is enjoying a stay in Colorado. He is expected back very shortly and is making the trip overland.

Bert Landon, welder, has been seen riding in a new Ford coupe, which he has recently purchased thru Boyle's Garage.

Charles Midert has returned to work after taking a trip to Kearney, Neb., where he took unto himself a wife, formerly Miss Violet Brooks, of that place. They are at home to their many friends at 1221 South Durbin St.

Baron Hixon, truck driver, was in the shop the other day treating the boys to cigars—he also has jumped into the matrimonial ring.

The Denver Midwest Family Picnic at Pine Crest

Reviewed By A. F. Russell

A picnic is a picnic, and a big idea at that. The fact remains that somebody sprung it in the Denver Office and it went over big.

After a lot of hard and strenuous work and effort by the Picnic Committee, our Picnic Special pulled out of the Denver Union Depot at nine bells on the morning of the sixteenth of July, 1921, loaded with over two hundred members of the Midwest Family, bound for Pine Crest, chief suburb of Palmer Lake, some fifty-two miles to the southward.

Joy reigned supreme as merrily we sped along. Songs from the songsters within our midst made everybody happy.

Shortly we arrived at Pine Crest a little late but expectant.

"What will we do now?" Here's the Tennis Tournament. So all of those interested in seeing the demons of the courts tangle, gathered around to watch the contests. Those who did not care to do this ambled around the hillsides to find their land legs which might have been lost while partaking of the fifty-two-mile journey on the D. & R. G.

Miss Dorothy England took the Ladies' Singles in quick fashion, while Mr. A. L. Clark, our Cost Accounting Expert, showed he was unbeatable in the Men's singles. Miss Vera Stark and Mr. Schwartzlose then defeated all comers in the mixed doubles.

"When do we eat?" cried the spectators. Right away, and all "fell to" on their basket lunches which they had brought with them.

Next? Well, sir, most of us gathered in front of the dance pavilion where a big program of Field Events was held.

Phil Duncan's wife proved to be the leading lady athlete capturing first in the Baseball Throwing Contest, and second place in the Nail Driving Contest and Ladies' Fifty-Yard Dash. Miss Agnes Hiss won the Ladies' Race from Mrs. Duncan by only a few feet.

The events for men were more widely divided. Al Ohnemus took the hundred-yard dash, with Roy Johnson a close second and hard pressed by a fast field.

Mr. F. F. Stevens, who was Marshall of the Day, took the Heavy Men's Race in nice style from Mr. Bretschneider. Joe Gaiser showed his heels to all starters in the Married Men's Race, and R. P. McNicholas cleared eleven feet in the Standing Broad Jump with Billy Nichol a close second.

The Frank Moores were declared winners in

1—Mrs. F. L. Boydston
2—Mrs. W. A. Miller
3—Mrs. H. G. Naylor
4—Mrs. B. A. Thompson
5—Mrs. Spencer S. Stebenne

Everybody Happy ?

Well, we should say !

The Gang's all Here

They had a good time

So did She.

Likewise Us.

the Necktie Race with the Uptons second.

But before all the above took place Pine Crest was visited by its daily shower which necessitated the rearranging of some events. This did not last very long, and after Old Sol got his head out from under the clouds, the big event of the day took place—The Ball Game!

That Ball Game! That long anticipated struggle between the veterans of the Eighth and Ninth Floors. Well, the Eighth Floor won by a score of 7 to 4. We will bring out that old worn out phrase to the effect that lack of space prohibits us covering this game in detail. However, if our memory serves us right, Mr. George Platz was the star for the Eighth Floor Nine.

And now for the Big Feed. Away everyone rambled to the hotel for the big dinner which was part of the program. Everyone had been cautioned Not to Lose Their Grub Tickets, and judging from the multitude that reported for mess, no one had committed this crime.

After laying away a bountiful supply of nourishment, all returned to the Dance Pavillion, where dancing was resumed and continued until train time.

The big event of the evening was the Prize Waltz which was won by Mr. William ("Bill") May and Miss Cora Hingley. This was an exciting contest to say the least, and the winning couple waltzed their way to the prize through an elimination contest, which was judged by three expert dancers from Kansas City.

Nine-thirty! All aboard for Denver! If you miss the train, you sleep in the "Lake." From all reports, no one slept there against their will.

Homeward bound, tired and happy. We called it a day and a good one at that, and we were all glad that we were members of the Midwest Family who has some mighty fine parents.

The Picnic was arranged and taken care of by a committee composed of Mr. R. O. Dietler, chairman; Mr. F. F. Stevens, Mr. E. L. Muehler, Mr. F. J. Keleher, Mr. James Izett, and the writer. At the dinner at Pine Crest Inn, a rising vote of thanks was given by all present to the committee for their hard work and good efforts. The committee thanks the Midwest Family for this expression of gratitude.

The results of the various events were as follows:

Tennis Tournament—Ladies' Singles, Miss Dorothy England, winner; Men's Singles, Mr. A. L. Clark, winner; Mixed Doubles, Miss Vera Stark and Mr. Schwartzlose, winners.

Field Events:

Baseball Throwing Contest for Ladies: Mrs. Phil Duncan, first; Miss Vera Stark, second; distance, 82 feet, 8 inches.

Ladies' Nail Driving Contest: Miss Genevieve Gegg, first; Mrs. Phil Duncan, second.

50-Yard Dash for Ladies: Miss Agnes Hiss, first; Mrs. Phil Duncan, second.

Standing Broad Jump for Men: Mr. R. P. McNicholas, first; Mr. Billy Nichol, second; distance, 11 feet.

100-yard Dash for Men: Mr. Al. Ohnemus, first; Mr. Roy Johnson, second.

Heavy Men's Race: Mr. F. F. Stevens, first; Mr. H. C. Bretschneider, second.

Married Men's Race: Mr. Joe Gaiser, first; Mr. Henry Vervalin, second.

Necktie Race, for married couples; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moore, first; Mr. and Mrs. Billy Upton, second.

Boys' Race, over 14: Mr. Mason Shield, first; Mr. Roscoe Devore, second.

Boys' Race, under 14: Wallace Moore, first; Kimball Barnes, second.

Girls' Race, under 14: Ruth Bretschneider, first; Louise Steel, second.

Hoop Race: Won by the team on the East Side of the field, composed of nine couples, the writer failed to get all their names.

Baseball Game: Eighth vs. Ninth Floors: won by Eighth Floor, 7 to 4.

Lineups as follows:

Eighth Floor.		Ninth Floor
Nichol	p	Russell
Schwartzlose	c	Tom May
Merritt	1b	Whitford
Nugent	2b	Mauldin
Truby	3b	Denny
Stevens	ss	Bill Casey
VanVorhees	lf	Izett
Platz	cf	Ballard
Upton	rf	Throckmorton

Umpire, Stebenne.

Prize Waltz: Won by Miss Cora Hingley and Mr. William May.

W. S. Ingham Speaks

"Service! Service! Let's have a little service here. You guys are as slow as a June bug in December."

"Oh! Go and soak your head. Why, you're so slow yourself that your own shadow runs away from you. What the 'ell do you want, anyway?"

All of which does not mean that "Whitey" Stricker, foreman of a pipe gang is in any particular hurry, or that the warehouse bunch is slow. It is merely a perfectly good-natured, if somewhat facetious manner of saying "Good Morning" by very good friends.

The space about the dented, iron bound counter of the Laramie Refinery Warehouse is usually a busy scene. Here, at one time or another come most of the men composing the Refinery force, and there prevails at all times a good natured spirit of railery and comradeship that illustrates very nicely the friendly, communal spirit which is common to all about the plant. Sometimes the members of two pipe gangs will meet here, and then there is often a very brief but very lively piece of horseplay or hurry-up relation of some current story or anecdote, often of a flavor that would made the late esteemed Mr. Rabbelais grin with appreciation.

The construction and conduct of an up-to-date refinery requires an astonishingly wide variety of material and the one thousand-odd bins in the Laramie Warehouse are none too many to furnish place for everything which must be sheltered even with the additional space afforded by the large uncovered platform at

Leaving the Train

Men's Tennis Singles

Bound for Picnic Grounds

Heavy Men's Race

Ladies' Tennis Singles

the south end and that under the surrounding concrete platform.

In October of two years ago, there was no warehouse at the site of the Laramie Refinery. There was plenty of space laterally, along the spur of the railroad and a few taupaulins, but for the most part, the sky was the covering for the many carloads of material arriving for the construction work. Before the real winter set in, however, a large temporary shed was run up, which afforded housing for the more valuable or perishable material, until the fine, reinforced concrete and brick building was completed in September of last year.

The warehouse is 110 feet long by 50 feet in width, with a monitor form of roof affording good light and ventilation to the main floor. Both basement and main floor are of reinforced concrete. An electrically operated elevator is placed in the center of the building, and upon the main floor are the office, vault, stockroom, scales and lavatory, as well as the sixteen tiers of bins containing the smaller and lighter material. The basement contains tables, bins and racks for the heavier and more bulky supplies. The whole is well lighted by electricity, and is steam heated.

The pipe racks are situated just south of the warehouse and the stores of Portland and asbestos cement, fire foam ingredients, fireclay brick, etc., are housed in two auxiliary sheds.

The business of ordering, receiving, storing, issuing, transferring and accounting in a refinery warehouse is considerable, and bears a very important relation to the working of the plant. At Laramie, the work is in the very efficient hands of Mr. M. E. Reyneke as warehouseman, since the resignation of Mr. F. A. Miller last December, with Mr. G. L. Norstrum as material accountant, R. S. Morris as clerk, and "Bob" Ingham as warehouse foreman.

In the course of the past few months, the work of the warehouse has been thoroughly systematized, and there is excellent co-operation from the foreman of the yard forces and the various departments. The cases of bins and shelving upon both floors of the warehouse are designated by letters and the shelves and bins by numbers. To each shelf and bin is attached a card holder, bearing the exact designation of the material contained, and, where the material itself is complicated, such as in the case of pump-repair parts, the pieces themselves are tagged.

A complete card index designates the place of all material, whether it is upon the main floor, the basement, the stockroom, the platforms or the spaces under the platforms, or in the two warehouse sheds. The cards also give the letters and numbers of the bins, in such a manner that, if necessary, a person unacquainted with the warehouse and wanting to find, say a ¾-inch by 3-inch machine bolt, hex nut would read "0-14-3" and could walk at once to the bin shown.

The cards upon the shelving and the card index help greatly also in the correlation of name of material, invoices, inventory, foreman's orders, transfers and material accountant's cards.

But into every system, no matter how workable and efficient, there enters the very important factor of the human equation and "Whitie" Stricker's cheery "Good morning" yell of "Service, Service here" would not be greatly out of place as a watchword anywhere.

W. S. Ingham.

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Bell Springs Notes

Max Bauer, Case, and Hagerman, Geologist, have made several visits to this field recently, trying to get something started.

James Doyle, our popular tool dresser, that is popular with the ladies, has been visiting neighboring camps very often lately. If James does not watch his step, the B. S. B. C. will lose one of its charter members.

Superintendent Roe and wife made three hurried visits to Casper this month. The next time will prove fatal for Jack—his wife bet on Dempsey.

The Bell Springs field office is now located on the Mahoney Dome.

Laramie Refinery News

Fred Ambrose, one of the stillmen, is the very proud father of an eight-pound young Stillman, who arrived at the Ambrose home on June 29th.

Chemist Ross B. Moudy and family motored to Lander at the end of the month. Mrs. Moudy and the children will visit for some time with relatives there. Mr. Moudy returned to Laramie and is keeping bachelor hall.

Messrs. Blair and Moudy attended the Lion's Convention at Longmont on June 3rd, and were caught in the severe storm of that time. They were enabled to reach

home by making a long detour thru the mud to avoid washed out bridges.

Jess Wills, foreman of the pipe gang, left at the end of the month for a trip East by automobile with his family. He expects to be gone for a month at least.

Ode Methin and brother, of the pipe gang, have gone to their home in Arizona, traveling by auto. They may locate in the south.

At the Lions-Rotary Baseball match played at the Fair Grounds for the benefit of the Boy Scouts, Superintendent Cullen played a star game for the Rotarians while R. B. Moudy handled the coaching, and first aid and relief work for the Lions.

Messrs. Fred Dudley and J. A. Sanders spent a vacation this month at Cheyenne, where they attended the meeting of the Masonic Consistory.

Fred Smith, foreman of the treating plant, spent a vacation in Denver with his family during the month.

Mr. Comfort of the accounting department, was in Laramie on June 30th.

Messrs. F. O. Blair, Fred Dudley, H. L. Minister and Charles Loucks report a really successful fishing trip to the Iron Mountain country, but, as the streams there are seldom more than two feet in width, they had no use for the hip-waders they took with them.

Ed Searle, of the machine shop, recently received the sad news from England that his mother was in a serious condition from illness at her home there. His sisters, who have been visiting at the home of their uncle, Mr. H. J. King, at Laramie, have left for England in the hope of seeing their mother.

The month of August started out fine for Messrs. Cullen and Loucks as they motored to Denver, then fought mud and heavy rains on their return trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harmon motored to Boulder, Colorado, to spend the Fourth with Mr. Harmon's relatives.

Messrs. W. S. Ingham and J. L. Graham, of the Warehouse force, spent July 10th and 11th fishing upon the Chugwater. They report plenty of fish and worlds of mosquitoes.

Copy of letter received June 13th, 1921:

"Dear Sir: I am..... which has been your employed for you and wish you send me my check for the month of June. I am not coming back to work I fine myself position in Omaha. Please.

Yours very truly,

.....

Omaha, Neb., xxxx Oak St."

Phil Ward, loading rack foreman, went to Greybull during the forepart of the month, met his family and then they spent a week in the Big Horn Reserve, Thermopolis and Hyetteville.

Fred Kirk, head watchman, and famliy, motored to the Ohio Oil Field, thence to Arlington where they spent several days fishing and fighting mosquitoes. The trip didn't prove entirely beneficial as they broke the rear end out of their car.

Erwin Rummel, brick mason foreman, drove to Denver in his Paige to look over the sights of the city.

Among those who went over to attend the Frontier Days at Cheyenne were: Norman Lacy, J. W. Doty, Fred Schuester, Arthur Linden, R. A. Walker, Joe Griffin, G. L. Norstrum, N. T. Thompson, Robert Ingham, Fairfax Lapsley, Dick Williams, Miss Adolphine Reyneke and Max Reyneke.

The three months' old baby of Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmie" Dolan has been quite seriously ill with whooping cough but is somewhat better.

Jess Wills, foreman of the pipe gangs, has returned from a month's vacation spent touring the middle West and Southern states. He brings a story—Jess is never without a good story to tell—of an old hermit farmer whom he saw in Arkansas.

The farmer kept a number of pigs domiciled in his own dwelling. Jess asked him if he did not find it somewhat unhealthy, especially in hot weather.

"Oh, I don't know," drawled the farmer. "I've kept them that a'way for the last twenty-one year and I ain't had no sick pigs yet."

* * * * *

"A SPOILT VACATION"

The hail storm of a few days ago, which did some damage to the crops of a portion of the Little Laramie Valley, put also somewhat of a damper upon the vacation of Charlie Voegtle of the Pipe and Plumbing Shop, and incidentally ruined a very promising young gold-placer claim from which his partners and himself hoped for considerable returns.

Charlie Voegtle and Co. gold miners (where time and opportunity offer) discovered this spring a placer deposit of gold in a little dry gulch back of the Centennial Valley. A small stream of water was available in a nearby gulch and was brought with some trouble and labor to the claim. Much of the pay sand had been stripped and sluice boxes built, so that Charlie's vacation was planned to fit in with the time when the actual washing of the pay sand should begin.

Everything looked promising on that early Sunday morning and the sun was shining brightly. Then, just when the first two shovelfuls of the pay sand that was to average 20 cents per shovelful, had been thrown into the sluice box, an ugly black cloud which had come up unperceived by the gold miners from behind Medicine Bow Peak let down with malicious glee its full torrent of fiercely beating hail stones.

After five minutes the placer claim was not; it had vanished. The stripped pay sand was traveling down the gulch to the broad plains below; the sluice boxes had sailed swiftly in the same direction and the ditch from the other gulch was as if it had never been.

The next day a trial of the washed dirt at the point where the gulch debouches upon the plain, showed a melancholy two colors to the yard. But Charlie's face yet wears a smile as he tells you about it, and he still means to prospect at odd times.

G. F. Hoffman, commonly known as "Whitey," has for the past week been very busy. In fact, it takes him longer to get ready for a trip in his car than for six trips in his truck. Yes, Mr. and Mrs "Whitey" and son, Brownie, have left for Frontier Days.

L. A. Robinson has been knocking them down in great shape lately. Yep, he's a great little ol' baseball player.

George Goodrich, our esteemed warehouse bullganger, is learning to drive truck. Oh, he gets her round the warehouse all right, don't you, George?

"Rusty" Ramsey is on his vacation. Judging from the mileage on his Ford several of his girls are also on a vacation.

Albert Stewart, our long, hungry Tennessee truck driver, says: "If your body was built in proportion to your brains, you could walk under a caterpillar's (a bug) stomach with a silk hat on." I wonder who he means.

John Sturheon or "Flat" is with us again. Same old Flat, same sarcasm, same dry humor, but we can't get along without him.

St. Louis, our scientific English truck driver, has been having trouble with his double reduction magnetic combustion expansor in the inner bowl of the outer shell of his carburetor. I think he'll get over it, however.

G-47 certainly carries tonnage lately. Have you seen its new driver? Nuf sed.

The ninth and last wonder of the world, August Thedin's picture in the Review.

Mitch, married but still good natured, is still patiently putting his Dodge car together. Luck to you, Mitch.

LOST—Mr. Byron Hixon's address. Finder please notify Truck Drivers' Senior Council, as they have something for him.

Mr. T. B. Virgne, loading boss extraordinary, claims that the old axiom "you can't please everyone all the time," is true. He says he can't please the truck drivers at all. Cheer up, Tom, truck drivers aren't human.

G-60 doesn't seem to know its master's voice. After cranking on it several minutes Mr. E. J. Donahue, of Joplin, made up a new vocabulary. Mitch tramped on it once and it started.

Jess Lewis just can't keep away from his first love, G-39. We see by the garage report he's scrapped G-88 and is making Salt Creek regular with G-39. Can't figure these Missourians.

Jess Scott says "Missouri is a good state to come from."

Listen my children and you shall hear
How we got H. A. Gooden's picture, dear
Threatened and coaxed to no avail
Then we had him put in jail
Said we would draw him all a-straddle
On the horse, he'd won a saddle.
That's the way we got his picture
That and keeping hid his liquor.

Mr. Clayton, truck drivers' clerk, won $20. Dad Pelsor was an easy mark. He bet on Sterling against Casper, thereby losing. Oh, you never get too old to learn.

As an educator G-46 takes the cake. Ray Hughes is back getting a typewriter in gear after unsuccessfully trying to make G-46 behave. Pretty soft, eh?

Kewpie Morris says: "I lost fifteen pounds holding down first base for the fast truck drivers' team last Friday." Don't show your weight Kewpie.

Moss may be only a clerk, but, say boy, he's there behind the bat.

Monagahan, one of the "Hall Room Boys," umpired that game at Muddy last Sunday.

Frank Butler, wife and Junior, have returned from their fishing trip up north. For details see "Slim."

Claude Prewitt, our cowboy express driver, has ditched the ten-gallon hat and is now wearing a black cap. I wonder how it feels.

Leo Wiloth, express truck helper, is still able to drive his Henry after his strenuous day's labor is done.

McKendry wants to see the truck driver who can tell his weight by looking at his springs.

Tom Daley remarks, "Huh, I guess I know my business. You'll have to take those cases up town. Get the receipt, signature, a bottle of pop and hurry back as I've a good load for you Some for Salt Creek Whse., some for Gas Plant Whse., some for Pipe Line Whse., Boarding House, Pool Hall, No. 1 Station and the Club House. Here Morris is the slips."

C. A. Richardson has his home fixed and will be at home any evening to all visitors. Truck drivers barred.

Bill Houghman, the warehouse famed ladies' man, is kept busy showing the girls a good time. No, his marriage announcement was a mistake.

Andy claims that every time he goes on a vacation it is reported that he is to be married. He leaves for Denver, Monday, July 25th, and claims that he will return single. Well, there is yet hopes for you girls.

Dad Gren has returned from a vacation in the hills. He now spends his nights a-dreamin' of the vacation. He doesn't seem to have lost any weight, however.

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. C. Zolnoski, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
D. C. Marvin, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
Jas. E. Burnett, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
Chas. C. Campbell, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. S. Chalfont, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
J. O. Heywood, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	Jake Hale
Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
Harry C. Reads, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District — Jesse Wills, Laramie District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District — T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Crosskil, Treasurer — Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President — Wm. Stoddard
E. M. Keefe, Vice President — Henry Stevick
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

A LIFE that is measured by time alone is not marked by any great accomplishment. To measure one's efforts by a clock is to hinder. The man who works with one eye on the clock will never outstrip his fellows in the race for success.

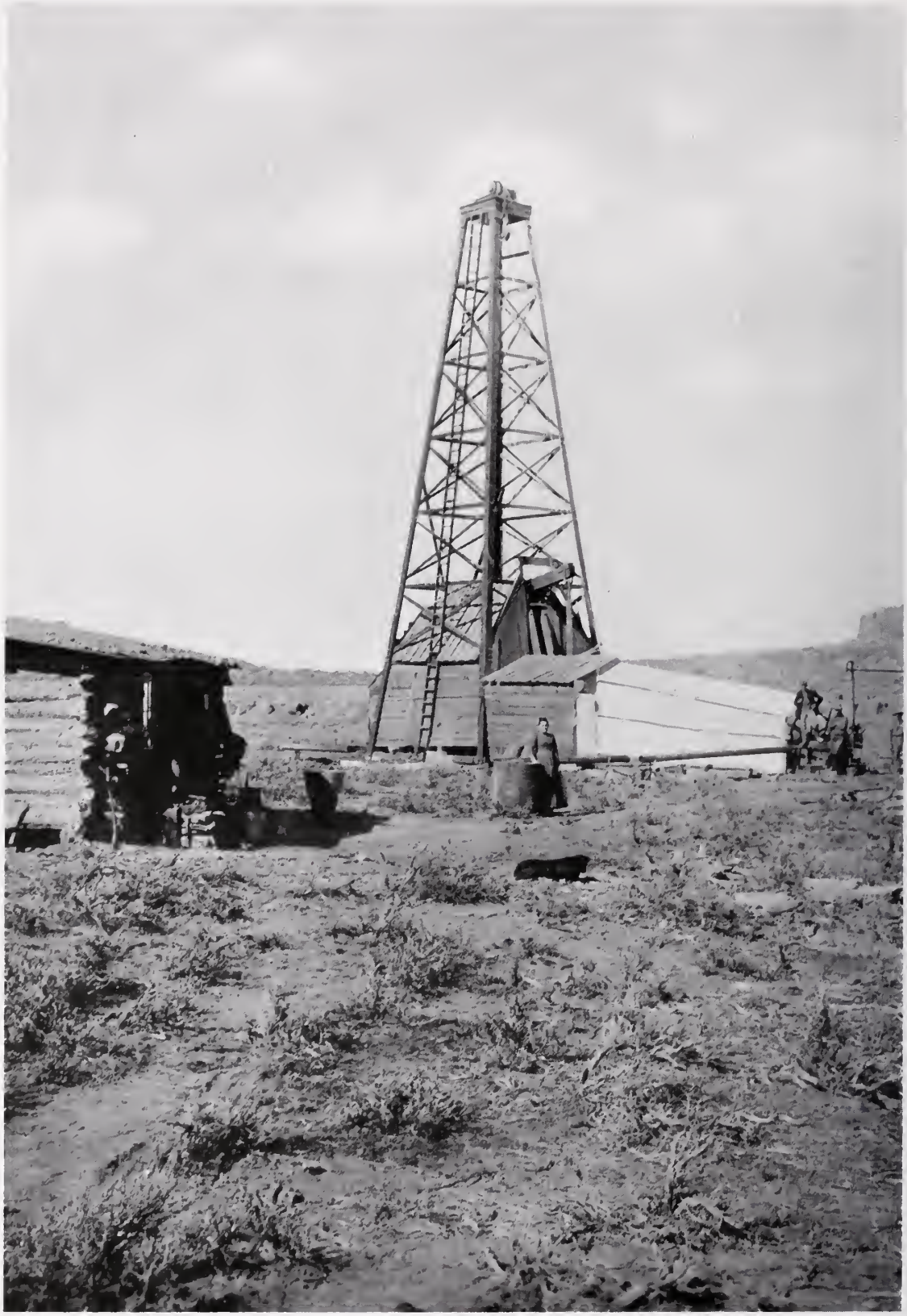
VOL.2

The MIDWEST REVIEW

NO.8

SEPTEMBER 1921

PUBLISHED FOR
The Midwest Family
by
THE MIDWEST
REFINING CO.



First Standard Rig Built in Salt Creek

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | September, 1921 | Number 8

A legend has it that when Columbus announced his intention of taking a few days off and discovering America the papers ran a four-line squib under a patent medicine ad and let it go at that. Had they but known that this new land contained Salt Creek, in all probability the news would have been carried under a three-column, three-deck head on a front page. However, be that as it may, we have Salt Creek and Chris can claim very little, if any, credit for its discovery.

N. S. Wilson, while not the actual discoverer, is we believe the man who looked the field over from every angle and called it Good. N. S. or Newt, as he is known to everyone connected with the Midwest, is, if you will pardon the term, a man very broad between the eyes. He possesses a sense of values by which he weighs men as well as properties. To him, perhaps as much as to any other man, is due the place Wyoming has as an oil producing state.

D. W. Lewis, or Dave, is "the man behind the gun" at Salt Creek. The oil game perhaps is his greatest interest. Coming from Pennsylvania, the state in which oil was first produced, he was not at the time of his leaving, interested in the game. Gold mining was his first love in the West, and his stories of the hard-rock days, while carrying no hint of self-praise or ego, carry nevertheless the impression that he was a success in that game as well as the one in which he is now engaged. Coming to Salt Creek when it was a weak-voiced puny infant, he has grown with the field and compares favorably in size with the infant to which he gave his best.

H. A. Chandler, Assistant Superintendent of Pipe Lines, is a man upon whom a great load of responsibility can be placed with the assurance that it will be handled in a way satisfactory to all concerned. He came from Kansas, but all other things being equal, that cannot be held against him. He is directly in charge of the Pipe Line organization at Salt Creek and under his able direction it functions in a way pleasing to the most optimistic.

These men are typical of all those who live under the big wing of the Midwest at Salt Creek. They are big because responsibilities in this field are greater perhaps than in others and it tends to make big men; so here's to Salt Creek and her people, long may she wave.

Does It Pay to Save?

The National City Bank of New York says "yes" in a very emphatic manner.

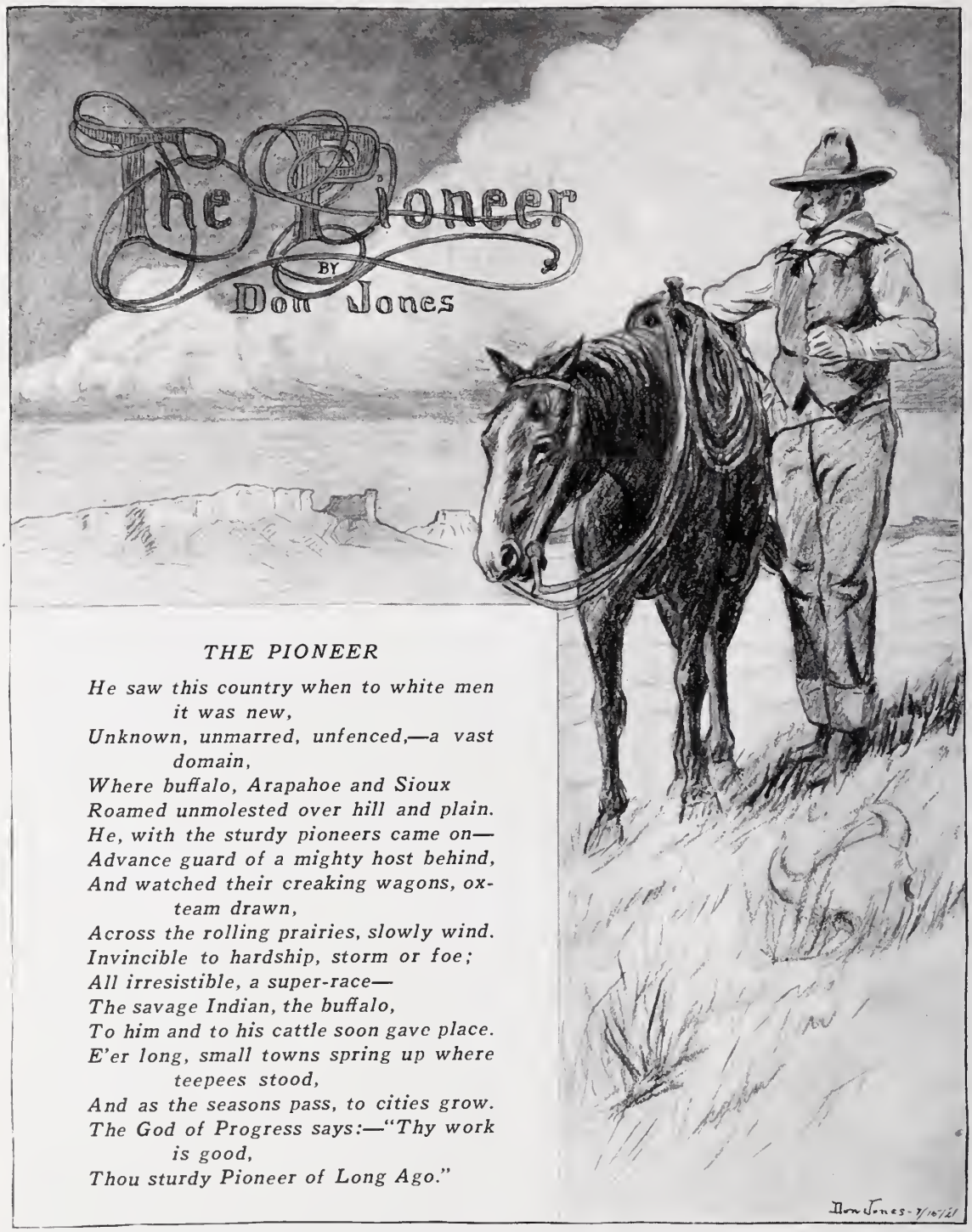
In a recent review they brought out the fact that the savings of wage earners in and about New York City had prevented the great distress which too often accompanies times of unemployment. Whether we like it or not, that "rainy day" will come occasionally, and those who find themselves out in the rain need not fear a wetting if they have laid something by for the occasion.

In the meantime, those who did not save and are now out of work wish they had slipped a few dollars into the old sock while the slipping was good.—*Art Metal Welder.*

False Alarm

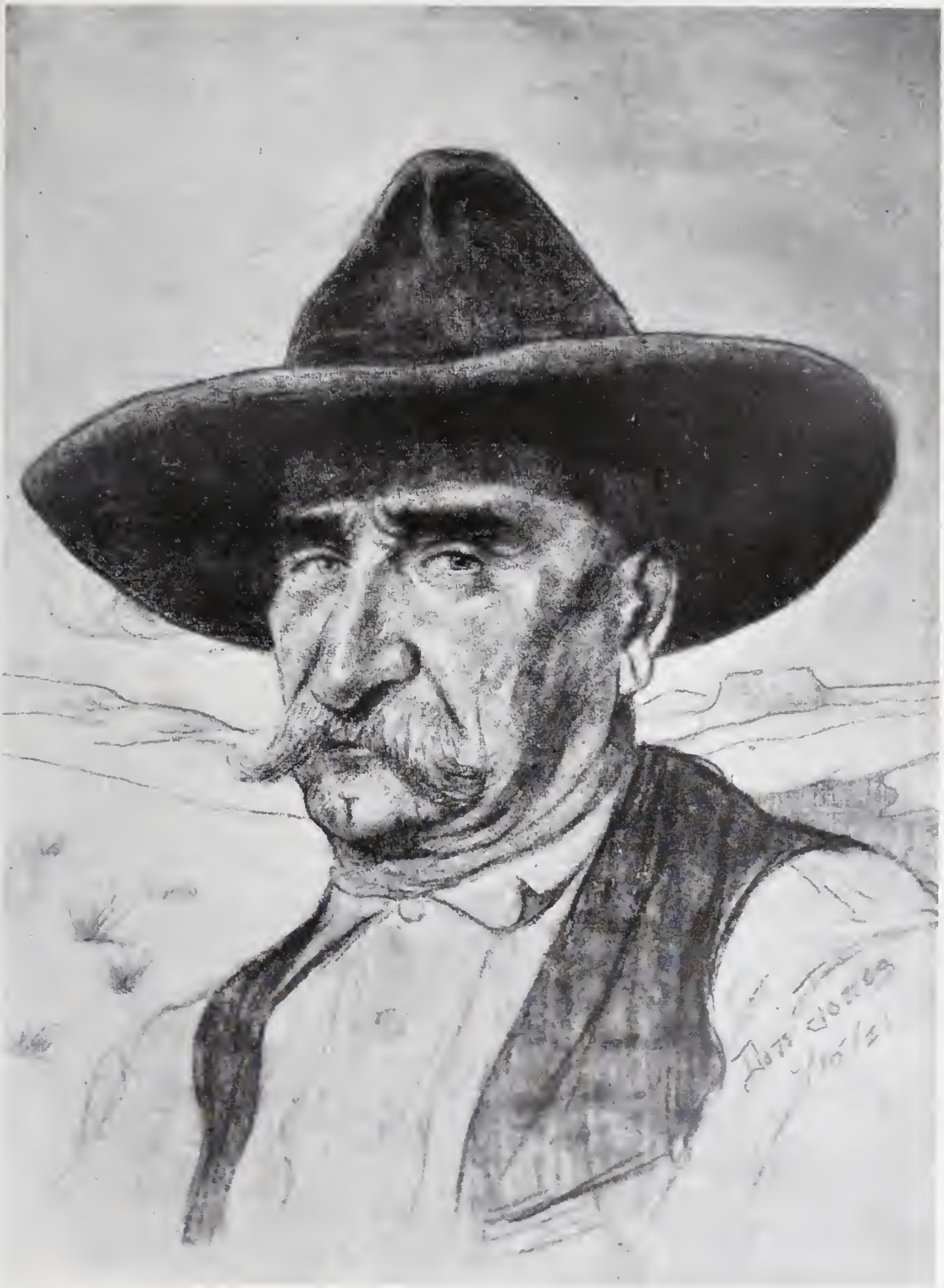
Farmer Hill—What did you take the bell off the cow for?

Farmer Furrow—Because every time she moved, the hired man heard the bell and would knock off for dinner.—Yonkers Statesman.



THE PIONEER

He saw this country when to white men
it was new,
Unknown, unmarred, unfenced,—a vast
domain,
Where buffalo, Arapahoe and Sioux
Roamed unmolested over hill and plain.
He, with the sturdy pioneers came on—
Advance guard of a mighty host behind,
And watched their creaking wagons, ox-
team drawn,
Across the rolling prairies, slowly wind.
Invincible to hardship, storm or foe;
All irresistible, a super-race—
The savage Indian, the buffalo,
To him and to his cattle soon gave place.
E'er long, small towns spring up where
teepees stood,
And as the seasons pass, to cities grow.
The God of Progress says:—"Thy work
is good,
Thou sturdy Pioneer of Long Ago."



Bill Speck, The Pioneer

The Salt Creek Warehouse

By A. Nonymus (H. W. Ladd)

Lumber at Salt Creek Warehouse

One of the most vitally important parts of an oil field is the warehouse. Each branch of industry is dependent upon it as the source of their most essential factors, equipment and supplies.

This is especially true at Salt Creek, where, on account of being located fifty miles from any other point of supply, the life of the entire camp is dependent upon its proper operation, for not only must complete equipment be carried for the drilling of wells and taking care of production after they are drilled in, but the supplying of material for pump stations, machine shops, electric plants, automobiles and trucks, teams, building and construction, further acting as a general store in supplying the needs of employees, excepting medicinal supplies, groceries, and clothes, which are taken care of by the drug store and Commissary.

In order to meet such varied demands, it is necessary to carry a stock of material which comprises over seven thousand different items, and includes everything from a sacking needle to a boiler, requiring an investment of approximately three-quarters of a million dollars.

To keep a warehouse of this size equipped with material to take care of such a multitude of needs is a man's size job. Not only must the material be on hand when it is needed, but a record be kept of where it goes. It takes foresight and good judgment, born only of experience, to know what to order and how much of it, as a balance must be struck so that the field will not run short nor will a useless surplus be on hand.

Due to the consolidation with several Salt Creek companies this summer, a tremendous volume of business in addition to our own already large and growing needs, has developed this warehouse into quite a large institution, which employs a force of twenty-two men, under the capable supervision of Mr. George A. Gatewood, who has now been allied with us for over a year in this capacity, being formerly with the Magnolia Petroleum Co. in Oklahoma.

A few years ago this warehouse consisted of but a small one-room building, to which, in pace with the development of Salt Creek Field, has been added to time and again, until all the space in its present location has been utilized and there is nothing further left to do but raise the roof, or build a new and larger warehouse. Every inch of space has something in it however, and this summer a basement was dug, which provides still more room for storage.

One is impressed by the systematic manner in which the material is handled; a place for everything and everything in its place, and altho being handicapped by crowded quarters, supplies come in and are disposed of, orders are filled with dispatch and without confusion, which speaks well for the efficiency of our Salt Creek Warehouse Department.

1. Jesse L. Mayes
2. Elmer S. Stevens
3. Claude Whillock
4. Elmer C. Rupp
5. Carr R. Gatewood
6. R. B. Ellison
7. G. A. Gatewood, Warehouseman
8. Barrett
9. Edwin J. Cass
10. James A. Bilyen
11. D. G. Starr
12. Chas. A. Bilyen
13. "Jerry the Driver"
14. A. C. Gardner
15. Ora D. Flint
16. Geo. B. Schultz
17. T. Welch Harrison
18. Grant Fitch
19. Chris Goke
20. Claude A. Wright
21. C. G. Carter

Salt Creek Public Schools

By Wm. M. Sinclair, Principal

Salt Creek School

The Salt Creek Public Schools re-opened for the present School year on September 6, 1921, with an enrollment, the first week, of nearly 100 more than for the same time last year. The course provides for ten years work: eight years in the grades, and two years in the High School. The eight grades will be under five teachers, and the High School under one teacher, all experienced and competent. All work is now being done in one building, but another building is to be provided at once, when the present building will be occupied by the High School and Eighth Grades, and the new building by the first seven grades. Arrangements are being made to have some industrial work done in the special rooms after the completion of the new building. Daily drills will be given in Spelling, Reading, Writing, and Music. Typewriting is given in first and second years in High School.

The following corps of teachers has been engaged for the School Year:

Beginners, First & Second Grade, B Class—Mrs. Marvel Mathers.

Second A & Third Grade.—Place to be filled on completion of new building.

Fourth & Fifth Grades,—Miss Margaret Clark.

Sixth & Seventh Grades,—Miss Gladys Floweree.

Eighth Grade & Assistant in High School.—Miss Florence Fowler.

Principal and teacher of High School subjects.—Wm. M. Sinclair.

The schools are under the administration and direction of the Casper City School Board, and the Natrona County High School Board, and under the general supervision of A. A. Slade, Superintendent of Casper City Schools. More room and at least one more teacher are the immediate needs of the schools, and we are assured by the Board of Education that both will be furnished soon. A more economical and convenient system of furnishing the pupils with drinking water has also been promised, and ere long more adequate toilet facilities will be provided.

The children of Salt Creek are well clad, and give every evidence of coming from well ordered homes, of intelligent parents, interested in giving their children the benefits of the best that modern educational methods and thoughts can give.

The schools are under obligation to

Left to Right: Miss Clark, Miss Mathers, Miss Floweree, Mr. Wm. M. Sinclair, Principal

The Midwest Refining Company for very many favors shown, and timely help given, and wish to assure the Midwest officials and Superintendent Lewis of our appreciation of their kindness. We are all working for better citizenship, which means better workers, and closer cooperation in all things leading to better living, better working.

Toast: Here is to the Common Schools. The Hope of Our Country, and the Pride of all Men and Women who help to make them so.

The Table of Mother McCoy

Mother McCoy

When weather and all seem conspiring
To make life a miserable mess;
When things that my heart is desiring.
Seem to fade in a cloud of distress;
When wages are going "ka-flooey,"
And debts growing bigger each day;
When the chuck at the mess hall tastes "goo-ey,"
And I feel myself fading away:
Then I hie me along in a hurry,
To Canadian Camp's hearty cheer—
'Tis a place where each care and each worry
Slip away like a widowy tear:
For a feeling of wondrous contentment
Seems to fill me, and thrill me with joy,
(Without marring the eighteenth amendment)
At the table of Mother McCoy.

You Canucks—You're lucky "gazabos"—
Say—I wonder, do you realize,
The worth of her rich mashed potatoes?
The joy of her marvelous pies?
The rapture of hot rolls and butter—
The bliss of her wonderful cakes?
Her ice-cream is Happiness-utter—
Delicious, the doughnuts she makes.
Her coffee is Javanese nectar
Such as gods sip at banquets each day.
(Not a chef in their gang could instruct her)
You Canucks are sure lucky—I'll say.
I have now, but one BIG ambition,
To be made a pumper—O boy—
I hope 'twill include a position
At the table of Mother McCoy.

Then I'll pump with a vim and a vigor;
I'll break every record that's known;
I'll laugh at oldman Winter's rigor
And scoff at his snowy clouds, blown.
I'll sneer at the heat of Dame Summer,
I'll smile in her fierce, fiery face,
And say, "Now old girl you're a hummer,
You're setting a mighty warm pace.
But shucks, you and frosty old Winter,
Are only two "has-beens" to me;
Take note Dame, I'll say I'm some splinter—
Weigh right around two fifty three.
If you think that I'd quit for a Season,
Rave on—Oh I sure wish you joy;
I'll not—Take it straight—There's a reason,
'Tis the table of Mother McCoy.

When the last whistle, blowing, sounds for me
And I go to answer its call;
When Death spreads its dark mantle o'er me.
And I rest 'neath its plain, peaceful pall;
When my gas-engine's coughing is ended,
And my last tank is drained till it's dry,
If my job up in Heaven's extended—
If I work in the oil-fields on high:—
I hope—Oh, I pray that St. Peter,
(After grafting some wings on my back)
Puts me pumping,—and what could be sweeter,
Than an angel pump-boss like our "Mac."
There's one thing of which I am doubtful,
Not the peace nor the rest nor the joy,—
Do you s'pose that their mess hall can equal,
The table of Mother McCoy.

A Collector of Rugs

R. E. Anderson

Little Andy,—the boy who puts on paper the doings of Salt Creek production.

Andy is—or rather was—an all-round sportsman until a few months ago he was overcome while in the midst of a closely contested game of Flinch and the resulting high blood pressure has taken from us one of the most promising athletes of the age.

In his weakened condition he still strives valiantly to uphold his ideals and for the past few months has served as chairman on a great many entertainment committees.

He is a collector of rugs,—bless his little heart!

Ethel: Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?

Jack: That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over.

If you think co-operation is unnecessary, watch what happens to a wagon if one wheel comes off.

Pipeliners—All!

1. A. C. Bradley, Pump Foreman
2. E. A. Atkinson, Building Department Shop Foreman
3. H. A. Chandler, Asst. Supt. Pipe Line Department
4. M. J. Burford, Field Connection Foreman
5. M. J. Flahie, Chief Gauger
6. Lyle C. Garner, Operator
7. Wm. B. Eiler, Oil Dispatcher

The Pipe Line Department

By W. B. Eiler

The Pipe Line Department is all that its name signifies and a good deal more. The fact that a new line has been laid, does not complete, but rather adds one more responsibility. Ganging, checking, repairing, maintaining, pumping: the Pipe Line Department is an organization important and large in scope within a tremendous organization.

This Department was organized under the present management on or about April first, 1920, under the supervision of Mr. G. M. Vandaveer with Mr. H. A. Chandler as his assistant.

Pipe Line Warehouse and Yards

The primary business of the Pipe Line is the handling of all oil after it is produced and run into small storage tanks in the field. The Pipe Line maintaining a force of about ten men, gauges this oil and sees that it is in shape to run. These gaugers also turn on oil to Field Stations, make run tickets, seal stops, etc., when it is ready to run to Station No. 1 or the receiving Station. The stops on the field tanks are where the Pipe Line really begins their part in the business.

The Pipe Line also lays and maintains a system of gathering lines (approximately 45 miles at present time) thru which all oil is run from the field to Station No. 1, these lines running from 2 to 8 inch in diameter. An eight-inch Gravity line extends thru the field from South Camp to Station No. 1, another eight-inch from Station 18 near the Gas Plant, paralleling the eight-inch from South Camp, a six-inch from North Camp to Station No. 1 and a six-inch from the West side of the field to Station No. 1. Most of the smaller lines going into these main lines accommodating at the present time the production of something over 300 wells and connecting to over 1,200 tanks varying in size from 250 to 1,000 barrels.

The oil after reaching Station No. 1 is run into large storage tanks of which there are four 37,500 and five 55,000 with a total capacity of about 415,000 barrels. It is here regauged for a check against the field. A steaming system has been installed in all of the above tanks for heating oil in winter which method has been found necessary on account of the effect cold weather has on Salt Creek oil, due to the large amount of paraffine it contains. By this method oil can be kept at the same temperature or higher if necessary in winter than in summer relieving pressure on lines and permitting the handling of a larger volume.

Within the last year new equipment has been added to Station No. 1 until they have, at the present time three National Transit Cross Compound pumps and one National Transit Triple Expansion Pump with a total pumping capacity of around 75,000 barrels, 1,300 H. P. boiler capacity, and an up-to-date pump and boiler house. A new Gate House is also being erected to take the place of the present one and should be completed before winter. Station No. 1 pumps oil thru five six-inch lines during the winter months to Teapot Station, a distance of about 20 miles where it is put in storage tanks and repumped to Casper Tank Farm. Four of these six-inch lines are connected with two eight-inch lines about a mile and a half north of Teapot Station, the eight-inch lines running thru Teapot to Casper. The other six-inch line runs from Salt Creek thru Teapot to Casper. This six-inch line being what is known as the old Franco Line. During the summer months oil is pumped direct from Salt Creek to Casper. Oil from Salt Creek to Teapot is forced over an elevation of nearly a thousand feet causing a standing pressure at Station No. 1 of about 400 pounds, making six-inch lines necessary to Teapot as the eight-inch will not stand the pressure necessary to put oil over this elevation.

Teapot Station has also been improved considerably until at present they have two 8,000 barrel pumps run by two 140 H.

P. DeLaVergne oil engines, one 15,000 barrel pump run by a 280 H. P. DeLaVergne oil engine and a 30,000 barrel pump run by a 500 H. P. McIntosh Seymour oil engine, making a total pumping capacity of around 61,000 barrels per day. Teapot also has five boilers, three tanks of about 144,000 barrels capacity equipped with steam coils, a first class pump house, boiler house, and a gate house that will be a model of its kind with about ten days more work. The workmen at Teapot are housed in a nice, clean camp, and also have a club house and moving picture show.

Boilers in No. 1 Station, Salt Creek

Both Teapot and Station No. 1 are electrically equipped.

Telegraph operators are kept on duty at Station No. 1, Teapot and Casper Tank farm three shifts a day and pumpings checked each hour to keep in touch with breaks and leaks. Lineriders are also covering lines each day watching for any trouble on lines or telephone system. A steady force of about twelve to fifteen shift men are required to run each of Teapot and Station 1, besides a considerable force of laborers at each Station, doing repair and construction work.

The Pipe Line Department maintains offices in Casper and Salt Creek doing the clerical work in connection with the business. They have also at Salt Creek their own warehouse, employing five men, an auto repair shop with two men and a barn accommodating about 10 head of saddle horses. Several gangs of men are steadily employed doing main line and field repair and new work. There are at present around 200 men on the payroll.

The Pipe Line Department also has charge of the new Water Pumping Station and the old six-inch Midwest Line, which is now being used as a water line to furnish the Salt Creek field with water from the Platte River. The Pumping plant at Casper erected this summer has two pumps electrically driven, and supplies Salt Creek with about 250 to 275 barrels of water per hour.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many neighbors and friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us in the sickness and death of our baby; also Russell Brown for the collection that was taken for flowers.

We think the Midwest the finest Company that we every worked for, and will also say that we had the finest bunch of neighbors that we ever lived by.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Brown
Helena, Montana.

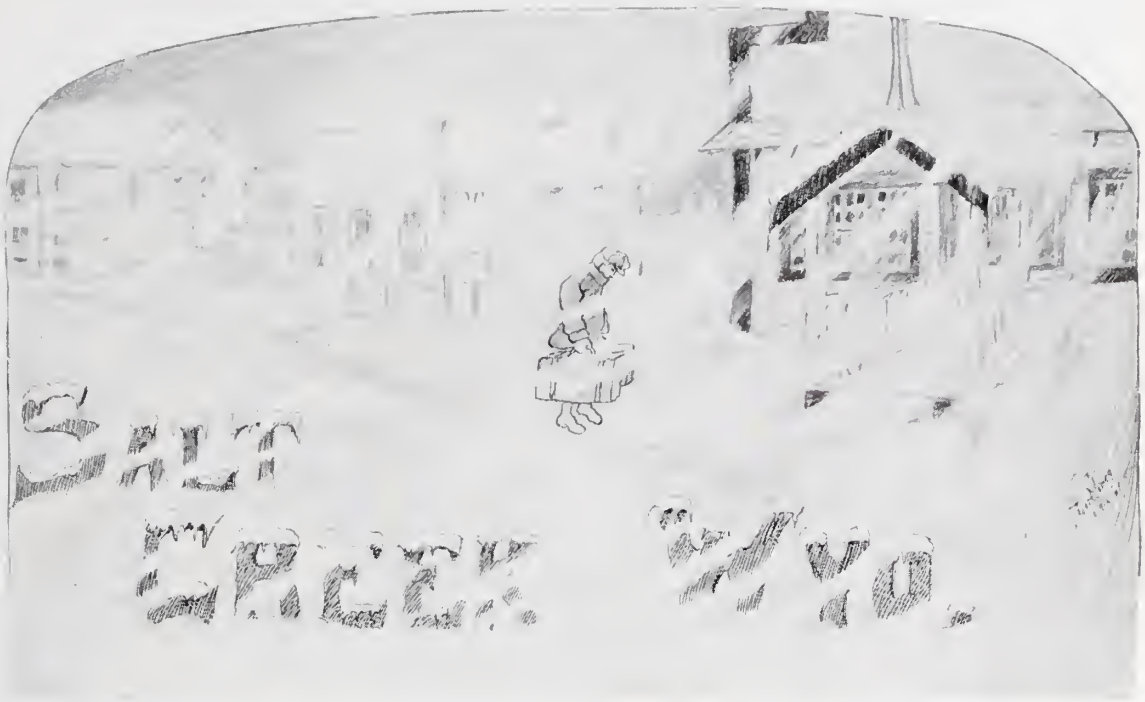
Refinery Facts

There were 302 petroleum refineries in the United States in May, or three more than there were in the previous month. Their daily output showed a decrease of about 8,500 barrels per day.

Every day that month nearly 14,500,000 gallons of gasoline were turned out—an increase of 1,130,000 gallons over the daily average production for 1920. At the end of May there were total stocks of gasoline on hand at the refineries of 800,000,000 gallons. That is just about two months' supply at the May rate of consumption. There was a marked drop in consumption in the five months both at home and abroad.

—The Lamp.

Big Tim and Mrs. Stewart



By Don Jones

When I landed here last winter, from a distant sunny clime, my opinion of the country wouldn't listen well in rhyme, for I saw the real true meaning of that saying, often heard,—"He is busted—gone up Salt Crick," and it fitted—every word.

It was cold and it was snowy, it was windy bleak and drear; it was everything unpleasant, on that day I landed here, and I came darned near "resigning my position," but you know my exchequer was depleted, and—well—walking is so slow. Said "position" was with Bailey, on his "Bull-gang" Orchestry" playing "pickoloshovello" every day, unceasingly.

After digging, digging, digging sepulchers for posts and things, they put me on rig-building—just the mem'ry of it brings awful aches and pains, distressing such as galley slaves once knew. Now I'll say,—"I'd take the galley, could I choose between the two."

Big Jim Stewart was my saviour—took me, his "paint-gang" to be. Took me, gave me paint in barrels; gave me brushes,—set me free. O, the joy! the bliss! the rapture! of that first day I recall, sitting, slipping, sliding, spreading paint upon the roof and wall. Thus I sat from June 'till August, slipping, sliding, sweating too, thinking of those poor rig-builders and the work they had to do. Tho' the roof was warm as blazes, tho' the sun was burning hot, just the mem'ry of them toiling, changed it to a restful spot. (Poor rig-builders, worn and weary! Every night I pray for you; pray that you may find a saviour, find a big Jim Stewart, too!)

But alas! tho paint was plenty, the supply of roofs was not, now I'm working on "connection" and believe me it is hot wrestling with those tongs and wrenches, pulling wells, and fixing pumps; stabbing pipe, and digging trenches; filling them and draining sumps. Oft the mud is deep and sticky, yet I heave a thankful sigh when I think of those rig-builders, and the mud looks good as pie!

Hope that Lady Luck will sometime come along, and smile on me, saying, "Ah, an exrigbuilder! What reward shall I grant thee?" Down before her I will kneel then, kiss the hem of her gay gown,—"Lady," I will say devoutly, "I care not for kingly crown; I care not for fame or fortune; Harding's job means naught to me; Charlie Chaplin's or Jack Dempsey's—none of these I ask of thee. List, my Lady! O I beg you!—say unto the "Powers that Be", in the busy burg of Casper, that I would that I were free! Free from tiresome toil and labor,—from its cares of many kinds; free from all except the payroll,—Let that be "the tie which binds!" Think this not a wild creation of my fancy, lady dear! There are men at every station, growing fatter year by year. This is all I ask, my Lady:—"Let me be a pumper, too, and I'll bless you ever after—having little else to do!"

And then while the pumps are grinding to the old gas-engine's cough, or the lines are gravitating, or the gates are all shut off, underneath the cool verandah with a soothing drink and fan in a Morris chair I'll rest me, musing on my fellow man.

In the world of Art and Letters I'll put Salt Creek on the map—free it from its greasy fetters; set it down upon Fame's lap. To a wait--

ing world I'll mention just a few of our big men, for they are an inspiration to an artist's brush and pen.

Take Dick Reilley! Ne'er another e'er existed anywhere! just to hear him and to know him drives away the Demon Care. He's a big man—strictly speaking, big in body, heart and soul; and a wiser, better driller never drilled on any hole. His waist measures close to fifty, (Just a trifle large for Art) but it has to be expansive—he has such a great, big heart.

And there is that husky "Frinchmon from the town av Corruk"I think,—Michael Conelly, the Skinner; "Thank ye sor,—Oi seldom dhrink. Tried a drap o' moonshine lasht wake—Oi'm lucky t'be back! Faith, Oi'm tellin' you this country is a goin' goony-sack; but yez cant ixpict no diff'runt with Raypooblicans in power--O'm looking for another cut t' hit us any hour. Oi was barn in dear ould Oirland,—there's no denyin' that, but on the day Oi landed was rebarn a Dimocrat. An' th' chances are, begorry that a Dimocrat will be a fillin' av th' coffin when they hold a wake for me."

There is Jensen, the stone mason, who is now across the sea a visiting in Denmark where his country "used to be." Just before the left, he showed me a small silken miniature of Old Glory —saying proudly: "I will wear it, yes sir, sure! I will wear it in my coat here, that they one and all may know it is my flag—my country's flag—no matter where I go,"

How I'd love to hear him tell them of this wondrous U. S. A.—in that town of Copenhagen, where his small grandchildren play; and I'll bet a "sawbuck," even—e'er he leaves the Danes will know that the Standard's greatest oil field is right here—Salt Creek Wy-O. Nor would it surprise me greatly if there was an exodus from the land of good King Christian, when he starts back home to us.

There are others with out number—Uncle Bud and Uncle Bill, who grew up with the country, and with it are growing, still. "Plenty horse" (He used to drive 'em. Hoagland is his other name.) Steers a sporty, seedy roadster—(Plenty horse-power has the same.) It is mighty good to see him, still a showing all the speed that he showed when he was twenty, only on a different steed. It's a joy and inspiration just to be with men like these—with a soul that's still sunshiny, tho they're shaky at the knees. It is fine to meet such persons—old in years, but young in mind, with an optimistic vision, smiling through the years behind. When one sees his hair a slipping, or the gray ones stealing in, why,—it sort o' cheers a fellow, makes him feel it's not a sin to grow old, if he can keep his mind a working clear, see the things that are worth seeing, hear the things one ought to hear. Age then means a rare collection,—'tis Life's greatest treasure trove,—sparkling gems of youthful triumphs,—gems of thought and deed and love.

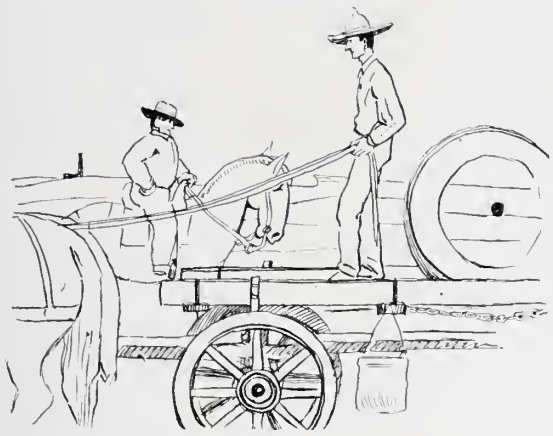
O this town of Salt Creek! It has gotten hold of me in a way past understanding, and just why I cannot see. Of the things I used to care for, it has not a single one; and the things I didn't care for, are extremely overdone. It is past my understanding, and I can't begin to tell the wherefore or the whyfore of its magic, mystic spell. I'm sure it's not the water, and I'm sure it's not the air; I'm sure it's not the ladies, nor the hotel's bill-o-fare; I'm sure it's not the breezes, nor the dust—or e'en the mud,—this "something" which attracts me; I just feel it in my blood. And I feel my pulses quicken with a sudden pleasing thrill, at each friendly nod and greeting from Mike or Jim or Bill. There's a warmth sort of steals thru me as I meet them every day,—in their friendly: "Hello, Jonesy! How's she comin'? What you say?"

Dick Reilley

Station No. 6

There's a heap of satisfaction in really knowing men; there's a heap of goodness in them, averaging nine out of ten. And the only way to find it, is to live and work with them, e'er you say they're fools and hopeless—e'er their failings you condemn.

Take a tip from me, you BIG BOYS— Blackmer, Ellison I mean; There's a fourth sand here in Salt Creek, that I fear you've never seen. 'Tis a sand from which a gusher of Results would ever flow, if you have the right machinery, but it isn't down below. It is here upon the surface—in the hearts of all your men, just waiting for the driller with the proper tools and ken.



Conelly

My Auto 'Tis of Thee

My auto, 'tis of thee, short road to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago; now you refuse to go—or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, the nice white tires new; but you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn; frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze as we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice; now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why. The motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, fatigue and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills, since thou were mine. Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet, if I had the mon, so help me, John—amen, I'd buy a car again and speed some more.—Hardware World.

First Private—Can you imagine anything worse than having cooties?

Second Private—Yes. Suppose you had 'em, and they chirped.—Legion Weekly.

Overheard—That's All

A Topeka business man employs two negroes to work on his gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In de hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why how did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been a'telling me ev'ry mornin' foh ten days he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

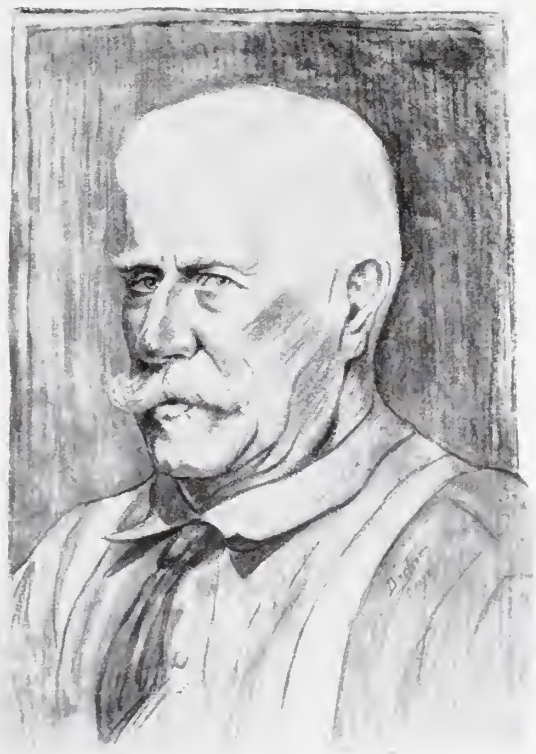
"Well, yestiddy she done overheah him, dats all."

In Good Season

The town officers had just installed fire extinguishers in their big buildings. One day one of the buildings caught fire and the extinguishers failed to do their work.

A few days later the town council sought to discover the reason. After discussing the subject, one Councilman said, "Mr. Chairman, I make a motion that the fire extinguishers be examined ten days before every fire."—Harper's Magazine.

Fannie Jackson shot and killed her husband. Both are negroes. She shot him while he was in bed with a Winchester rifle. Fannie is in jail here now.—*Hattiesburg (Miss.) American.*



"Uncle Bud"

Industrial Problems

By H. L. Minister, Laramie Refinery

The people of this country in common with those of all enlightened nations of the world are today confronted by some of the greatest an l far-reaching industrial problems in the history of mankind.

Being so broad in their scope, it becomes necessary that governments, international laws and certain established customs of nations be such that those problems common to its own welfare, find a partial solution thru the channels of its own institutions. With the world progress, these problems become greater and more complex.

Some of the present problems needing solution are:—

A—*Employer's and Employee's Part*:

For centuries people have labored under the false impression that to capital belongs the employer, and to labor the employee; however erroneous it may seem, the reverse of this statement is more true.

At times both capital and labor have stood in their own way. When that time comes that labor can strike off from its own view towards capital those shackles of mistaken ideas and false impressions under which they have and are still laboring, and, when capital can entirely abolish that distant relationship with labor and become a laborer and close cooperative partner with labor, we shall have increased the degree of efficiency, brought about better living conditions, a higher standard of morals, and we shall then have advanced to a higher standard of world progress. Labor and capital must together build their futures on sound principles and constructive ideas, always remembering that ability, diligence and determination are necessary in this industrial struggle.

The Salt Creek Office Force

B—*Depressions*:

The government bodies are constantly on the alert to prevent depressions, making laws to lessen their possibility, and to tide over the masses of people and business during their time of inactivity.

The high price of construction is the real underlying cause of incomprehensible industrial depressions, which happen when depressions have come in the absence of external and recognized causes, while other depressions result from panics. The high price of construction retards consumption, retarding of consumption lessens the number of men employed and decreases the

C—*Race Problems*:

Two of these confront us at this time, namely: the negro problem of this country, and the problem of the far east.

The greater problem is that of the far east, Japan, she has outgrown her natural boundaries, she needs more territory; she needs better living conditions, to be loosened from the ties of women and child slavery and child labor; and a higher standard of morals.

While Japan needs careful watching her position becomes less dangerous, when we know the real morale of the nation.

D—*Proper Location of Industries*:

Why is wool grown in the west, shipped to eastern manufactories and the products returned?

Why is it that rubber comes in over the Pacific Coast, is sent east and the rubber products sent back to the West?

Why are cattle raised on the western plains, shipped to eastern packing houses, and the meat returned to us?

Why does so much capital remain in the east when the seat of most cattle raising, mining, wool growing, etc., is in the west. The west possesses the best natural and least developed resources, innumerable quantities of fuel, an abundance of the best lumber, minerals, good roads, and an extremely healthy climatic condition.

E—*Science and Invention*:

These are absolutely necessary factors in the industrial world if we expect to hold our allotted position among the nations of the world.

F—*Strikes, Walkouts and Boycotts*:

These are more often a detriment than a good. They have greatly periled the labor situation, hampered the advancement of different fields of industrial gain, caused countries to take a temporary back seat, and have brought both capital and labor to a deeper realization of the opposing faction. Thus the workers, the management, the capital involved, the government, and the public are all vitally interested in harmonious and fair industrial relations.

G—*Welfare of Humanity*:

The social and economic welfare of the country is inseparably connected with the welfare of its industries. The return to normal conditions of industrial activities and living conditions is our present need.

The executive branches of our government have this problem before them for solution; and industrial enterprizes have established councils of Industrial Relationship to help remedy the working conditions, the living conditions, and to better the safety and social welfare of each community where they have a field of labor.

H—*International Wars*:

It would be preposterous to deny that war has served a mighty purpose in the development, the evolution of the human race. Upon what does war thrive, what makes its retention possible ever imperative? The first tribes that used the bow and arrow were at once led into new lines of activity. So with each succeeding war new fields of social activity, new enterprises, new modes of warfare, advanced methods of manufacture and new products became the achievements of science and invention. It must be borne in mind that development is dependent upon environment, which is multiplied by incentives to action.

We must join in world economies, we must join hands in preventing wars and tend all our efforts towards a genuine settlement and appeasement of the world.

I—*Stability of Nations*:

This phase of the Industrial problem will solve itself, and each nation will have become established when peace and harmonious working conditions shall prevail among the various factions which go to make up the industrial question.

CONCLUSION:

When that time comes that we can get enough eyes turned that way, and the driving forces of life will impel men to serve their own interests by working together to necessary ends; when labor comes into closer contact with and acquires direct knowledge of realities, cares and risks of business conduct; when wages and profits cannot rise to a pre-eminent higher level unless a larger per-unit production is constantly achieved; and when all nations shall have set up a square working international court of justice, war will have ceased, and the industrial problem will solve itself.

"A Friend in Need."

Snaking a Truck from the Big Ditch

Gregory Powell

A La Charlie Chaplin

This ladies and gentlemen, is Gregory Powell, representative of The Department of Industrial Relations, in Salt Creek field and surrounding territory.

He was in the army and admits that it was a good little old war. He is now fostering an embryological specimen of a mustache which shows that he is a tenacious cuss because the sort of whiskers he grows would discourage the average man.

The Chap With the Smile

Which had you rather work with—the chap with the grouch or the chap with the smile?

Whoa-o-o-a, don't all speak at once!

Atta boy, you tell 'em there is only one kind to have around and we want him all around, eh?

All right, what kind of a chap are you? Do you help make your department a corking good place to work, or do you gum the works with gloom?

If you have a grouch, don't lose a minute! Dump 'er in the harbor quick,—and then smile. If you can't smile,—grin. Crack that map wide open and let the sun shine in.

The chap with the smile adds to the fun of working. He warms the heart and fills the air with pep. We want the sunshine of your smile.—*Morse Dial.*

To the Girls in White

1

2

3

4

1. Pauline Harp.
2. Lelia Stewart.
3. Marie Staley.
4. Mrs. Harris.

One day just as the sky grew light
And dawn sped on departing night,
While I asleep adreaming lay
All warm and snug beneath the hay:

I seemed to wake, a deep voice said,
"Get up old man, climb out of bed,
The girls have left, yes that's the rub
And we need men to serve the grub."

So down I went, and worked, now say,
Don't think its fun; I'll stake my pay
The hardest job of all is there,
That handing out the bill-of-fare.

I must have fed a thousand men,
Or so it seemed to me and then
I slipped and fell with awful crash,
The oat-meal mixed with corn-beef hash.

What's that, a dream, it must have been,
The whistle blowing made the din;
But just the same I can't forget
That mob of men, they haunt me yet.

And so I praise the girls who smile
And serve us day by day,
The girls who make our life worth while
And drive dull care away.

—Grant Fitch.

5

6

7

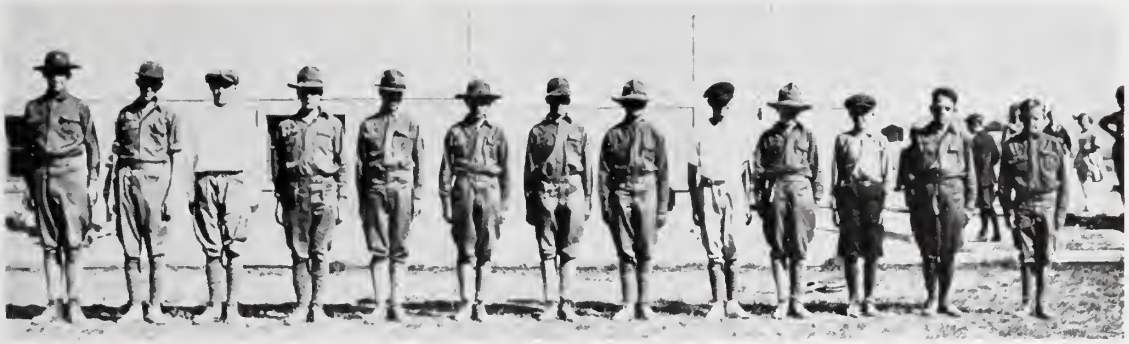
8

5. Gladys Johnson.
6. Mrs. Kane.
7. Elsie Chamberlain.
8. Mabel Thompson.

Machinists in the Grub Shop

Salt Creek Boarding House

Boy Scouts of Salt Creek



Boy Scouts Troop of Salt Creek

The Boy Scouts of Salt Creek are a live bunch. Outfitted early this summer under a plan whereby the Midwest Company bought the uniforms and the Scouts worked them out by cleaning up Camp, the Troop got away to a running start and are still going.

Meetings are held twice a week and a combination of athletics, Scout education and games keeps them busy. During the week they have the Scout Standards to maintain of helping others and making themselves useful members of the community. Most of the boys are earning money and all are tremendously energetic. They are manly little fellows and make their influence felt, among the younger boys and in keeping the camp clean and wholesome and at the same time have a good time along the general lines of "Boydom."

The American Legion at Salt Creek

The war on every front, including Paris is fought over nightly in some bunk-house, camp or home of Salt Creek. We have several hundred ex-service men and a good strong legion post.

Under the Commandership of George Smith with Garnier as Adjutant, John Wyland as treasurer and Scott, Longtin, Borsch, Henry, Clery and Carpenter as some of the heavy supports, the Legion is in capable hands and has been a tremendous factor in Patriotic, Athletic and Social life.

The Legion meeting night is on Friday and every Saturday night there is a dance. The music has been good, the atmosphere clean, wholesome and jovial and the Legion Weekly Whirl at Salt Creek has come to be known for miles around, tho the odds are still heavily in favor of the male sex.

The Legion Boys took charge of a Decoration Day program, staged a Fourth of July Round-Up attended by over two thousand, has given several athletic and entertainment programs in the last few months and are still going strong. The body of Orin Snyder, after whom the Post is named, was returned from France and the Legion men from here acting in conjunction with the George Vrooman Post at Casper carried out one of the most effective funeral services that has ever taken place in this state.

Banded together for Patriotic, red-blooded furthering of Americanism, for the uplift and improvement of the Community and for the sake of Comradeship and mutual helpfulness, we can vouch for both the aims and accomplishments of Orin Snyder Post at Salt Creek.

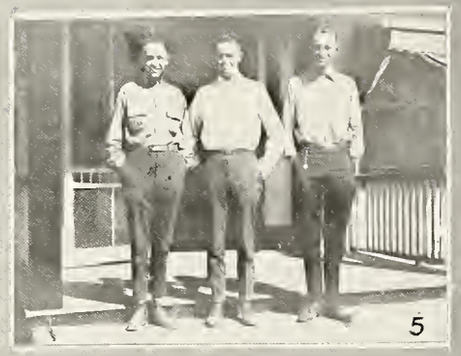
"All From Salt Creek"

1

2

3

4


5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

1. Left to Right: Kerr, Anderson, Sellers, Office Force of Salt Creek, Consolidated. 2. Warehouse Force Pipe Line Department—Warren Runkle, Warehouseman, third from left. 3. Dr. James Roach, Salt Creek Midwest Doctor. 4. Gaugers, Pipe Line Department. 5. Left to Right: Chester Borsch, Lewis Longir, F. L. Kohler. 6. Major E. A. Froyd. 7. T. S. ("Mac") McCleary, Pump Foreman. 8. F. M. Cramer, Connection Gang Foreman. 9. L. A. Ward, Foreman of Machine Shop and One of the Old Timers. 10. Jake Hale, Production Foreman. 11. Don Jones—Our Artist. 12. Frank Lydon. 13. Corrinne Traylor, Switchboard Operator. 14. John Gerhardt, Truck Foreman. 15. John Wyland.

Some Salt Creek Institutions

Main Street, Salt Creek—Looking West

J. P. Hale and His Connection Gang

Salt Creek Gas Plant

"Smokey" Ropes a Bear

Smokey Rowan

About the middle of June of this year, on the edge of Salt Creek field was truly enacted a thriller that relegates Hairbreadth Harry, Diamond Dick and Doug. Fairbanks into the shades of passe.

Hearing the report from one of his men that a big black bear had been sighted near his ranch, Smokey threw his small boy's saddle on a rope horse and armed with a lariat, was only a few moments in establishing contact. Smokey made a good catch on the first throw and the battle started. Standing in the short stirrups, the rearing and jumping of his horse landed him out in front of the saddle on the horse's neck. Smokey held tight and with the bear closing in, rearing and showing lots of fight, the horse plunging and the saddle slipping, it was the kind of a climax of excitement and danger that is never filmed. The bear still trying to close, and the horse frenzied, Smokey had seemingly no chance of sticking on. With all odds against him Smokey crawled back into the saddle, gradually easing the horse into control. Pulling away and with the bear tussling and fighting, the advance to the ranch began. With the rope thru the corral and snubbed close, Smokey trussed up the bear with chains and after learning all he could of Bruno's habits at close quarters, the skin is all that now remains to tell the story.

A Laundry Sign

Why kill your wife? Let us do your dirty work.

What Is It?

To the first person sending the correct name of the animal here pictured we will award a beautiful hand-embroidered paving brick. To aid you in getting on the right track we will say that this animal is found not only in oil fields but in fields inhabited by wild-cats of the wildest and most ferocious type. Its favorite food is pink and green stock certificates but will eat currency, silver or checks. It requires all the care of three men a great part of the time and two men all the time to keep it tractable.

What Is It?

Now guess what it is and remember the answers to this puzzle must be in our office the day before the Soldiers Compensation Bill is signed.

After passing over the boundary into Mexico, a citizen of South Alabama saw a large sign over a building, "BAR." He searched his memory and presently remembered having seen those letters somewhere before. He entered and there was a man behind a counter with a white coat on, the floor was covered with sawdust and there was a brass rail 'n everything. He feebly reached for a pencil and pad of paper and wrote, "Give me a glass of whisky," and he got it. After repeated doses he wrote, "How much do I owe you?" The bartender wrote, "We never charge the deaf and dumb." Then the Alabamian wrote back: "H——, I'm not deaf and dumb. I'm from Alabama. I'm so dry I can't talk."

Teacher—Can you tell me the shape of the world?

Pupil—Pop says its in a hell of a shape!

Some Scenes at Salt Creek's Fourth of July Celebration

Out Along the Sagebrush Trail

By James Healy.

"Jim" Healy

Out along the sagebrush trail
Life was never dull or stale;
You could always take a chance,
Find adventure and romance,
Where the mountains climbed so far,
Knocking up against a star.
Seems as if I'll have to go
When the past is calling so;
Have to answer to the hail
From the pals I used to know,
Out along the sagebrush trail.

Out along the sagebrush trail
Life was something new and glad;
There was no distinction pale,
Good was good and bad was bad.
(Bad was extra double bad.)
There were women there and men
Like we'll never see again,
Swaggering and quick and proud,
Loyal, laughing, rough and loud;
Bucking any game they played
Like they thougnt they couldn't fail,
Never pikers or afraid,
Out along the sagebrush trail.

Out along the sagebrush trail
Life was swift and blood was red;
Now those flaming days are dead,
Things are quiet like and pale.
Yet I reckon if it came
To a point where there was need,
They could play the same old game,
Play it with the same old speed.
They could fight and work and love
Like the folks I'm singing of.
Women still are women—brave,
Kind and tender to the grave;
Men are big and true and hale,
Out along the sagebrush trail.

Two Good Scouts

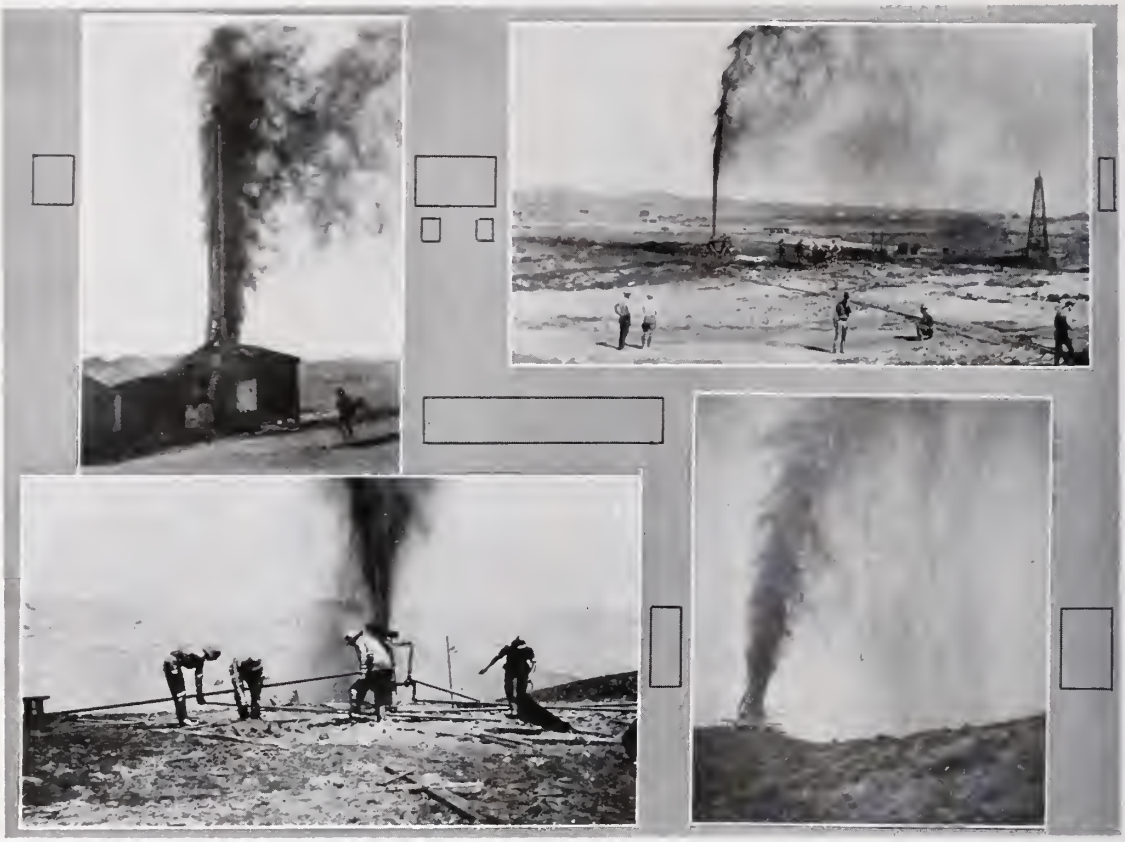
"George and Harry"

The two gents above, who by their nonchalant air are trying to convey the impression that the car belongs to them (it really is Dave Lewis') are Harry (Henry) Bossart and George Smith.

Harry is secretary to Mr. Lewis and really does a great deal of work. It is rumored that it was necessary to put oil cups on all the feather dusters when he took the job—however that is hearsay.

George is a scout—a good scout by the way—and is well liked by every one who knows him with the exception of the cooks one of whom is quoted as saying that any man who eats thirty-one pancakes goes too far.

There She Blows!



Salt Creek Gushers

A Pumper's Lament

Did you ever, old man, in the morning
When the dawn is cold and gray
And you've put in twelve lonesome hours
That calls for one days pay
You make up your mind you'll quit your job
Blow in your little stake
And you say to yourself what the good book says
In Hebrew 13: 8.

Then you walk back to the Boarding House
In the usual sort of way
And wash your face and comb your hair
As you did yesterday.
The waitress shoves some ham and eggs
In front of your empty plate
And you say to yourself for the hundredth time,
Oh Hebrew 13: 8.

You tell McClary the same old gag
How you'd like to lay off a week
To go and see some lonesome wife
Way down in Cripple Creek
You break your neck to get to town
Blow in your little stake
Then beat it back to the same old job
Tho it's Hebrew 13: 8.

Chas. Housely.

Well Known Creekian

Uncle Bill Hodge

High Points in Salt Creek Life

Salt Creek Baseball Team

Salt Creek Band

Salt Creek Odd Fellows

Dick Reilley and a Crew of the Native Habitat

You All Know This One

This, folks is the only male specimen of the GENUS PORTIS found running loose in Salt Creek vicinity. It is harmless unless a badger hide is waved briskly to and fro where he can see it. It is said that he does not mind its being waved to but when waved fro he becomes very much excited and yells; "That's good" or words to that effect.

"Josh,"—to use his common or garden name—is of and for Salt Creek. As chief clerk he gathers more information on the field than any other human encyclopedia. He knows every man in the field and in his receptive ear all the troubles of the vicinity are poured.

He is all wool and a yard wide and we are for him.

He is especially interested in the Welfare and Relief branches of The Department of Industrial Relations.

Jensen

Salt Creek Ambassador to Denmark

An Old Timer

Don Campbell

REFINERY and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Teapot Activities

The men of this station wish to thank the company for the gift of the new club and recreation hall. It is by far much prettier and better than we had expected, and since its completion it has been a jolly good place to get together and show the feeling of good fellowship.

Our pool tables, picture machine and commissary are kept in the very best of condition and it is now a pleasure after our hard days of toil to spend the evenings in this beautiful hall and enjoy the movies, or have a sociable game of pool.

We as a whole extend our heartiest thanks for this wonderful gift and will try and show our appreciation by taking the very best of care of it. We can readily assure the company that all gifts will be highly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Baseball.

There was quite a little excitement at the first of the season in regard as to whether we would have a baseball team here. After much palaver and "Powwow" it was finally decided we would do the best we could and try and get up some kind of an organization, and the Hon. Mr. Powell of the industrial department came over from Salt Creek and promised his best support in doing all he could to help us obtain the equipment. But as is the usual rule, after the team had been picked and had rounded into great form, the material, or (paraphernalia) failed to show up, and naturally after six or eight weeks and our goods had not arrived, the team by that time had become inactive and discouraged. Then a few days later the material did arrive but it was so late in the season that all of the players had lost all their spring "Pep" and decided to keep the material until next spring.

We are of course sorry of the delay and we know that Mr. Powell and the industrial department did all they possibly could in getting our goods out here, but we suppose conditions were such that it was almost impossible to reach us before it did. At any rate we wish to thank the industrial department for their efforts, even tho late they will be as good as new next season.

We wish to sympathize with the teams that challenged us for games, for had we received our regalia in time, with our superior quality of ball tossers and speed kings, the games would have no doubt been a real farce and a walk-over for us.

This leaves plenty of room for arguments so we will settle them all next season on the ball field.

Local Briefs.

Dock Flynn, the assistant chief of police of Teapot, is in the habit of sleeping late of mornings; has decided not to do so anymore as he awoke the other morning and discovered that someone had swiped his morning's orange. Upon asking the commissary man, Mr. Moody regarding same, he informed Mr. Moody he would get up in time for breakfast and get his share of fruit, so Mr. Moody is now charging him for four meals per which of course he doesn't know until he reads this article.

Same Old dope: Has anyone seen Hugh Young's hammer?

Kincaid the celebrated Crum Boss of Teapot is having worries all his own. His latest complaint being, his work is too much and too hard, but when found during working hours, he is sitting in repose on his swivel chair throne. We are hoping his work gets easier in the future.

John Hunter, the Prince of the bull gang informed us the other day that his gang is now the most efficient of all the bull gangs. His right hand man is Mr. Hayes of Mississippi who works with a clear conscience and so much ambition and energy that it keeps the rest of the men so full of snap and enthusiasm he can hardly get them to stop work when the gong sounds for the meals. Here's hoping John don't let them overburden themselves.

James W. McAtee, the Kentucky feudist and moonshiner, spent the past two weeks and fifty odd dollars over at that Salty place helping 'em push it to Casper and giving the place a general "once over." He said the Salt eaters were very cordial and courtesy was extended him from all sides. He returned with the same opinion of all Teapotters, that Teapot is the better place of the two.

Louis Albree, the strong man of wide repute, had been grieved ever since bursting a pool ball in the new recreation hall. While indulging in a friendly, sociable game of rolling 'em over the cloth, he suddenly became excited over his coming vacation and the good time he would soon have; shot the cue ball with such force and great speed that he broke the six ball in two perfect naives. Lou is not worrying about breaking the ball, what bothers him is the thot of probably having to pay for a whole set of the confounded balls. Lou, that surely was a powerful stroke. Please stay on your own side of the table, and when you have another one of those hysterics please tell us when to duck. You surely hold all records for shooting through a pool ball.

Mrs. I. L. Stewart who just recently underwent a successful operation for appendicitis and has been in the Casper Private Hospital for the past two weeks, is reported now to be much better and improving very rapidly. Everyone is wishing for her speedy recovery and early return to Teapot.

Big Muddy Notes

The Members of The School Board for District No. 15, comprising Glenrock and Parkerton districts have just erected suitable quarters adjoining Parkerton School House, to house those engaged to teach during the present school term.

Much difficulty has been experienced in the past in finding living quarters for teachers so the Board found it necessary to erect a building. Mrs. Blaney has been given quarters, and in return will undertake to board the teachers, an arrangement which we feel sure will serve as a convenience as well as being beneficial in having the teachers close to the school. We are fortunate in enlisting the services of Mr. Waller as the principal of the school, and we feel sure that with a competent staff of teachers The Parkerton School should be productive of the best results.

Salt Creek Pest House

A playhouse and gymnasium is under consideration by the Board at the time of writing. This would be a great boom to the children during recess period and also afford teachers ample opportunity in giving the children suitable drill practice.

Mr. Bentley has come to Parkerton to hold services at the church building every Sunday morning and evening.

Parkerton has not enjoyed the services of a resident minister in the past so it is hoped that Mr. Bentley will stay in the district and succeed in obtaining good support. Meetings of a religious and social nature are held during the week which cannot fail to be helpful in building up the welfare of the residents and others located in Muddy.

Mr. E. Klahr's daughter, Sarah, has just returned to Parkerton after making an extended visit to Kansas. Miss Klahr decided to break the journey in Denver for a few days, but her parents being under some misunderstanding as to their daughter's intentions, much speculation arose as to the young lady's safety.

Mr. A. L. Merritt, general auditor for the Company, accompanied by his assistant, Mr. Stevens, also Mr. Fidel with his wife and boys from Casper, paid a visit to Muddy recently and partook of supper, Fortunately for the visitors, we were able to place roasted sage chicken on the table, through possessing an excellent gun shot in our warehouseman, Mr. John Weigand.

Sam Quimby and wife have just returned from a trip to Yellowstone Park. They have been away from camp for a little more than a month, spending part of the time at Thermopolis and both speak well for the scenic wonder spot of Wyoming and the large number of tourists visiting the Park.

Sam is drilling in Salt Creek at the present time.

W. E. Carrico, our superintendent, has been away for a few days with the family on a trip to Montana, where he is interested in some oil locations.

Mr. Collins, the father-in-law of our toolpusher, Mr. Chas. Scott, is here on a visit, spending quite a good deal of his time fishing for trout.

Harry Bossart, who has been production foreman on the lease known as Barber Camp, has now left us to take up important duties under Dave Lewis at Salt Creek. We all wish Harry the best of luck in his new location.

Johnny Brown, who has been working in the field for several years as a truck driver, recently returned to Helena, Mo. Johnny was accompanied by his wife to her home town. The trip was indeed a sad one as they conveyed the remains of their two year old son who had recently died from an affection of the stomach set up through the child swallowing something of a foreign substance. Our sympathies are extended to Johnny in his misfortune and a collection was made by some of his immediate friends to buy flowers as a remembrance in the hour of sadness.

As the baseball season in now fast drawing to a close, a brief review of the season's doings at this time may be fitting.

During the early part of the season, Muddy was unfortunate in losing a number of promising young players, the working forces of the field having been redneed considerable on account of general working conditions. But in spite of this big disadvantage, Manager Sprittles and the boys kept up their fighting spirit with the result that a fast team was developed, a team that won a good number of games.

Much credit must be given to Gantz, who carried most of the pitching burden for the team. Not only did he pitch good ball all season but he also won a number of games for us through his ability with the bat. Vidler and Hunt also pitched some good ball, besides filling in at other positions when called upon to do so, Hunt in outfield and Vidler behind the bat. In the outfield we had the two reliables, Krueger in left and Koogle in center, both of whom were capable of playing fast ball in the field and were also there to deliver a hit when one was needed.

On July 3rd we defeated the fast C. B. & Q. Railway team of Casper on the home grounds by the score of 2 to 1. This game was featured by the pitching of Gantz and the fast work of Krueger in the outfield.

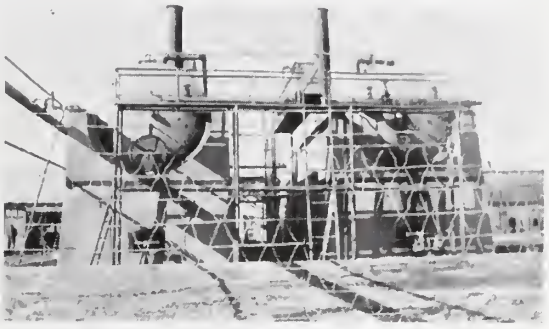
On July 10th we played the Union Oil Workers of Casper on our grounds and came out with the long end of a of 3 to 2 score. We played a return game with this team at Mills several weeks later and were defeated by the score of 9 to 8. The individual star of this contest was Center Fielder Koogle, who accepted a number of chances in the field and secured four clean hits in as many trips to the plate.

On July 17th we won a hard fought battle with Midwest Field Garage of Casper, the score being 11 to 10. The game was featured by the heavy hitting of both teams, Koogle's two-base hit winning the game for us in the last half of the ninth inning.

On August 7th we defeated the Ohio team of this field on their diamond by the score of 10 to 9 but lost the next game to them by the score of 6 to 5. Rivalry was keen between these two teams and much interest was shown by the people of the field and neighboring towns, the last game having been played to about four hundred spectators.

We wish to thank all those who gave the team their strong support all through the season and we also are very grateful to Mr. Humphrey who so ably cared for the team's finances.

The Porter's Tribe



Stills at Salt Creek Gas Plant

Casper Refinery

A baby girl was born Sunday morning, Sept. 4th, at the Casper Private Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hook. Mother and babe are reported as doing well. Doc Hook is the presiding genius of the first aid department at the Casper Refinery.

E. M. Keefe, chief of the employment department and Bob Williams, foreman in the labor department, have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at the Hot Springs at Thermopolis. Both report a fine time.

J. C. Zolnoski, wife and son have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent visiting with Mr. Zolnoski's relatives in eastern South Dakota. "Blondy" says that the family enjoyed the visit, but that South Dakota has some of the muddiest roads in the world, because he tried pushing a Ford thru some of the gumbo and as a consequence he has first hand information.

Mr. Neil Thomas, foreman of the light oil department, is spending his vacation with his wife and children at the Hot Springs at Thermopolis.

Clarence Heaton, former stillman at the Casper Refinery, has returned from an extended trip thru Colorado, Kansas, Arkansas and Missouri for the benefit of his wife's health. Clarence reports his wife's health much improved and we are glad to have our old friend with us once more in the operating department.

Dr. S. K. Loy, chief chemist of the Midwest Refining Co., left Casper on September 4th, for New York City and points in Pennsylvania.

Camden Sheffner and Miss Sigfried Wylander were married Sept. 3 at Telluride, Colo., the home of the bride. Mr. Sheffner is employed in the operating department, at the Casper Refinery and his associates here wish to extend congratulations. After a motor trip to the Pacific Coast Mr. and Mrs. Sheffner will return to Casper to make their home.

Forrest Patterson of the lubricating office force, has returned from a vacation trip spent visiting relatives in his old home state of Colorado.

R. C. Bennett of the experimental laboratory, accompanied by his wife and baby, have just returned from a two weeks' outing spent in Yellowstone National Park. The trip was made overland and Mr. Bennett reports a very enjoyable trip.

Basil P. Pither of the accounting department, has just returned from a vacation spent in Chi-

cago, Illinois, and points in southern Minnesota. Mr. Pither reports a very enjoyable trip.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Berwick at Colorado Springs, on August 14, 1921. Mr. Berwick is connected with the electrical department, at the Midwest Refinery at Casper. Congratulations from the Midwest Family.

Al Flowers is home again after spending a very pleasant vacation at his old home in Loveland, Colorado.

Miss Nadine Haggerty and A. H. Woods were married in Denver on July 15th. The wedding knot was tied by the Rev. Pollock of the First Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Wood is a Casper girl. Mr. Wood came to Casper from Boston, Mass., and is now connected with the time keeping Department at the Casper Midwest Refinery. A wedding trip included a tour of many of the Parks of Colorado. The young couple are at home to their friends at the Grude Apartments on south Jefferson.

Several of the boys from the Midwest Refinery have made the trip thru Yellowstone Park this month. Among those making the trip are R. H. Covington, secretary of the Council of Industrial Relations and family, and Kenneth Leavitt and wife and James Weiderhold and family. All report a most enjoyable trip and are loud in their praises of the beauties of the Yellowstone.

A very sad accident occurred at the Experimental Laboratory of the Casper Refinery on August 5, when James Strickland was badly burned in an explosion. He was immediately rushed to the Casper Private Hospital and everything possible done to relieve his suffering and save his life. However it was an unequal contest and after a brave fight which compelled the admiration of everybody he succumbed to his injuries Sunday afternoon of August 7th, at 3 o'clock. No services were held in Casper and the body was shipped to Coal City, Illinois, the boyhood home of Mr. Strickland for interment beside his father.

A Picnic Group at Salt Creek

Mrs. Strickland was prostrated from the awful shock of the tragedy and has been in a dangerous condition at her home at 1027 West 14th street. Wednesday morning a nine and a quarter pound baby boy was born to Mrs. Strickland. Mother and son are both doing well.

Nearly everyone on the Midwest force knew Jim Strickland and was his friend and are grief stricken on account of his sudden taking off. Words are poor consolation but the whole Midwest force at the Casper Refinery wishes thru the Midwest Review to extend its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. C. Zolnoski and "Blondy" Jr. started overland to eastern South Dakota on August 14th, for a visit with Mr. Zolnoski's mother. Blondy Jr. is making the acquaintance of his grandmother for the first time. On the return trip a visit will be made with Mr. Zolnoski's sister at Musselshell, Montana, and following this a tour of Yellowstone Park will we made. Mr. Zolnoski is one of our employee representatives on the Council of Industrial Relations.

Laramie Refinery

George C. Goodman, stillman, returned August 26th after a vacation and brought with him a charming bride who, until August 15th was Miss Gorda Charlotte Rosetti of Eau Claire, Michigan, and for the last two years a teacher in the public schools at Laramie. George came very near to turning up missing for the marriage ceremony at Cheyenne, for on the way over to that city on Sunday his Ford coupe took a couple of somersaults down a grade and when it grew tired of its gymnastic performance, George, his best man, Mr. A. B. McPherson, and the steering wheel were so mixed up that it took the combined efforts of two or three carloads of tourists to disentangle them. George was on hand to meet his bride at the train, but he was unfortunately forced to hunt up another best man, Mr. McPherson was taken to the hospital for a stay of several days. The Ford coupe was repaired in the course of a day or two, and Mr. and Mrs. Goodman enjoyed a honeymoon spent driving to the scenic spots of northern Colorado, the Ford resuming its sedate and respectable behavior.

R. Gormley of the pipe gang has removed to Denver to make his home there, the altitude of Laramie being too great for Mrs. Gormley and the children.

W. A. Cummings, foreman of the Machine Shop and his family spent their vacation visiting friends in Iowa.

During the early part of the month, J. J. Ambrose formerly of the Machine Shop passed thru Laramie on his return from California to Colorado.

Upon August 18th a new baby arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Searle. Ed disposed of a box of fine cigars the next day in record time and reports that everybody concerned is doing well.

Trips to Snowy Range and Brooklyn Lake

over the newly finished road up Tibby Creek has been the principal diversion of the Midwest employees on Sundays this summer. The trip is a delightful one and will soon bring many tourists to this part of the state.

A. A. Methbin of the pipe gang has returned from a two months' automobile trip thru Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa.

O. B. Johnson of the Timekeeping Department has returned from a vacation spent in Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Dick" Williams of the office force and a party of friends spent last week camping at Brooklyn Lake on Snowy Range.

Frank Hoover has left the employ of the Midwest and will go with his family to Oregon where he intends to locate on a farm.

Joe Griffin, formerly foreman of the sewer gang is now located at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Reyneke and daughter spent a vacation during the middle of the month touring Colorado. Among other trips they ascended Pikes Peak and were much impressed by the wonderful views and the engineering feat of building such a road.

Mr. Russel Morris of the warehouse office and family are spending their vacation in the Medicine Bow mountains with Gramm as their headquarters.

J. F. Cullen has been away on his vacation for two weeks, visiting Yellowstone Park and various points in Wyoming and Montana.

Bell Springs Notes

Mr. N. S. Wilson and party made this field a hurried visit during the middle of the month.

Miss Charlotte Hermann, enroute from California to Kansas City, stopped off in Rawlins for a few days' visit with Geo. Berkeley.

Mr. Joe Chambers, driller, is now in this district. Mr. Chambers worked in Grass Creek before coming to Rawlins.

Supt. Roe and Mrs. Roe spent a few days in Cheyenne with Mr. Whitford on official business.

Mr. John K. Anderson was in this field a day or so in interest of the engineering department.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Berkeley, of Kansas City, Mo. spent a few days in this field visiting their son, George.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollman and Mr. Jones, of Encampment Wyoming were guests of Supt. and Mrs. Roe a day this month.

Salt Creek Amusement Hall

Miss Florence Jones, of Brigham, Utah was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. J. Valentine for a few days this month.

Mr. E. L. Estabrook, Petroleum Production Engineer, was in this field early this month on a short business trip.

Mr. John K. Anderson, and his assistant, of the Field Engineering Department, were very busy, for about a week laying out and staking twelve sections, on the Mahoney Dome structure.

Superintendent and Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Valintine, had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Gorman and children of Rawlins, Sunday, July 31st.

James Doyle, our popular tool dresser, that is popular with the ladies, has been visiting neighboring camps very often lately. If James does not watch his step, the B. S. B. C. will lose one of its charter members.

The Hoss-fly Spudds In

A hoss-fly on an old cow's skin,
Hung his tools and spudded in,
He bowed his head and giggered his pole
And all the time he was making a hole.

The cow browsed on in the usual way,
Till the hoss-fly's bit dropped into pay;
Then she swung her tail with a vicious dig
And deftly skidded the hoss-fly's rig.

A Real Native of Salt Creek

Whether in far off China, among an African Jungle Tribe or in our own civilized United States, it is the first born for whom we feel if possible a shade deeper intensity of affection. And so we of Salt Creek have in our hearts, aside from our interest in the growing generation of, we hope, future Midwesters thriving in our midst, a deep and individual attachment and feeling for the first baby born in Salt Creek.

Nine years ago, August 6th, he was born a ten pound chub of potential possibilities. Today Howard Wilson Nance, or "BUD," as we know him is the type to make our country rest secure in its future. Healthy, ruddy, sane, normal, a marvel of sincere true-hearted little manhood, we would put him on a balance with the pride and hope of any old Southern Aristocracy or with the heir to the name and wealth of one of the colossal powers of the east. And were he the First Born of any Old World Kingdom, we would still feel that that Kingdom could be proud and rest secure in that for them the God given right of Kings to rule had again been justified.

"Buddy" Nance is one of the pioneers and peculiarly ours. Of course we admit a first claim on the part of his father and mother. But in interest and attachment, next to that inalienable right come the rest of us Salt Creek Midwesters.

In the present or the future if it is within our bound to do aught toward playing him safe for a long career of usefulness and accomplishment, we will do our part. Whether it is toward a big position with the Midwest or toward an honest, useful life along any other course, he is growing, we know not, but we are betting on him. Here's to our first born boy.

1. Howard Wilson Nance, 16 Months.
2. "Buddy" Nance, Salt Creek's First Child at the Age of Nine.
3. W. W. Nance, Father of Salt Creek's First Baby.

A teddy bear sat on the ice
As cold as cold could be.
But soon he up and walked away,
"My tail is told," said he.

Adam's Advantage

Whatever troubles Adam missed,
This must have made him sore,
When he and Mother Eve fell out
He couldn't slam the door.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He always had a chance,
For sure he never had to fear
That Eve would wear the pants.
—New Orleans Item.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He didn't have to shiver
Out upon a mountain road,
Patching tires for a flivver.
—La Jolla (Cal.) Journal.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He never had to edit,
And have some careless copy-cat
Fail to give due credit.
—Speed Up.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He didn't have a flat
To worry him on increased rents
Where he could hang his hat.
—The Three Partners.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
In summer or in winter,
He had one reason to be glad—
He never was a printer!
—Earnshaw House Organ.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He never had to fear,
That a Volstead law would take the kick
From his apple-jack or beer.
—The Midwest Review.

Glass Marks

The young oculist after six months without a patient closed his office in a thriving Oklahoma town and prepared to depart.

"I can't understand it," he complained. "This used to be a splendid eye doctor's town, for I can see the marks left by eye glasses or spectacles on the nose of every man in town."

"No, you're wrong," explained a friend. "Those are not from wearing glasses, but from drinking corn whiskey out of fruit jars."

Oh My!

"I sent you a kiss over the telephone," he said when he met her. "I hope you understood it."

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I understood, all right enough. But to me a kiss over the telephone is like a straw hat."

"A straw hat?" he echoed. "How?"

"Why," she coyly answered, "it isn't felt."

"Well, Bill," asked a neighbor. "Hear the boss has had a fever? How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself.

" 'Tain't fer me to say," he replied. "He died last night."—The American Legion Weekly.

Casper Refinery Cooperage

Over in the South West corner of the yard at the Casper plant of the Midwest Refining Company a large, fine appearing building looms up and on inquiry you learn that this is the new Cooperage Plant presided over by our good friend John A. Vogel.

This building is three stories in height and is constructed of re-inforced concrete, brick and immense areas of wire glass set in steel frames.

This immense area of glass provides plenty of sunlight and air for ventilation. The entire construction is as near fire proof as modern engineering can make it. When you step inside you are at once impressed with the good lighting, the airiness and cleanness of the building.

There are 50,000 square feet of floor space on the three floors. The whole interior is painted white.

The staves of which the barrels are made are stored in three outside buildings. This stave material is selected fir from Oregon and Washington. The steel from which the hoops are made come from the steel mills in Pennsylvania. Two kinds of barrels are made. Tight barrels in which Lubricating Oils are shipped and loose barrels in which bulk wax is shipped to Hongkong, Shanghai, Bangkoh and Tokyo.

First the barrel is loosely put together and put into a revolving drum where they are steamed. Eighteen barrels are steamed in this drum at one time. After leaving the steamer the ends of the barrel are tightened and hoops slipped on then they are conveyed to a dryer. This consists of a revolving table around the circumference of which are eighteen perforated steel chimneys under each of which is a gas burner. The purpose of this is to quickly dry the moisture out of the barrel. This leaves the stave of the barrel with a permanent curve to it. From the dryer the barrel next travels to a Crozing machine which automatically trims the ends off straight and true and cuts the groove for the head of the barrel. From here our barrel travels to a trussing and levelling machine, then to the heading machine and finally to the bung borer. Our barrel is all put together but still not finished.

It goes on an endless conveyor to the next floor above where it gets one coat of paint on the outside and a coat of glue inside. After this treatment the barrels are stacked up row on row and tier upon tier and allowed to throughly dry. After drying here the barrel journeys again on another endless conveyor to the third floor where it receives another and final coat of paint and another coat of glue. After this treatment the barrels are put thru an artificial dryer. This dryer is operated by an electric motor and the object is simply to hasten the natural drying process of the air. Now our barrel is finished and when wanted in the filling house which is situated next door to the Cooperage Plant it passes out over what friend John is pleased to call the Bridge of Sighs; probably so called because said barrel is destined to hold nothing stronger than wax.

The present capacity of the plant is 1200 barrels in a working day. When all machinery is installed the capacity will be 2100 barrels per day. When run at capacity there will be one hundred and thirty-five men employed.

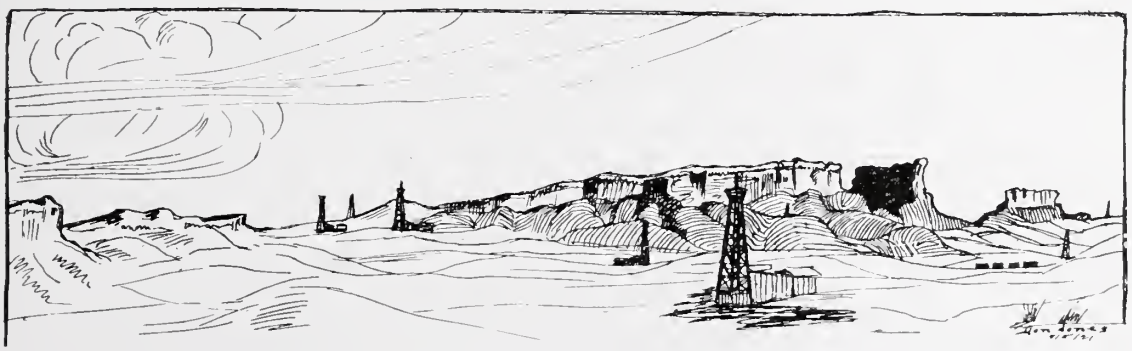
The machinery which is all specially made for cooperage purposes cost in excess of $50,000.

The building is also equipped with a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System.

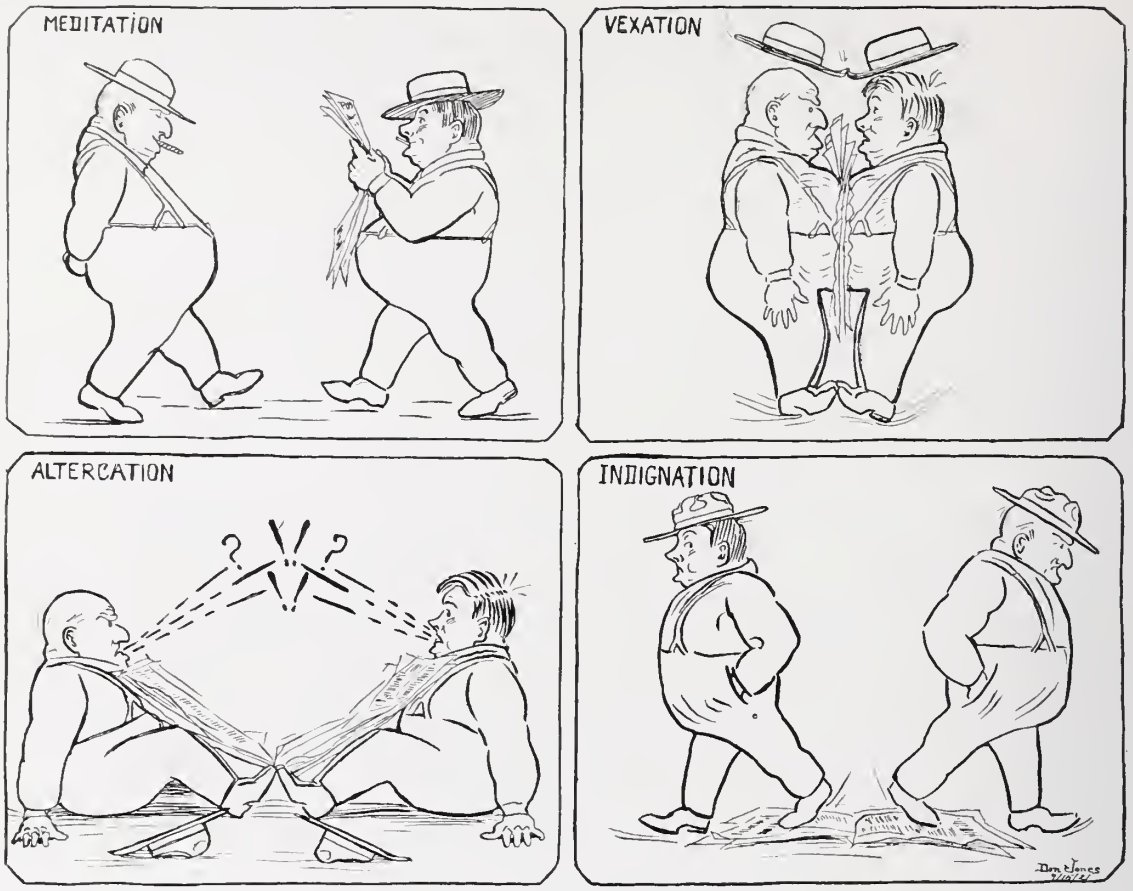
On each floor drinking fountains are provided and also dressing rooms equipped with steel lockers, lavatories and toilets.

Mr. John A. Vogel, Superintendent of the Cooperage Plant, was born in New York City. He received his schooling in the public schools of Bayonne, New Jersey. As all oil men know, Bayonne is the home of the original plant of the Standard Oil Co. of N. J. and so it happened that John got a job in the cooperage department of this plant when he was only thirteen years old.

There must be something about barrels that John likes because he has stuck with the cooperage department since the beginning. In 1919 Mr. Vogel came west to take charge of the new cooperage plant of the Midwest Refining Co., at Casper. There is just one thing which seems to come before the Cooperage Plant in John's affections and that is his family which consists of his wife and three fine children.



It Happened In Salt Creek



ACCIDENT REPORTS FOR JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1921

	F. B. in Eye	Lact. Cont.	Acid Burn	Fire Burn	Explo-sion	Nail in Foot	Sprain Strain	Frac-ture	Rup-ture	Misc.	Total	First Aid	Doctor	Hospital
JULY	39	41	—	8	1	7	21	—	1	19	137	37	92	8
AUGUST	31	42	6	7	—	2	10	—	—	21	119	40	74	5
SEPTEMBER	44	31	—	3	—	6	11	2	—	8	105	28	73	4
TOTAL	114	114	6	18	1	15	42	2	1	48	361	105	239	17

CASPER JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. C. Zolnoski, Division No. 1	W. H. Leavitt
D. C. Marvin, Division No. 2	F. L. Abbott
William Stoddard, Division No. 2	S. K. Loy
Jas. E. Burnett, Division No. 3	John R. Luxon
Cal Smith, Division No. 4	John A. Murray
Chas. C. Campbell, Division No. 5	J. H. Arbuckle

R. H. Covington, Secretary

GREYBULL JOINT COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
J. S. Chalfont, Division No. 1	L. E. Watson
Wm. R. Hovis, Division No. 2	E. P. Landers
J. O. Heywood, Division No. 3	Leroy Anchors

Claire Morris, Secretary

SALT CREEK JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
George Sullivan, Casper District	Jake Hale
Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District	H. A. Chandler
	A. C. Andrews
R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District	A. G. Fidel
Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant	

Chester Borsch, Secretary

LARAMIE JOINT INDUSTRIAL COUNCIL

Employe Representatives	*Management Representatives*
Harry C. Reads, Division No. 1	R. D. Moudy
J. H. Sanders, Division No. 2	W. C. Bremmerman
R. S. Morris, Division No. 3	F. O. Blair

R. L. Minister, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Board of Directors

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District — Jesse Wills, Laramie District
G. R. Simpson, Greybull District — T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District
D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District
J. G. Crosskil, Treasurer — Hal P. Riney, Secretary

MIDWEST EMPLOYES' BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE CASPER REFINERY

Board of Directors

K. W. Leavitt, President — Wm. Stoddard
E. M. Keefe, Vice President — Henry Stevick
Geo. Carpenter
R. H. Covington, Secretary

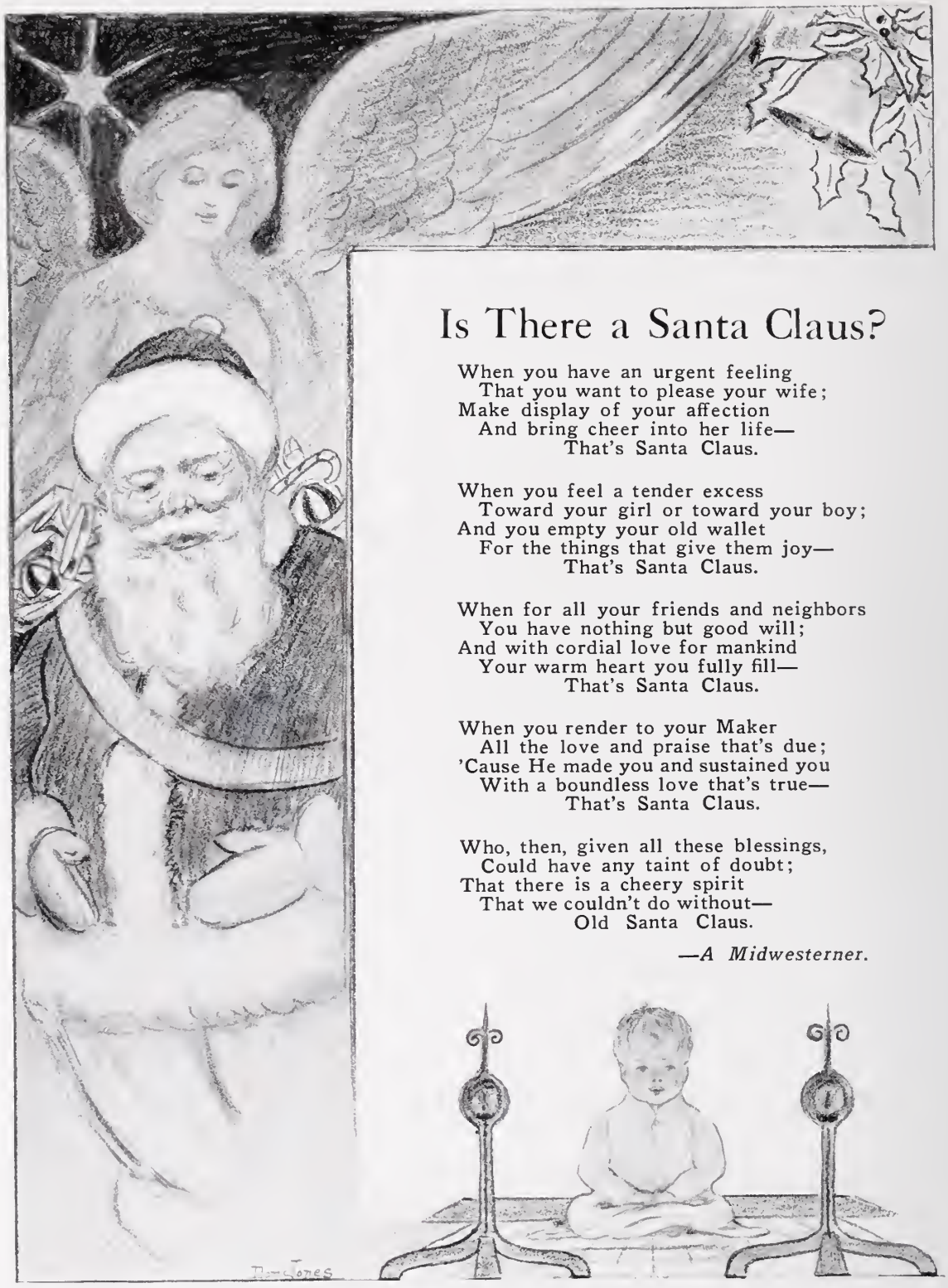
The MIDWEST REVIEW

DECEMBER 1921

·VOL·2·

·NO·9·

PUBLISHED FOR
THE MIDWEST FAMILY
BY THE MIDWEST
REFINING COMPANY



Is There a Santa Claus?

When you have an urgent feeling
That you want to please your wife;
Make display of your affection
And bring cheer into her life—
That's Santa Claus.

When you feel a tender excess
Toward your girl or toward your boy;
And you empty your old wallet
For the things that give them joy—
That's Santa Claus.

When for all your friends and neighbors
You have nothing but good will;
And with cordial love for mankind
Your warm heart you fully fill—
That's Santa Claus.

When you render to your Maker
All the love and praise that's due;
'Cause He made you and sustained you
With a boundless love that's true—
That's Santa Claus.

Who, then, given all these blessings,
Could have any taint of doubt;
That there is a cheery spirit
That we couldn't do without—
Old Santa Claus.

—A Midwesterner.

The Midwest Review

Published Monthly by the Department of Industrial Relations and Distributed Free to the Midwest Family
Issued Under Authority of The Midwest Refining Company
Address All Communications to *The Midwest Review*, Postoffice Box 1075, Casper, Wyoming

Volume II | December, 1921 | Number 9

The year 1921 may have been one of stress and circumstance for many of us; we may or we may not have prospered financially; we may have had sorrow or exceeding gladness; but it is typical of American citizens to approach the holiday season with only the bright side of things in view.

The spirit of "Peace on Earth" has again flooded the land, and "Good will toward men" has crowded baser thoughts aside. From the seat of our government in Washington, where a great international congress has been developing such a feeling between nations that this spirit will become universal and eternal, to the humblest homes all over the country, this warm fraternal impulse has spread, and the whole nation is pervaded with the urge of the Golden Rule.

We, in Wyoming and Colorado, where the spirit of generosity and fellowship always prevails, may approach this season with an intensified desire to spread the gospel of Good Will. More specifically, we of the Midwest Family, may feel that the bonds of brotherliness and common interest have been cemented by friendship and good feeling, into a closer union. It, therefore, gives me great pleasure to extend to the members of the Family the most cordial wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. This, not only for myself, but on behalf of the other officers and stockholders of The Midwest Refining Company.

Henry M. Blackmer, *President*,
The Midwest Refining Company.

The Spirit of The Review

The Midwest Review is published for the purpose of acquainting Midwest employees with the events and news in the lives of other Midwest employees and for disseminating news concerning the developments and activities of the Company.

We attempt in these columns to so portray the environment of Midwest employees that our paper will create and hold your interest. We wish to develop in your mind and heart the spirit of The Midwest Review.

To accomplish this we must have your co-operation, it is your paper and published in your interest only. It will be what you make it. Your contributions in stories and pictures are solicited, that others may know your joys, sorrows, accomplishments or deeds. We would like to have you so imbued with the spirit of The Review that you would see the news value in every happening, and seeing, make sure to send it in for publication. If you would do this, your interest in your paper would increase many fold and you would find yourself anxiously awaiting the delivery of each issue.

Midwest employees are scattered over the entire state and engaged in many forms of activity. With such resources we should have a great volume of news rolling in each month and it should not be necessary to send out begging letters. *You* do *your* part, the rest is easy.

Ready For 1922

By R. S. Ellison, Vice-President.

Almost anyone can look cheerful when fortune smiles. It takes a real sportsman to face adverse fortune cheerfully, however, and that is exactly what all real sportsmen in the oil industry have been doing during 1921.

The beginning of the year found our operations at high mark and apparently with every reason to maintain and increase them as the year progressed. Almost without warning, however, the middle of January brought us face to face with such declining markets that quick readjustment of the year's proposed operations became imperative.

The ensuing months have been largely employed to get our feet on sound economic grounds and to establish and maintain our equilibrium on the level to which other basic industries had been forced in 1920. With the lessened purchasing power of those engaged in agriculture, stock raising, metal mining and automobile, textile and other manufacturing lines, it is small wonder that the oil industry was forced from its proud estate until the early summer of 1921 found it humble and with its nose fixed firmly upon the industrial grindstone. To the credit of our leaders and our rank and file, no time was lost in selfish efforts to evade the inevitable. In our own case, losses on high priced stocks, reduction in wages, curtailment of construction and restriction of production were considered and accepted without a break in our organization. The result is a going concern at the close of the year, ready to take advantage of the enlarged opportunities which we confidently hope and expect lie just ahead of us. No one can truthfully say the experience has been enjoyable, but for the first time in several years, the man who filled a job with both pleasure and profit to himself and his company saw the waster and incompetent forced from his war time retreat by the necessity of making good and his own ability and fidelity rewarded by steady employment.

Outside the economic conditions affecting us during the year, the outstanding events in Midwest affairs were the increasing development and production of the world famous Salt Creek field and the operation since October 1 of our refineries for us by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Any sentimental regret by reason of the passing of the Midwest name as a refiner is quickly lost by realizing that our problems occasioned by remoteness from any important markets and the necessary development of the Salt Creek pool by reason of the granting of government leases are now shared by one of the most wonderful refining and marketing organizations in the world whose executives frankly desire the help and cooperation of the Midwest organization and who will support and maintain Midwest ideals and purposes.

Whether we all realize it fully or not, the seeming hardships of 1921 have really been testing and seasoning us for the new order of things developing since the close of the world war. We have actually been getting in tune to play our part to better advantage in the general industrial world. It is rather pleasant to feel that our worst should be over and that we can now lend a hand to other industries not yet readjusted to the new post-war level but whose costs of production must be lowered before the country can truly prosper.

Just what the New Year will bring to each of us is fortunately not entirely subject to the whims of the gods, as by observing the rules of decent living and of loyal American citizenship, there is no reason why we should not at least be well and happy and fairly well to do. The welfare of our company, however, is as ever, largely dependent upon the loyalty and ability of our organization. With that assured, as I feel it is, my judgment is that we are ready for 1922 and will grapple its unknown duties with the courage and confidence which insures success.

My Holidays In Chile

By I. L. Stewart, Chief Engineer, Teapot Station

I have spent about nine Christmases in South America and thinking that some of the Midwest family would like to know something about how our Latin American cousins celebrate Christmas and New Years, will contribute this small article.

For the greatest part of the nine years I was in South America I was located in Chile and spent most of my holidays in that Republic. The seasons south of the Equator are exactly the reverse to ours, so that makes Christmas come in the middle of summer, which does not seem right to us. None of the Latin American Republics have the legend of Santa Claus and one misses the pleasure of seeing the happy faces of children on Christmas day. Only the English and American families have Old Santa pay their children visits.

The grownups celebrate Christmas several ways. As a rule those who are fortunate enough to have a home have their friends for dinner, which is always an elaborate affair with large quantities of grape juice (I don't think) and other joy producers. After dinner there is generally a dance at the British American Club that lasts until the wee small hours; refreshments being served by the club, and some of us are truly glad Mr. Volstead's influence does not extend that far south, for the writer cannot imagine a Christmas dance in Chile without large quantities of joy juice. Taken as a whole, Christmas days spent in Chile were very pleasant.

For the unattached young man, Christmas is not so very merry. At the beginning of the day he is generally homesick and has no place to go except the club and there he generally tries to decrease the visible supply of liquor that is red, so that by evening he has either forgotten that it is Christmas day, or else does not care. Truly about the most depressing sight one can see is the faces of our boys trying to have their Christmas dinner in some Latin-American hotel.

Latin America being Catholic, Christmas masses are observed and the services are wonderful, and one can hear the chimes of thousands of bells, some of the bells being cast of almost pure silver.

New Years night is the big night of the year throughout the Latin-American countries. There is always a big celebration and with fireworks and bands on all the plazas. It is on this night that all the beautiful senoritas are out, but always well guarded with their mothers, fathers and aunts; mothers and aunts especially, but as the Latin-American girls can talk with their eyes that are half concealed by mantillas, consequently the heavy body guard does not mean so much to the younger men. It is the custom that right at the stroke of twelve a young man may kiss any senorita that he may catch, and the most curious fact about this custom is that some times it is not so hard to catch the young lady that one most desires to kiss. After New Year has been successfully ushered in there is usually a gathering at the several clubs where the greetings and the compliments of the New Year are exchanged and after all New Years resolutions have been broken, one feels that it is good to be amongst such hospitable people.

Greetings From the Casper Storage Yard

We of the Casper Storage Yard and Transportation Department wish to extend our greetings to the Midwest Family. As the year draws to a close and we look back over the past year, summarizing our accomplishments, we feel unusually grateful to the Midwest Family for the co-operation given us. We are looking forward to the coming year to accomplish greater things than in the past. So we are entering the holiday season with grateful hearts and wishing all the Midwest Family a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

J. R. Dunbar,
Superintendent.

Osage On The Map

Considerable time has elapsed since Osage has had mention in the family magazine, The Midwest Review, possibly because none were literarily inclined. We are informed that "Mike" Moyer, efficient truck driver, is a college graduate, but whether he attended a "truck" school we are not informed.

Activities in the Osage District are not very extensive, due to fast decline of productive wells. A year ago considerable hope was being held out that the field would hold up, or that the deep wells would at least average 20 barrel producers. The decline in production of course was expected to be a higher percentage than most fields, on account of it being lenticular in character. However, shooting of the wells did not prove to do any material good, or were possibly being shot too heavily; in any event Osage could possibly squeeze itself in the room as a commercial field. There are no wells drilling with the exception of necessary offsets. The largest producer is no doubt that of the Sinclair Wyoming Oil Company, No. 8, on the northeast quarter of section 19-46-63, which came in at a flush production of 150 barrels and at present is making an average of 35 barrels per day. The pipe line runs average around five hundred barrels, while a number of small producers are not connected to the pipe line. However, most all the companies having commercial wells are connected to the pipe line.

The Midwest family is not very largely represented at Osage at present. Mr. T. M. Guenin is nevertheless having his hands full these days shipping considerable material to Casper Storage Yard, saying nothing of working nights on power engine, assisted by his able force, not too numerous to mention. We believe he can very easily class with the most expert. The crude oil controlled or purchased by the Midwest Refining Company is at present being shipped to Regina, Sask., and seems to have caused considerable extra work from the amount of pencils and ink consumed by Herriman. We have been successful in raising sufficient funds from the different companies in the field to build a field school, the county furnishing the teacher, Miss Charlene Moyer, and necessary books and equipment. Miss Moyer is a very able teacher and deserves much credit for giving her interest and energy for the benefit of the younger generation, especially under conditions out in the "Sticks."

The present Osage contingent of the Midwest Family numbers four regular employes, namely field superintendent, pumper, truck driver and clerk.

Left to right—Mrs. M. Hess; T. M. Guenin, Superintendent of Osage field; Mrs. T. M. Guenin. Field Office in the background.

Remember?

By E. H. Foster, Legal Department.

It all happened down in Texas near some thirty years ago. I can remember the first time I ever heard that magic word Christmas, and all about old Santa Claus with his rein deer and sleds and big loads of toy pistols, bob sleds, choo-choo cars, dolls and heaps and heaps of candy, big red apples, pecans and walnuts and everything that goes to make it such a great day.

I can remember, too, how little sleep was required on Christmas Eve for us youngsters. My, but time passed slowly! Would he never come? And was he going to be able to get down that old mud and stick chimney to where my stocking, with its many holes, hung near the fire place? It was always told me that so long as one stayed awake Santa Claus would not come; that everyone had to be in bed with their head covered up.

"But, Daddy, couldn't we see him just once?" Remember that old request, and the answer always the same, "No, he won't come until all is quiet."

Remember how you went to bed on that night and your good old mother tucked you in all so nice and snug; kissed you good night and said, for the hundredth time, that she had mailed your letter to Santa Claus, and she just knew he would bring everything you had asked for? Of course, you wouldn't get all that you asked for. Wonder why? Guess old Santa Claus couldn't buy it all. Reckon?

Remember how sleep just wouldn't come to your tired little eyes? And the suspense, wasn't it awful? And then—without knowing anything about it you went to sleep—and woke up, oh, ever so early. Earlier than you ever did get up at any other time, and then there before you were fire crackers, roman candles, sky-rockets, a pair of new skates, a sled, candy, apples, nuts and everything. And there stood mother and dad, too. And why were they so happy? Well, now I just wonder why.

Remember how you looked for old Santa's tracks in the snow and wondered how in the world he ever got on the roof with his sled and team.

Remember the turkey dinner, went over to Aunt Emma's for that, didn't you? Drove ten miles in a wagon, with those two new mules dad bought just the day before.

There you were, down in the bottom of that old wagon on some quilts, and every time the wagon hit a rut or a chug-hole it nearly knocked an eye-tooth out. Went hunting in the afternoon, didn't you? And on the way home began to feel a bit sick, kinder had a stomach ache or somethin', and then about 8 o'clock that night you just wished you could die. Remember all this? Well, if you do, you are just a kid yet.

P. S. I forgot to mention about the high price of eggs and the low price of "nogg."

Remember that, too, don't you? Well, if you don't you are getting old.

An Osage Lochinvar

Little Tommy Herriman came out of the west
With Oil Contract notices all for the best
And Tommy Herriman extremely in mode
Instead of a horse a fierce sparrow he rode.
He hit her on sixty and drove through on high.
Ignoring the cops as they watched him whizz by.
He stayed not for brakes and he stopped not for gas,
He shot through the traffic where none else could pass.
But ere he slowed up at her mansion of stone,
The girl had accepted another by phone.
And a laggard at talking, but a wizzard with a car,
He soon had another he could thrill better by far.

—By H. E. Walling, Ganger.

(Better known as "Mr. Noise of the Illinois.")

Grass Creek Field

By R. A. Waltz and C. M. Whitmore.

Left to Right, C.W. Whitmore, John Arenschild, R.A. Waltz, L.L. Bechtel.

Oil Well Supply Pumping Outfit on Well No. 3 Ridgely.

Two Conspicuous Figures L.L. Bechtel, Sup't. A.F. Hilliard, Foreman.

Oklahoma Pumping Jack

General View of Grass Creek Camp

News from the Grass Creek Field has been conspicuously absent from the pages of The Midwest Review for a year or more. We hasten to assure the readers of this magazine that it is not on account of the lack of interest on the part of the fellows here in the field, but chiefly the lack of competent scribes to play the role of modern Shakespeare, Riley, Bud Fisher, etc., etc. Nuf ced.

It may be interesting to the readers to know that since the fall of 1920 and up to July 1st of this year, when production was curtailed 50 per cent, the production of the Grass Creek Field had increased over seventy per cent, and had production not been cut, on account of the general depression, and all tools shut down, Grass Creek would by now have been the second largest producing field in the state, with a possible production of 10,000 barrels daily from the entire field. This increased production was due to the fact that a lower frontier sand was discovered which proved to be a larger oil bearing sand than the upper frontier sands heretofore drilled. In August and September of 1920 a drilling program was instituted; four machines were brought into the field by this company, and five machines by the Ohio Oil Company, and work was commenced deepening the old wells down to the newly discovered sand. These strings of tools running constantly, together with four standard rigs going down to the Morrison sand made Grass Creek look like a real oil field again, and reminded old timers of the first days of the field when oil was first discovered here.

Wth this new work in progress, and the additional force of men required, it was necessary to build up and improve the entire Midwest camp. During the spring of 1921, six new cottages and one six room bunk house were erected. In addition to this, all the old tar paper shacks that dotted the camp were torn down and

Christmas Mantle Spread Over Big Muddy

rebuilt into respectable looking cottages, which greatly improved the looks of the camp. The field office and warehouse were built up to a higher degree of efficiency and service by the addition of two extra rooms to the office, making now a total of four large office rooms, and also forty feet more of space was added to the warehouse to properly handle the material needed in operating and drilling. Two large tool platforms, installed with cranes and trolleys, were also built for the handling of drilling and fishing tools. During June and July of this year over 3,000 feet of sewer was also installed in the camp.

In summing up the work that has been done in Grass Creek during the past year one cannot help but notice the great change and improvement that has been made here and to a person who has not visited the camp in the past year they would hardly recognize it as the old Midwest camp. We take great pride in the cleanliness of our grounds and buildings, as we have often been complimented upon maintaining them in this shape. Much credit is due Mr. Bechtel, our field superintendent, who is largely responsible for the cozy and homelike condition of our camp today. He is always willing to cooperate wth the employes in making our camp life more comfortable, and we all assure him of our hearty support.

Former Denver Girl Gives Luncheon

The friends of Miss Mildred Fehlman, formerly of the Denver office and now located in the Casper office, will be interested to learn of a very pleasant luncheon which was given at her home recently and was attended by many of her new friends in Casper, a number of whom were from the stenographic department of the Midwest family.

Speaking for the Casper branch of the family, we want the Denver bunch to know that we feel that they sent us a charming girl when they let Miss Fehlman leave their midst to join us.

Why We Handed The Prize To Ambrose

(From the Field Garage.)

The Midwest Family has no better hunters or fishermen than those at the Casper Field Garage. There may be hunters and fishermen just as good but none better.

The passing of the winter of 1920, and the coming of spring brought out the tackle boxes, the fishing rods, and the old fowling pieces and the heavier rifles. The men about the shop began to talk of trail and stream and it was agreed that the man who had the most interesting and singular adventure would receive a prize. As an incentive to the younger members of the garage force, the ensuing season's adventures were to be admitted along with past performances of some of the older nimrods.

The babbling and gurgling brooks are all silenced. The snow is deep in the ravines and gulches. The wintry blasts have swept all before them from the mountains and the sage brush flats. The land is in the power of Old Man Winter.

Left to Right—E. W. Davis, Supt. Field Garage; Kaemmerling, formerly with Van Sant; Allen, Standard Oil Co.; Moore, Casper Supply; Hilgers of Kansas (here for the hunt). This was taken after each of the above had killed their elk and were ready to break camp.

All the hunters and fishermen of the garage have oiled their guns and tackle and again laid them away for the winter. All—hold, not all; we have forgotten that P. V. Hendricks still roams the prairie, in the vicinity of Casper, a deadly slayer of the festive rabbit. Many a sportive cottontail has left his burrow never to return, due to the expert marksmanship of our once overseas veteran, the hero of many a battle with la femme of gay Paris. This lone hunter will cruise all winter so we will have to proceed with the awarding of the "Hunters' and Fishermen's Pedigreed Bull Prize" (apologies to Whiz Bang).

Our eminent superintendent's story of almost being trampled to a terrible death by a herd of stampeding elk, was very awe inspiring. Mr. Davis while hunting in the Jackson Hole country this fall was right in the path of the crazed elk. He stood his ground, and shot with his trusty Springfield, and a huge cow elk fell at his very feet.

Leon McCormick motored to Yellowstone Park this summer. While enjoying the excellent fishing at the park, Mc caught his biggest. The speckled beauty fought for an hour and a half and dragged Mc half a mile along the stream. When finally landed, the fish weighed twenty-two pounds. Doubters may see this fish mounted in the McCormick breakfast nook.

Walt Sellars, Bert Landon and Carl McCormick were very successful in bagging duck this season, although Walt thought mud hens were ducks for a long time. These youngsters did not boost their stock as hunters very much, but kept their respective households well supplied.

Pete Geraghty, Harry Paulson, Glen Edwards and Joe Lagerwy reported good success in pursuing the chickens on Center street. They neglected to tell us whether or not they were prairie chickens.

Stevenson, the most efficient and expert radiator man in the Rocky Mountain district, was very, very successful in hunting and chasing bootleggers and moonshiners on the Sand Bar. Wish we were all good trailers.

Charles Midert is hunting another buyer for a Ford. If you are buying or selling a Ford see Charlie.

The above stories were all well founded and the veracity and integrity of the narrators is absolutely above and beyond reproach, but the committee of award has decided the prize will have to go to Ambrose on the following story:

The winter of 1919, as all you people

who have sheep and cattle know, was exceptionally severe. Ambrose with his wife and family were living at Dubois, Wyoming. The garage business was practically nil so he decided to set a trap line.

Ambrose trapped for about a month with little success, due to the cold weather and the snow covering his traps. He was forced to depend upon his rifle for food, so on the 15th of January, 1920, he began to make his way to Dubois with only two cartridges left in his rifle.

About ten miles from Dubois he came across the tracks of a huge bear. Realizing bears should be fast asleep at this time, Ambrose decided here was an opportunity to sneak up on a sleepy bear and secure meat for his hounds as well as a valuable pelt. The dogs took up the trail and after a short run sounded "at bay." After a hard climb and perilous descent into a natural pocket, Ambrose sighted the quarry. The bear was a huge grizzly, weighing approximately fifteen hundred pounds and nine feet long.

Ambrose approached within forty feet of the animal and aimed for its eye. He was a dead shot and little did he fear the animal so long as he had the heavy Spanish-Mauser rifle. He pulled the trigger but the cartridge failed to explode! In trying to eject the faulty cartridge, he jammed the gun. This was a tight situation—facing the most formidable of the Rocky Mountain creatures with a useless rifle.

Retreat was impossible, the bear would rapidly overtake his puny adversary. There was no tree to climb, and no defense but a heavy hunting knife.

Ambrose pulled off his heavy hunting jacket and draped it over his left arm and held his hunting knife in his right hand. Then, not unlike the gladiators of ancient Rome, he faced the oncoming beast. The bear seemed to realize the helplessness of the man, and advanced slowly on all fours. About fifteen feet away from his intended victim, he arose to his full height and advanced to embrace Ambrose and hug him to death.

At precisely the right instant the intrepid Ambrose threw his coat over the head of the bear, blinding him, and avoiding his cruel claws, dived in and slit the stomach of the animal. With a terrible roar the bear tried to free himself of the coat and find his antagonist. Ambrose half falling and rolling fled from the beast, but flight was unnecessary, the animal had received a mortal wound and quickly succumbed.

The grizzly was none other than "Old Ned," a bear that had done considerable damage to the stock in the vicinity. The stock men's association of Dubois paid a bounty of five hundred dollars for the bear head, and the citizens of Dubois gave Ambrose a gold Ingersoll watch; withal a profitable trapping season.

The award of the Casper Field Garage Pedigreed Bull Prize will be made in the blacksmith shop by Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Chancellor the afternoon preceeding Christmas. Everybody invited. Bring your own.

Mrs. Mike—"Quick! Call a doctor. Mike junior just drank some ink by mistake."

Mike—"That's nothing to worry about. Just feed him some blotting paper."

Big Muddy Baseball Team

Left to Right—Gantz, pitcher; Boies, third base; Krueger, left field; O'Brien, right field; Koogle, center field; Maguire, first base. Sitting—Hunt, pitcher; Leach, catcher; Walker, second base; Falk, shortstop; Sterling, utility.

Don't Let This Happen To Your Christmas Tree

Don't let your Christmas pleasure be saddened by the calamity of *fire*. Many homes have been burned by the candles on the Christmas tree, many Santas have been painfully burned by getting their whiskers too close to those same candles. Forewarned is forearmed and one of the chief duties of The Midwest Review is to warn

the members of its family against possible dangers that may rob them of the comfort and happiness that is their due.

The accompanying illustration is an actual photograph of a Midwest Refining Company well, which recently burned, snapped just as the tower was toppling over, and is one of the reasons why we preach SAFETY.

When you see the sign "NO SMOKING OR MATCHES," don't think for a moment that it is placed where it is just for decoration. Far be it from such, if that were our motive it would be a rose bush or something else of equal beauty. That sign is there for a purpose and that purpose is to warn *you* that ahead of you lurks a danger, an unseen power which a fire or a spark will release, the releasing of which may cause you bodily harm and cause damage to property.

If the warning sign had been heeded, the catastrophe above would not have occurred. It was a clean-out job on a producing well; one of the boys wanted to smoke and he did—so did the rig. Fortunately, no one was injured, but the Company lost seven or eight thousand dollars.

Fires are not remote possibilities and things that simply *might* happen, they are actualities and *do* happen, and happen invariably because of *someone's carelessness*.

Read the sign! Heed the warning! Keep *your* Christmas free from sorrow or trouble. Practice SAFETY FIRST.

Chaff Found On the Teapot Lawn

Let's all play checkers, cried Old Dock Flinn,
Bet four bits and let 'em all get in;
I've played checkers for a long, long time,
All I ever lost was one slick dime.
So a game was started and ended late,
Dock didn't lose but just six straight;
When he left he had an awful sour look,
He found his opponent knew the checker book.

A Ready Explainer

"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders."

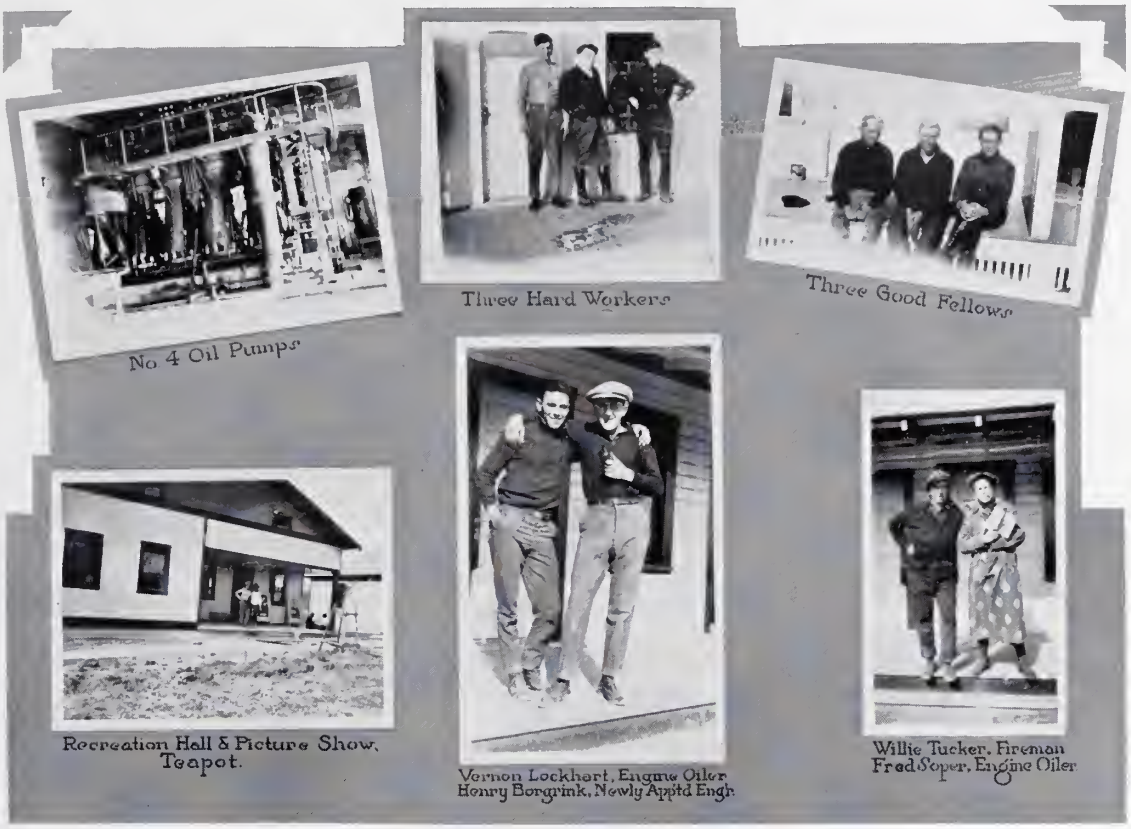
"No, pa; I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys when that little Tompkins kid did a 'belly-buster' an' splashed me."

"Then why wasn't your hat wet?"

"I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."

"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawyer out of you, son."—The Chariot.

Teapot Station Snapshots


No 4 Oil Pumps
Three Hard Workers
Three Good Fellows
Recreation Hall & Picture Show, Teapot.
Vernon Lockhart, Engine Oiler
Henry Borgrink, Newly Apptd Engr.
Willie Tucker, Fireman
Fred Soper, Engine Oiler

My First Christmas With The Midwest

By Tracy N. Shaw

I was fortunate enough to be taken into the Midwest family almost a year ago.

When I first landed here I felt like a very small toad in a very big puddle. I might say even a tadpole. After being in your midst awhile and having the opportunity of looking around and seeing who the other toads, large and small, were who inhabited the same "puddle" I have found you to be a "bully good" bunch of fellows. Most of you with the true western spirit ready to receive anyone who shoots straight and plays the game square. As for the girls, well I always did love all of them.

To all of you with whom my work has brought me in contact, I wish to express my sincere thanks for the hearty co-operation found on every hand.

The Department of Industrial Relations, of which I have the honor to be a member, is the service bureau of Midwest employees. Our office is No. 429 in the Midwest Refining Company Building. We are always glad to have Midwest employees drop in and see us at their convenience and for any service that it is possible for us to render you, you are welcome.

I hope that the Christmas holiday will have for you much joy and happiness and that the New Year will be prosperous and full of the good things of life.

Elk Basin Field In General

By P. L. Eddy.

Sup't Eddy, & A Typical Bit of Elk Creek Basin
Elk Basin Hospital
Elk Basin Office
Left to right, L. T. Lee, Chief Clerk; Tom Graham, Timekeeper; P. L. Eddy, Sup't; John Lee, Field Foreman.

This field in general has not experienced any very important changes, and I believe that we are safe in saying that it is about the same as when you last heard from us. Since we have been authorized to only produce fifty per cent of the capacity of the field production, I find that it is about as hard to keep within the limit as it was to produce at full capacity.

There has been no drilling done in this field since the completion of Well No. 12 on Elk 5 Lease, which was the last of June. The field only running on a fifty per cent basis, it was found that it was not necessary to run the cleaning out machines, which therefore helps to keep down the expense of operations.

It was our opinion that we would have some excitement during the summer, piping the gas from this field to Billings, but this in some way blew over, until the Ohio Oil Company and the Illinois Pipe Line Company decided to attempt the job, and at present they are about to succeed. It was decided later to lay a six-inch line from the well to the gas plant, whereby the gas could be taken through an absorption process before delivering it to the main line to Billings. This being accomplished it was decided to turn in the gas to test out the line, and the writer was on the job at the main gate and when the signal was given the line was soon filled with gas to its capacity, and even more, for within a few minutes something gave way, and upon looking around one of the Ohio's men was missing. Well, he came back again, but I think with different ideas, and if we are not mistaken he has decided that he is too light for that kind of work, and would be better satisfied if there were no more dresser couplings in service of his company.

Heretofore it has been our trouble to keep a sufficient amount of water to supply the gas plant, field and camp, but we have been fortunate to have abundance of water this year for all our needs, and I

think we will continue to have enough, if we can keep forty pounds or more pressure at the water station, and besides we will be doing the pumper at this station a great favor.

With the assistance of John Lee, our field foreman, I think we will be able to get through the winter without any serious trouble, and we wish to thank all the employees of this field, as well as others of the Company, for their co-operation throughout the past year, and we wish the entire Midwest Family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Elk Basin Field Office "Inside Dope"

By L. T. Lee.

By inside dope we mean just what is going on in the office, as the weather is such that we have not been able to get out to get much outside information. Since hearing from us the last time there has been but very few changes in the office force. We made a little trade some few months ago, whereby we got Mr. Deaton in the deal. His chief duties are to look after the warehouse material, and to make out receiving slips and transfers. He has been quite busy lately issuing out material to our neighbors who are also operating in this field. He has just made the remark that it was a good thing that we had a good stock of material on hand or our neighbors would be out of luck.

We also have in our midst Mr. Graham, or in other words Tom, as he is more commonly called. His duties are to look after the production, and keep the pulling machines lined up, and to gather outside information pertaining to the operations of the outside companies in the surrounding territory. He also takes care of the time of the employees, and takes care of the team slips. He has been in this field ever since operations first started and is able to answer any and all questions asked him.

The writer has mentioned most all of the most important duties of this office, and has found that there is not much left for his share of the work, but then I guess it is not necessary, as he is not particular. His chief duties are taking care of the correspondence, keeping up the well reports, logs of the wells, and making out the payrolls together with all the monthly reports. Since August he has been trying to get the provisions of the commissary to mix in with the connections and fittings of the warehouse, but as yet he has not succeeded. Since the above date I have been trying to keep plenty of eats for the boarding house, and satisfy all the boarders. I also have to look after the ordering of the provisions, and take care of the invoices of same. With no more men than we are feeding it is pretty hard to keep the price per meal down to the minimum.

In behalf of the office force and the boarding house crew, I wish all the Midwest Family a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

New Construction at Salt Creek

The building department at Salt Creek is working hard on the present construction program. Mr. Miller, foreman, is everywhere at once and like magic the houses appear. Eighteen houses 16 by 32 with both a front and back porch and divided into three rooms and a big closet, are almost finished at Salt Creek Home Camp of the Midwest. Five two-room shacks are being built for pumper's houses over the field.

The new Midwest Camp No. 18, just north of old Northwest camp, is being shoved along and will include six three-room cottages 16x32, two bunk houses 14x60, one boiler house 24x28 (for two 40-horse boilers), and one office building 16x32.

Midwest Camp No. 3 (Canadian Camp) is being increased by six new three-room cottages, a new large boarding house, a boiler house and an office.

At Home Camp, too, the splendid new school house is being rushed. Comfort stations and the new sewer line are almost completed. So the world is by no means standing still at Salt Creek.

Bells Across The Snow

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.

THERE'S a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining,
With the holly wreath tonight.

AND the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!

IF we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;

THERE would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee,

BUT Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.

FOR peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

Christmas At Salt Creek

From the Postmaster's Standpoint

Good morning, Frank. Busy? Some mail yesterday? Did I get a letter? Ought to had one mailed last week from Casper. Any packages? No? Oh, well, never mind. Give me a money order for $9.87 to Monkey Ward. Any mail for me? Register this letter, will you? Say, I sent a package last Christmas to my brother, and he never got it; will you look it up? Is the mail in yet? When will it get here? When is the mail going out? Did it get in yesterday? Some old tubs those mail carriers have. Hey, Frank, look and see if Bill Splivens has any mail in Box 986, will you? Got an extra Sears catalog? Give me a two center and three cents change. Frank, if this won't go the way it is, you wrap it up so it will. How can I be sure that this will get to Punkin Center on Christmas morning? And all day it keeps up. Nothing to do till tomorrow, so what's the use. Merry Christmas.

FRANK J. ESTES,
Postmaster, Salt Creek, Wyoming.

From a Boarding House Standpoint

"Christmas, you say? Oh, yes; comes near the end of December, doesn't it? Yes, that's the other day besides Thanksgiving. Turkey, celery and all the fixings. Sure, we'll have 'em, and decorations, too. If degree of fullness has anything to do with Christmas feeling, we'll guarantee to make the boys wonder whether they're home, not why they left home. The girls will look so nice you'll be looking for mistletoe and after dinner every last man will be looking for a place to take it easy.

Christmas is lots of work but it's worth it, just to stand at the door and see the varying expressions of satisfaction and fullness written on every face after they're thru. Like women, Christmases are hard to get along with, and it takes lots of effort to handle them properly, but we couldn't get along without them."

"A Merry Christmas."

R. E. (ANDY) ANDERSON.

Salt Creek Night School

No more progressive, no more enterprising, no more capable or better looking "bunch" of fellows can be gotten together into a night school in Wyoming, than the ninety or so enrolled in the Salt Creek night school. More than a score of college and university graduates and skilled workmen are taking mathematics, petroleum geology, mechanical drawing and blue print reading, business English and Spanish. The instructors are all technically trained men and experienced in the art of teaching. The first term of the school will close December 23rd and the new term begin Januray 9, 1922. Some of the new classes to be taught are: The steel square and estimating, petroleum chemistry and some branch of household economics of interest to the women of the camps. These courses are financed by the Federal government and the State of Wyoming under vocational training, and conducted and supervised by the board of education of the Natrona County High School.

Nothing in Season

According to the poets "In spring a young man's fancy turns to love," etc. But Bob Vidler of Big Muddy is no observer of the seasons traditions.

To see him start on his regular pilgrimage to Glenrock every Sunday night—and this cold windy weather, too—would put the scoffers of "true love" to shame.

If this sort of thing continues we will soon see a "For Rent" sign decorating the Bachelor Quarters.

Had Elk Dinner

Jim Jordan, Big Muddy cook, recently prepared some good steaks of elk meat in anticpaton of a visit from Mr. A. L. Merritt and Mr. A. G. Fidel.

We were disappointed, however, in this respect as both were unable to make the trip in consequence of business engagements.

The Casper force, however, were represented by Mr. H. Ladd and several others whose faces were familiar to us, and they in company with the Muddy office force much enjoyed the meal.

Two Great National Events

By Burke H. Sinclair.

It was my good fortune recently to participate in two magnificent events of nation-wide—even world-wide—importance; events born of the great World War, having in common the underlying principle of splendid patriotism and devotion to national ideals; each likewise driving home its lesson in Americanism, in love of country, in duty to the living and in honor and respect to the man who dies for his country and the perpetuation of her high principles.

One great event, the annual convention of the American Legion at Kansas City, was significant of the fact that tens of thousands of young men have had their civic and fraternal consciences awakened. Through this great convention, they have announced to the world that from this time henceforth, they propose to take an active part in local and national affairs: not only for the purpose of seeing that their mutual interests as ex-soldiers are forwarded, but also because they have come to the realization that they have specific duties as American citizens to perform. Their duty to the living.

The other event, the burial in Washington, D. C., of the body of the Unknown Soldier, was significant of the fact that the whole nation stands in reverent readiness to pay generous and loving tribute, honor and respect, to the man who lays down his life for his country. The Unknown who was buried in Arlington Cemetery on Armistice Day, was not merely the dust of an individual; he was the glorified clay of all the tens of thousands of brave Americans who made the supreme sacrifice in France; and the few thousands who followed that clay to its last resting place, listened to the words of eulogy and witnessed the bestowal of honors by foreign princes and potentates, were but the material representatives of a hundred million grateful Americans. This was a concerted tribute to all their dead.

I feel that I had a rare privilege in participating in these two great events, and I want to pass along to the many ex-service men in The Midwest family, as well as to the others in the family, a few brief impressions.

The American Legion never had a greater convention than the one in Kansas City, and probably will never have another as great. At least 75,000 Legion men and women from all over the country were present. Not only from the United States did they come but also from the far-off Philippines, from Hawaii, from Costa Rica, from China and Japan and England and France. There were also Marshal Foch from France, General Baron Jacques from Belgium, General Diaz from Italy, Admiral Earl Beatty from England, Deputy Charles Bertrand from France, and others. The convention transacted a lot of business, which has been detailed in the newspapers; and they—the Legionaires—did a lot of playing, most of which did not get into the papers. Kansas City opened 'er up. And the Legion men flocked into all the openings. Opening sessions in the big Convention Hall, saw fully 40,000 people in attendance. The big dance in the hall saw at least five thousand people on the floor trying to fox-trot, each couple having about four square inches of space to shuffle on. For the big parade, the Legion put about fifty thousand men, women, bands and mascots in line; while Kansas City and neighboring cities lined the streets with two hundred thousand spectators, whom several thousand policemen and boy scouts couldn't keep inside the ropes. Certain forms of amusement and refreshment peculiarly dear to the heart of the one-time army but by no means monopolized by it, were also more or less in evidence. But not flagrantly nor scandalously so. It was a rip-roaring, snorting, whale of a time, just the kind that you would have had if you had gone A. W. O. L. in Paris and found all the American M. P.'s and French gendarmes sick abed and unable to curb you.

And withal, the convention did its duty as a collective body of American citizens, intent upon helping all comrades, disabled

and otherwise, to get upon even terms with Uncle Sam, and further intent upon helping to develop and establish the wonderful new spirit of patriotic Americanism throughout the land. If the late Colonel Roosevelt had been there, he would have described it explosively and enthusiastically as "Bully!"

After the Legion Convention I proceeded to Washington, having been designated by Governor Carey of Wyoming as the state representative at the burial of the Unknown Soldier. Never so long as I shall live, will I forget the magnificent solemnity of that occasion. Columns and columns have been printed in the newspapers in description of the event. So I shall merely set down in brief the things which impressed me as indelibly sublime. Space will not permit me to more than mention the wonderful floral offerings which were deposited upon and about the casket as it lay beneath the great rotunda of the national capitol, upon the same catafalque which previously had supported the bodies of the immortal Lincoln, of Garfield and McKinley; or the hushed reverence with which the tens of thousands of spectators who lined Washington's beautiful boulevards and watched the solemn funeral procession as it marched with measured pace behind the bier to beautiful Arlington cemetery; or the great group of noted diplomats, famous soldiers and sailors of our own and foreign countries, representatives of the most powerful countries in the world, who paid homage to this emblem of martyred American soldiery.

Three features stand out preeminently in my memory. First, the spectacle of the President of the United States, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Congress of the United States—the executive, the judicial and the legislative branches of our nation, in their entirety, marching afoot behind the caisson which bore the body. Never has there been such a tribute in our previous history.

Second, the spectacle of thirty thousand people in and about the amphitheatre at Arlington cemetery, standing absolutely immovable and soundless for two minutes of silent tribute—a silence pregnant with reverential memory for the thousands who made the supreme sacrifice on the poppy fields of France.

Third, the spectacle of President Harding, Marshal Foch for France, Baron Jacques for Belgium, General Diaz for Italy, Admiral Beatty for England, and representatives from Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and other countries, advancing to the casket of the Unknown, saluting, and pinning thereon the highest military decorations for their several countries. It was sublime, this world-wide tribute and acknowledgement. It was inspiring to the highest degree, and one could not help but be forced to the conclusion that perhaps, after all, the heart of the world is a tender one, that the nations of the earth are quick to render homage to the man who has given his all for his own land, and that the soldier or sailor who falls upon the field of battle can have no loftier epitaph than "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country.

Salt Creek in the Swim

Salt Creek out of the world, isolated, fifty miles from a railroad, you say. Well, perhaps; but every evening we get the correct time and weather reports direct from Washington, D. C., without a relay. We can hear music from Denver, New York, or San Francisco, as well as the S. O. S. of a ship along the coast. The latest news may reach us by wireless hours before it gets to Casper.

Grant Fitch, with the Midwest Company warehouse force and formerly with the Bureau of Standards at Washington working on Government Wireless Telephone experiments, has made this possible. Fitch went through the Navy Radio school at Harvard and has had much practical experience. He has been receiving messages for some time from the N. A. A. (Arlington) Station at Washington, D. C.—and has only begun. He is a deep student of the wireless and radio and is following it as a hobby and for his own pleasure. All of Salt Creek is interested with him and we feel that perhaps Broadway with its bright lights, and the world in general as it whirls by, may not lose us entirely.

Education at Big Muddy

Parkerton School and Playgrounds

Principal Waller and High School Class

This fine school building is located at Parkerton and attended by the children of Midwest employes in the Big Muddy Field.

It was erected little more than a year ago and fills a long felt want. There are one hundred and sixty pupils enrolled at the present time, of which twenty-five are in the high school grades.

As will be noticed in the photograph, this building is very modern in architecture and is a handsome credit to the community. A fully complement of playground apparatus has been installed and the evidence of the joy it produces is seen in the photograph.

Mr. Waller, the principal of the school, is shown with his high school class and much of the success accomplished in the school is due to his efforts, which have been ably assisted by a very competent staff or teachers. The residents of Parkerton and the Muddy Oil Field are very proud of their school and boast that no oil field has a better one.

The Parkerton school is used for various forms of entertainment promoted by the community in addition to its educational activities. The interest manifested by the parents of the children in the various social functions that have been promoted has brought about the necessity of making these events a monthly occurrence.

Library Books Lost

The following books from Traveling Library No. 4 were taken out while the Library was in Salt Creek Home Camp and have not been returned:

No. 28—The Lost Road. By Richard Harding Davis.

No. 19—The Black Arrow. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

No. 213—Practical Oil Geology. By Dorsey Hager.

We are very anxious to get these books returned and anyone having them in their possession will please send them to Chester A. Borsch, Salt Creek office, or to the Department of Industrial Relations, Casper.

What's the Use

Weep and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool.
Yield and you're called a coward.
Stand and you're called a mule.
Smile and they'll call you silly.
Frown and they'll call you gruff.
Put a front on like a millionaire
And some guy calls your bluff!

—Dodge News.

Glory Be!

A white man who happened to be a shorthand expert was interested in a sermon he heard preached by an old colored preacher in Mississippi a few weeks ago. The white man jotted down portions of the sermon, and in this way managed to preserve the supplication that closed the sermon. Here it is:

"O, Lord, give Thy servant this mawnin' the eyes of the eagle and the wisdom of the owl, connect his soul with the gospel telephone in the central skies, 'luminate his brow with the sun of Heaven, pizen his mind with the love for the people, turpentine his 'magination, grease his lips with possum oil, loosen his tongue with the sledge hammer of Thy power, 'lectrify his brain with the lightnin' of the Word, put 'petual motion in his arms, fill him plum full of the dynamite of Thy glory, 'noint him all over with the kerosene oil of Thy salvation and set him on fire. Amen!"

Young Man (asking for employment)—Have you an opening for a bright young man?

Mr. Bradshaw—Yes, don't slam it as you go out.

Rudolph Anderson-the New Host

Andy's Serenade

Oh, he's a dandy—our new boss Andy,
Always happy, brisk and snappy;
Flitting here and there and yonder,
Never does he pout and ponder.
Has a smile just like the sun
For the ladies—three in one.
Oh, he's the candy—he's a dandy,
Handsome happy Andy Anderson!

Andy Gets Married

This is to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Anderson.

Mrs. Anderson, before marrying "Andy," was Miss Laura "Hulda" Nicks, of Longmont, Colorado. Much to her chagrin, although of American parentage, by marrying a Swede she therefore becomes a Swede. Mrs. Anderson was a very happy American girl until she met Andy, at Estes Park in the summer of 1920. There amid the snow and ice and the shadows of the Rocky Mountains she lost her heart to Andy.

After Andy's return from that never to be forgotten trip he has never been the same, either in looks or actions, swear-

Laura and Andy

ing off chewing the vile weed, and quitting bad companions.

Before Mr. Anderson left for Longmont in the latter part of September, just past, it was very difficult to get along with him. And it was impossible to get him to go to Salt Creek.

It was in the state of Colorado that he entered the state of bliss and therefore it was in the state, in all respects, that he entered the state of matrimony. It was rumored several times previously that Andy was to take unto himself a wife, but said wife never materialized, so it was with little faith that Andy would ever get married, that we bid him adieu.

After the nuptials and his return, his countenance bore a very sheepish look which was evidence enough to our practiced eye, that the mighty leap had been taken.

Mr. Anderson and his bride are at home to their friends at 133 South Conwek Square. Where if you are early you can see Andy driving a dishrag across various dishes and utensils of cooking. This Mr. Anderson denies, but one whose word can be relied upon informed us that this actually occurs.

The employes at Salt Creek and the Salt Creek Hotel are very anxious to meet the present Mrs. Anderson. But the fond husband refuses for reasons of his own, to allow the aforementioned persons to enjoy that privilege.

All persons calling upon this couple or meeting them unexpectedly anywhere or at any time, as a special favor to Andy, p-l-e-a-s-e have a convenient memory and talk of the present only.

Peterson-Gardner Luncheon

A party of girls from the Accounting Department enjoyed a lovely luncheon at the Chanticleer Cafe on November 19th, given in honor of Miss Peggy Peterson and Miss Brennis Gardner. Miss Peterson is returning to her home in Chicago and Miss Gardner intends spending the winter in California. Those present were: Mrs. Kathleen Larson, Misses Netta Davis, Mildred Fehlman, Julia and Margaret Smith, Esther Runden, Frieda Peterson, Brennis Gardner and Peggy Peterson. Miss Peterson and Miss Gardner tell us that they have enjoyed working for the company and are leaving with regrets. We are sorry to se them go, but extend our heartiest wishes for their future good luck.

"Hud" Springs a Surprise

It was about the Ides of September when our friend C. L. Hudson, Purchasing Agent for the Field Department, departed on a mysterious journey. Some of us had our suspicions when he left, and, sure enough, he returned with a bride. She was formerly Miss Marjorie Gannon, Chief Clerk of the Purchasing Department.

They were married in Scottsbluff, where they had motored, accompanied by Miss Gannon's sister of Springfield, Massachusetts. The ceremony was performed in St. Mark's Episcopal Church of that city.

The friends of the bride and groom throughout the Midwest family wish them joy and happiness.

We understand they are "at home" in their Albuquerque apartment.

Work All Day and Study Nights

Under the direction of Mr. William Sinclair, Superintendent of Schools at Salt Creek, the Industrial Night School is in full swing. This school is for the benefit of men working in the field and is carried out under State and Federal authority and appropriation.

Subjects being taught are Mechanical Drawing, Beginning Mathematics, Petroleum Geology, Business English and Spanish. There are about ninety students registered and all are taking a sincere interest and applying themselves. The teachers are Messrs. Haynes Williams, William Sinclair, Nowels, Powell and Walters; all of the Midwest Company excepting Mr. Sinclair.

Odds Too Great for Kelly

Returning from a recent trip to Denver, our young Beau Brummel of the Casper Accounting Department, F. J. Keleher, alias Kelly, chanced to make some very charming acquaintances. Responding to an invitation, Kelly journeyed into the coach where the fair ones were riding and was diligently pursuing his friendship when a big burly six-footer appeared on the scene and demanded an explanation. We will leave out the flowers and soft music. Kelly returned to his own coach, pronto! He says he is a game guy, but knows when he is licked.

WANTED SITUATION—MALE

Wanted position. No jobs need apply. Phillip Duncan.

OFFICE and FIELD

(NOTE: Correspondents will confer a favor on the editorial force by mailing items so as to reach this office by the first of each month)

Casper Storage Yards

S—teadily grinding,
T—aking the brunt;
O—rders a-piling
R—ight to the front.
A—ll of the gang
G—iving their best,
E—ven on Sundays
Y—earning for rest.
A—sking no favors,
R—eady to please.
D—unnie's the boss
S—o one can see.

Ye editor of the the Casper Storage Yard news was glearly pleased when the last issue of The Review came out of hiding. After a very diligent search, it was found that there were no news items from the Storage Yard, which according to the questions asked, as to the absence thereof, said news items were greatly missed. Now, that pleased ye editor not a little, and there is but one requisite necessary for complete heaven on earth. That is that any news is welcome, come one, come all. Let's go.

For the benefit of those who are unaware of the fact that business is good, allow me to inform you that during the month of September there was a total of 5,048,605 pounds handled and 4,457,810 pounds handled in October by the Storage Yard.

Know all men by these presents: That Mr. E. K. Anderson and Mr. G. F. Hoffman have been and usually are responsible for the success of this column.

Mr. C. Prewitt and Mr. H. E. Moss, the former is known as Buffalo Pete, have sworn off hunting the elusive bird known as duck.

The expression, "Get thee behind me, Satan," is used by the driver as he passes the road camp.

Boy, page Diogenes. August Thedin found a tire and returned it to the owner.

"Dad" Green, our efficient night watchman, will launch a Florida real estate proposition soon.

Recently a loaded truck left the Yards with the wrong bill of lading. Lew Robinson attempted to overtake it with his Dodge, but gave it up and returned to borrow Whitey's car.

Tom Virgne loaded a truck after hours one night. The driver advised anyone who wants a real work-out to help Tom toss lumber.

Mr. Mongahan, general superintendent of incoming and outgoing freight, also Chief Herder of Swampers, will open a corespondence school in finance shortly.

"Hox" Mathews and Jess Scott made a trip to Salt Creek recently.

Much credit is due the two maintenance men stationed at Horse Ranch. Certainly it has been many moons since the Highway Department has had two such men who understood road upkeep as well as they.

All the trucks were new with pneumatic tires,

Every day was pay day, and every other day was Sunday,

Ducks would perch on the end of a shotgun so we could get our limit every day,

Pneumatic tires wouldn't blow out (see big Stew),

The truck drivers would get in early enough to permit Morris to attend football games,

Wouldn't this be a great and glorious life?

Personals for November, 1941

By G. F. H.

E. J. Treglown is expected to be married soon.

Lew Robinson is suffering from rheumatism. Due mostly to his age.

J. R. Dunbar reports he is still gaining weight.

John Sturgeon has proved up on his nomestead.

E. K. Anderson still has nothing but a fence running around his house.

Roy Morris has recovered from a bad cold.

Heavy Miller made six successful trips to Salt Creek since our last issue.

E. J. Donahue, who is in the Old Soldiers' home, appears to be in good health.

Harvey Gooden is still prospecting in Riverton.

Jess Lewis is driving a Clydesdale for the Midwest Refining Company.

Chas. Kear held a reunion. Sixteen of his children were present.

Casper Storage Yard News

Whitey has a rheumatic tired truck.

Flat and Shorty are blest with new F. W. D's.

Hox is taking lessons in changing rear springs on Clydesdale.

Lew Robinson has aluminum pistons in his Dodge. Look out, Fords.

Kear is very busy making Christmas money with his new 5-ton.

Wynn learned all about a magneto the other day.

The late snow brought many memories of roads two years ago.

Our minds are so filled with business that

it seems impossible to concentrate on literary thoughts. However, if you will bear with me we will endeavor to impart a little news that has come to our attention during the past few weeks.

Mr. Cooney has taken up his daily labors amongst us. His chief occupation is that of scale man, formerly performed by Mr. Morris. Mr. Morris is now busy during the entire day doing general clerical work.

Mr. Counts, our transfer man, has been so busy writing transfers that his back has been bothering him. As a curative he has had made a high chair. Not the kind that is generally used for infants, but a more elaborate affair. It has a high back to reinforce the spine, and an extra heavy spring cushion to rest the coccyx.

Leo Wiloth has taken unto himself a drystead, out near Smith Creek. We wish him well and hope that he won't have to chase it far when the winds o'er the hills blow a gale.

Andy wants us to write a letter to Santa Claus and ask him to bring a nice new pair of pneumatic tires and wheels for his truck, and if these are unobtainable he would like a nice fresh air cushion for the seat of the truck so that he will not be so greatly fatigued after a trip.

We wonder why Charlie Kear has been keeping himself in Salt Creek so much of late.

We wonder when Lew Robinson will get our buzzer connected.

Clayton has qualified as a dancing teacher lately. For particulars see T. S. C.

Butler has a new heater in his cab. Also Andy and Whitey.

No cigars have been passed lately, altho we expected Stew to pass them after his recent trip to Denver.

What Casper Storage Boys Want for Christmas

Ray Hughes would like an automatic invoice approver.

Chas. Cooney would like a new set of brains for a few truck drivers.

Tom Vergne would like an Aladdin lamp.

MacKendry would like a load adjuster.

Mr. Dunbar would like the scale to balance.

The following suggestions have been made for those wishing to give truck drivers presents:

Shorty—A good rattle or bottle.

Whitey—Increased load limit.

Flat—Increased motor speed.

Andy—Pneumatics for G-97.

Miller—Permission to go home occasionally.

Stewart—Vacation with pay so he can go to Denver.

B. Stewart—"L" head Wisconsin motor for G-53.

McFarland—Star to show he's a truck driver.

Wynn—Snapshots of Big Muddy.

Kear—Commission so he can check up the drivers.

Donahue—Jack up the radiator cap and run a truck under it.

Lewis—An extra truck so he can make two trips a day.

Scott—Wings for G-75.

Mathews—Bill fold for carrying warehouse bills of lading.

Mishler—Old parts for a Dodge.

Scribner—Cab for International truck.

Hixon—A ship model.

Nichols—Lead hammer to kill rabbits.

Clayton—Girl to dance.

From the Mid-Northern

Well, here is the first word from the new member of the Midwest Family. Thanks, Colonel, for not forgetting all about us, "way up north."

Mr. Guy Craig and Mrs. Craig are living at the West Dome Camp of Cat Creek Field.

Joe O'Donnell, chief clerk at Winnett, Mont., office of the Mid-Northern, the Midwest's newest addition to the family.

They have fitted up a little shack and intend to make a winter of it.

Wonder if you folks down south ever give us a thought? Not much class and show to our camps, but my how we offset it with "honest to goodness" oil.

We have recovered from the big snow and things are moving along in good shape. Our four powers are moving oil at a good rate of speed and certainly look fine and practical.

Mr. Frank Gilpin, our production foreman, will leave for Colorado Spring, Colo., in a few days to spend the holidays with his people. Look out, girls!

The boys are all very glad to be able to come in under the Mutual Benefit Association. By the way, our nearest hospital is seventy-five miles from the field and the nearest doctor twenty-five miles.

Yep! We have the same fine roads as in Wyoming, only we think our mud is a little better quality.

Mr. Bretschneider and Mr. Rathvon were up to look us over a little while back. Hope to see them again soon.

We operate two camps in the Cat Creek District. One at Mid-Northern holdings and one at the old West Dome Oil Company's location. The Home stake lies in between and the camp is closed, with the exception of two married pumpers living there. Winnett is our nearest town and the Company keeps an office there.

We are just starting a new well, Catlett No. 4. As our average depth is less than 1,500 feet, we hope to have another producer soon.

Our test well at Big Coulee is doing a nice flow of gas at the present time. Wish we had it for use at Cat Creek. It would go a long way to defeat our old enemy, "Cost of Operations."

Mr. Mark Danford was a visitor at our camps a short time ago. Come again, Mr. Danford, when you yearn for the simple life.

Mr. MacGalbraith, our field engineer, seems to have deserted us. However, we keep the light burning in the window of his cabin, for he will wander home again.

We had quite a start the other morning. Thought we were observing a display of "Northern Lights" in the east, but found out later it was only our own little "Pink Top" West, gauger, getting an early start.

Say, when you get around to it, let's have a traveling library up here. The Whiz Bang and Monkey Ward are getting slightly frayed.

Well, we have said enough for a new comer, so will pipe down, with the wish of a happy holiday season to all of the Midwest family.

Big Muddy Notes

The Parkerton school board has erected a flag pole at the school house in time for the celebration of Armistice Day, the greatest day in the history of our country. The pole is made very substantially in order to withstand the strong Wyoming winds, and the flag will fly frequently so the children may be inspired in the spirit of patriotism and realize what the Stars and Stripes stand for in this great country of ours.

The State Highway Commissioners are now actively engaged in tearing up the Lincoln Highway from Glenrock to the western limits of Converse County, running through Big Muddy Field. About seven miles is already ploughed up, causing much inconvenience to travel, by having to make wide detours throughout the Camp, but benefit will be derived later on as the contract calls for a good grade road with crushed rock and gravel surface.

A fire unfortunately occurred at the test well now being drilled on the A. E. Humphrey Lease, burning the rig down. The work of clearing the debris and rebuilding the rig was one of short order and everything is again running smoothly. The well is now drilling at a great depth and we hope to be able to report very soon that a good well will be brought in the deep sand.

Muddy has been free from accidents during the last two or three months except in the case of H. Burl Smith, who was unfortunate in meeting with a painful accident while nailing a windbreak over boilers on the Whiteside Lease. While nailing up some boards, one of the heavy pieces of lumber fell and struck him in the groin. Burl is making a rapid recovery and hopes to be back at work in a few days.

Mike Jackson, who has for several months been on the sick list, now shows signs of improvement. The break in his arm, which failed to knit, is now recovering fast and from the demonstration Mike gave the other day, he will be able to again wield the axe within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heasler are the proud parents of a baby daughter. It certainly is funny what a daughter can do to a daddy. Already this young Miss is showing her influence over Henry. He now finds it very hard to meet with the Board of Education, of which he is a member, as the small daughter requires him to dance attendance to her many wants. The young Miss is certainly a fine baby and if she continues to have the same influence over Henry it will not be long until he will be going around displaying the "wings" which have sprouted since he has become so good.

The heartfelt sympathy of the residents of Parkerton is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cross in the loss of their week-old son.

On the 15th of October Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Trudgen left the employ of the Midwest. Dan, our genial steward, is known to a great many members of the Midwest family outside of Muddy, as they have come from far and near to partake of the meals served here. We wish both Dan and his wife the very best that can be bestowed upon them and many wish they could enjoy sunny California with them.

An old-time barn dance was enjoyed by the residents of Parkerton and by many friends from Casper, when our hay barn was turned

into a ball room for an evening. A large crowd was in attendance. Everyone brought a full lunch basket with enough for themselves and for the fellow who did not have one. Hot coffee was served and the lunches enjoyed by all. At this time we wish to thank the many friends who so liberally took "Lefty" Allen and "Stonewall Jackson" under their care and saw that they had plenty to eat. We have notice that both these fellows are considerably heavier than before the dance, but from the amount they consumed we think the improvement should be more pronounced.

Mrs. Elmer Klahr and her three daughters recently made a pleasure trip to Denver, where they took in all the sights of the big city.

Mr. and Mrs. Burl H. Smith are the proud parents of a young daughter.

The Christmas season is now here and the thoughts of all, young and old, are once again centered on the old-time custom of celebrating with the true spirit of Christmas. The story of this historical festival is known to all, and family reunions wherever possible have existed from the earliest times.

The event should never be allowed to pass without some program being arranged for the children to whom this season means so much. A Community Christmas tree has been arranged at the Parkerton school house for Christmas eve, a good sized tree has been selected and will be loaded with all kinds of presents. A program is being prepared and many of the pupils will take part in the old time Christmas songs and exercises. A committee of ladies has been appointed to take care of all the details, and at the time of writing indications point to the occasion being the most successful that has taken place in Big Muddy.

The Glenrock Community Club held its second annual banquet at the Higgins Hotel on December 18th, when a large gathering assembled to participate in a sumptuous repast. The Club was indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Higgins for the use of the banqueting hall, which was very artistically decorated for the occasion, a task undertaken by Mrs. Higgins, who has the reputation of being an expert in this particular line. Many excellent talks were made by visitors from the Casper Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Cleary of the C. B. & Q. Railroad, and Mr. W. H. Jones, freight and passenger agent of the C. & N. W. Railroad, Omaha, not forgetting ex-Governor Brooks, who is capable at all times of keeping an audience interested in his reminiscences of the pioneer days of Wyoming. Mr. Blaisdell, superintendent of the Mutual Refinery at Glenrock, in a short and interesting talk, which could not fail to be of local interest, dealt with the enlargements of the refinery and the possibilities of future developments by the Standard interests which was certain to have a very important bearing on the growth and activity of Glenrock.

On Armistice Day an entertainment was put on at the Parkerton school house, several of the numbers bringing forth much applause. The Highland fling, which was danced by Elaine Myers, was a clever performance and is deserving of comment on account of her being so young. The latter part of the performance was set aside for "The Merry Nigger Boys," who entertained the crowd for over half an hour by singing and cracking jokes which brought forth much laughter from the crowd present. We are agreed that much talent can be unearthed at Muddy with such a combination as Delmore Bingaman, R. S. Vidler, Z. Eley, De Loyd Gantz getting together and practicing a few times.

J. K. Anderson of the Engineering Department recently visited this field with his staff of assistants, making surveys in Muddy.

Mr. F. Knickerbocker and several from the Casper office have been busy during the last three or four weeks taking inventory, which they say is no small task as much material is handled here on account of deep drilling and many pumping wells.

Thanksgiving day was celebrated very quietly, but did not pass without the good things for which Thanksgiving day is famous. Roast turkey and the trimmings were served and words of appreciation must go to Jim Jordan, our cook, who made an effort to make the meal worthy of the occasion.

Big Muddy families have contributed their share toward building up the population of the country during the past few weeks. Births have occurred in the following families: Mr. and Mrs. Bondurant, Mr. and Mrs. Corneilson, Mr. and Mrs. Eley, Mr. and Mrs. Looney, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Foy. Our congratulations are extended. The baby girl born to the Looney family is number nine on the list.

Mrs. Eley, daughter of Mr. Klahr, our foreman, has been critically ill, dating from the birth of her child, but is on the way to recovery.

Muddy Field has been experiencing a dull period the last few months owing to the stringent conditions of the oil business, but we are pleased to find that activities are beginning to assume greater proportions in so far as several more wells are now being drilled down to the Wall Creek sand and with the advent of the New Year hopes ran high that production will assert itself more prominently than has been the case during the last few months.

M. E. Diamond, our time-keeper, is planning on a trip to California, where he intends visiting with his sister, and meeting old acquaintances. M. E. D. says that he is bringing his sister back with him to Muddy, but whether this is so, no one knows.

George Koogle and his wife will spend Christmas with the old folks in Denver. George is looking forward with a great deal of interest for a family reunion. In fact, he assures us there is nothing to this grind without a little spice once in a great while.

R. S. Vidler and Delmore Bingaman celebrated their birthdays on November 28th, and in token of the event entertained twelve at

a banquet at the Chanticleer Cafe in Casper, which included the superintendent and E. Klahr. Needless to say, all wished them many happy returns. It so happened that two of the guests' birthdays fell on the same day, which speaks well for the popularity of this date. After the banquet all adjourned to the Columbia show house, where an interesting entertainment was taken in, which was the consummation of a very pleasant evening. They returned to Muddy about midnight.

Dave Scott paid a short visit to Muddy on his way back from Cheyenne, where he has been engaged on legal matters connected with the Midwest for some little time past.

Henry Baker, one of the old timers in Muddy, has just made application for one of the Company houses, so our assumption is that Henry's wife, who has been spending a year or more in Montana and various parts, is returning home.

Mike Jackson, who has been on the sick benefit for some considerable time past, has now sufficiently improved to be able to commence work again. Mike informs us that his arm still causes a little pain but he hopes that a little exercise will restore it to normal condition.

Bell Spring Notes

Mr. N. S. Wilson and Mr. Estabrook made this field a short visit during the month.

The crew did not have much luck raising hell on the Mahoney Dome well with a Hell-Raiser.

Mr. J. K. Anderson, Engineer, was in this field a few days looking after Section 29.

One can always get a "square" at the Mahoney Dome cook house, due to the efforts of our worthy cook, Mrs. Valentine.

Supt. and Mrs. Roe have returned from a motor trip to California, where they visited friends and relatives.

George Berkeley recently attended the American Legion convention in Kansas City, his former home.

Mrs. Ruby Taylor, who until recently was in the employ of this company, made the Mahoney Dome Camp a short visit.

Mr. Cleary and Mr. Diehl of the engineering department, made this field a few short visits attending to matters pertaining to the Casper-Mahoney gas line.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Chambers are now at Salt Creek. Joe drilled over a year in Grass Creek before coming to the Rawlins district.

Walter Hunt, "toolie," who has worked several years for the company, has gone to Arkansas to visit friends and relatives.

Notes from Osage

The women folks have organized "The Women's Worrying Committee." Mr. Guenin is wondering whether or not they have formally opened their books—I wonder?

Mr. "Mike" Moyer says: Moonshine makes the head grow weaker. We all concur that Mike has weakened, altho he is unexcelled as a "harmonizer." How about it, Mike?

Osage enjoyed a very pleasant visit a few weeks ago from Messrs. Wygant and Ford. They inventoried the field—saying nothing of the city of Osage.

We are all (all four of us) hoping that Santa will bring us a "gusher" and make things hum around here for 1922, thereby reducing the red figures.

The Osage branch of the Midwest Family wish everybody a Merry Christmas.

T. H. H.

Casper Office Chatter

Gloom prevails in the Stenographic Department because of the coming departure of Miss Brennis Gardner, who is leaving for California the first of December. We are wondering if this will end as a honeymoon.

All the girls are very much interested in Eddie Edwards' marcel, but it is impossible to persuade him to disclose what beauty specialist he employs.

Miss Fehlman has fully recovered from her twenty-mile hike to Casper Mountain, and has decided that Lookout Mountain hasn't anything on our local hills.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Nugent, who is soon to take a dive into matrimony. If anybody hears of an apartment please call 1640, branch 18.

Mrs. Kaylor has been called to Denver on account of the serious illness of her mother and we hope for her return soon, as the office doesn't seem the same without her.

Miss Davidson is wearing a diamond ring, but saving up her money to go to Honolulu. We are wondering which place she will go—to Honolulu or Chicago.

For prompt service our messenger girl, Elsie, cannot be equaled. We are all for her.

Miss Dorothy Williamson has returned from a month's vacation spent at her home in Arkansas.

Miss Dodge has been added to the Purchasing Department force.

Mrs. Langworthy is succeeding Miss Peterson in the comptometer department. Mrs. Langworthy was formerly in Mr. Comfort's department.

Speaking of "comings and goings," has any body noticed Jack Rutz's mustache? Or the absence of Pete's? And while we are on the subject of mustache's, we are wondering if Mr. Stedman has been using hair tonic on his?

WHY—

Why don't Mr. Merritt and Mr. Nugent patronize the Chanticleer Cafe?

Wonder Why?

Hud isn't seen around the building ahead of time, or around the Henning Hotel for lunch "just like he used to be?"

Why Miss Davis wears her diamond just part of the time—and doesn't move into Casper with the rest of the white people?

Why Mudge prefers driving his Ford four thru snow and mud over forgotten trails to a snowy bed with darkness around to shine his shoes, etc., and call him just in time to arrive at the office at 8:30 with plenty of sleep, 'neverything?

Miss Dodge came west when New York is full of —— and lots of nice boys?

MacFadden prefers the company of his Big Four and wolf hound to that of the numerous fair ones who flock around his office and speak to him with those endearing young terms?

Can You Imagine?

Andrea Terrier associated with WORK?

Peggy when she isn't laughing or singing?

One o'clock without a song from the Production Department?

Eddy when he is not laughing or chewing gum?

Netta Davis when she isn't crabbing about supplies?

Rutz and Marrin without their daily jokes?

Gibbs when he isn't paging Kelly?

Mr. Kirk delivering papers for the comptometer operators?

Mr. Fehlman without anything to do?

Mr. Finney when he is not in a hurry?

John Anderson weighing two hundred?

Julia Smith or Frieda Peterson as being cool, calm and collected?

Mr. Barnes without a cheery "Good morning"?

Frank Prior joyriding after the first of December?

Helen Wallace with a marcel wave?

Eddie saying, "Have you *seen* Gordon?

Teapot Items

Our pumping season has started at this Station now and the majority of the men here are taking their respective places on the different shifts and all seem to be very happy and contented. I mean all but the men on graveyard shift. They, of course, are a grouchy sort, but that's only natural as most everyone that works that shift gets grouchy and hard to get along with. But taking everything into consideration, we are getting along fine with each other and are running along very nicely at present.

This Station is located between Salt Creek and Casper, and has always been the best Station in the Midwest Company, bar none, and we claim we can receive more oil and get rid of it faster than any other Station in the world. We are just merely mentioning this in an offhand sort of a way to let the other stations know what's going on here, as we never indulge in blowing off or bragging.

Taking it all in all, we have the best bunch of fellows to work with, the best location, and higher ideals than all the other stations.

There is only one fault to find with our men and this only occurs at meal time: they eat too loud, but mouth mufflers and shock absorbers for the jaws have been ordered and this minor defect will soon be overcome.

The Bull Gang here is now directed and supervised by the prominent Col. Hayes of Mississippi and we feel safe in saying that this Bull Gang is still as good as ever. Col. Hayes is the successor to John Hunter, the former Supervisor, who accepted a position in another field. Mr. Hayes is a very capable man and there is no doubt but what he will be successful and give perfect satisfaction. We are wishing him every success possible.

Henry Borgrink, since being appointed to the high office of Engineer of Pumps, comes down to work each morning now in a red silk ties and shirt with white kid gloves on and a claw-hammered evening dress suit, with his chest extended outward like a pigeon, and from his carriage and direct manner one not knowing him so very well would think he was the President of the Company. His newly adopted high brow ways has made him very prominent with all the manipulators and oil financiers and all indications towards his future carries the promise of an oil magnate.

H. A. Chandler, one of the Pipe Line Superintendents, passed thru here a few days ago on his way to Cheyenne, carrying with him an arm load of ice skates. He said "a party of his old friends had invited him down to enjoy the 'Hard Winter' they were having down there and that he was going just to see if it was any harder than it is here."

Little Willie Tucker, the Teapot fireman, has all kinds of troubles here, his latest complaint being that Soper's dog comes in his room after he goes to sleep and swipes all his clothes, consequently when he awakes from his peaceful slumber he is compelled to call on all of his friends to locate them before he is able to go outside.

Since receiving information a few days ago that the oil field at Salt Creek would open up and increase their production, Teapot has been on the alert and preparing for the oncoming oil flood, and we now stand ready to handle any amount they care to shove us. At the first of the season our pumps gave us considerable trouble on account of the recent overhauling, which is usually the case, but after tightening a few bolts here and there, they are now in pretty fair running order, and we hope they will run better from now on.

The construction work is just about completed here and our force has been cut down until there is only the faithful few left. We are certainly proud of our new modern arrangements and we wish to thank the Company for the interest and care which they have shown us and we hope to repay by honesty, hard work and efficiency. Our new buildings and modern equipment places Teapot on the map and makes it a good enough place for kings to live. This Station consists of the following:

1 oil pumping plant of four oil burning engines and pumps.

1 boiler plant of five boilers, which furnish all our steam heat.
1 water pumping plant.
1 large warehouse and lathe room.
3 oil tanks.
1 electric light plant.
1 garage.
5 residences.
1 recreation hall.
3 large bunk houses.
1 mess hall.

With all these late improvements everyone seems to be well satisfied and contented.

R. E. Richey, the new relief gauger here, has what he calls the proper dope on what it takes to make a gauger. He says: "Take one carpenter's helper, or assistant pipe liner, and bang him over the bean with either a spirit level or a muck stick and the result will be a first class gauger." If this is true, it would pay the Company to keep several pipe liners and carpenter's helpers on the pay roll waiting their turn for the "bang."

Ed Widaman, Teapot's famous underworld gunman, spent the past few days in Casper subduing the bullies of Center Street, and reports show that law and order prevail there now.

Chas. Baxter, Willie Tucker and Fred Soper paid their debts and a visit to Casper last week and came back arguing which was the best policeman. We hope the town is still there.

Lous Albee awoke the other morning and saw a big snow on the ground and got up and slipped on his trousers.

Mrs. V. J. Leonard returned from Denver last week after a successful operation for appendicitis. She is improving very rapidly.

Wm. Tucker and George McDonald were in Casper last week enjoying the Armistice holiday and celebrations.

Dock Flinn and Robert Johnston were seen in Casper together a few days ago. Look out, boys, it may be a frame-up.

W. B. Cole returned from points in Kansas last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Camp were in Casper this week shopping.

Answers to Letters from The Review

Yes, Fred Soper is still writing to the matrimonial bureau.

Yes, Murphy is still here, but we never see him any more since his wedding.

No, Teapot is the capitol of Wyoming. Sorry to hear you did not know.

Yes, Kincaid is getting much heavier since taking Nuxiated Iron, but he needs more training before he will be able to fight ten rounds.

No, Glen Holmes is not our boiler maker. He is the barber and hypnotist. Yes, he is still single.

Yes, Gail Parrish is still on the job, but his mind is constantly on Casper. I think he intends going to Casper soon and relieve some of the bosses in the main office; will let you know in my next letter.

No. R. H. McAtee is not our Superintendent. He is just the Chief Detective and Police Sergeant, and occasionally acts as the Squire of this precinct.

No, T. Cave is not in the ground; it is a man's name. I believe his name is Thomas Cave; he is our carpenter.

Write me again.

Yours,
DOUGLAS WHITE.

Death of Salt Creek Midwest Employe

Joseph Benjamin Cooper died at Salt Creek on November 9th, after a long losing battle with cancer of the stomach. He is survived by Mrs. Bertha Cooper and four children. Funeral services for Mr. Cooper were held in Casper, where the deceased was laid to rest.

The Cooper family have many friends at Salt Creek sympathizing with them in their bereavement.

Where the Salt Creek Crude is Boosted into Casper

The above view of Teapot Station was taken by Harry Holmes, truck driver at Teapot, and is an excellent view of this Midwest camp.

Grass Creek Personals

The first real snowstorm in Grass Creek and vicinity came Thursday night and all day Friday, Dec. 1st and 2nd. About six inches of snow fell on the level, but the drifts piled up two and three feet deep.

Cold weather has set in for a spell and pumpers and roustabouts are kept busy keeping lines thawed out so that production may be kept up to the average.

Trap shooting has become a popular sport among the men at Grass Creek. Traps have been erected on the Ridgley lease and most every Sunday afternoon the boys gather at the traps for a shooting match.

On Nov. 20th a big turkey shoot was held in the field under the supervision of Fred McGee, the famous gun crank and sharpshooter of this vicinity. Thirty turkeys and geese were put up as prizes for the best shooting. The Midwest men proved to be the crack shots of the contest, winning the most birds. Homer Craig carried off high honors, winning five birds. Supt. L. L. Bechtel came a close second, winning three birds. Other Midwest winners were J. D. Henry, two birds; H. V. Lee, two birds; W. G. Blendt, Russell Crouse and C. F. Lawing, one each.

On Thanksgiving day another turkey shoot was held in Thermopolis, under the auspices of the Thermopolis Gun Club. Three Midwest men, L. L. Bechtel, Homer Craig and Fred McGee journeyed to town to take part in the shoot. Again the Midwest boys proved themselves superior over many entrants from Thermopolis and surrounding towns. Homer Craig again carried off high honors, winning seven birds, with Fred McGee following him a close second, winning six birds. L. L. Bechtel was also among the winners, carrying off two birds. From the showing the Midwest boys have made this fall at trap shooting, they bid fair to win the big silver trophy offered by the Thermopolis Gun Club each year, that is to be shot for on Dec. 18 at Thermopolis. Here's wishing them luck. If there are any good trapshooters among the Midwest men in other fields we would like to hear from them and arrange to take them on.

During the early part of October, L. L. Bechtel, R. A. Waltz and J. D. Henry from the Midwest Camp, also J. B. Stoneburner from the Ohio Camp, went up into the mountains at the head of Gooseberry Creek on a deer hunting trip. Although only gone two days they succeeded in bagging one deer, Joe Henry being the lucky individual. They reported jumping plenty of deer, but the dry weather and the lack of snow made it practically impossible to get near enough for a good shot.

For the first time in the history of Grass Creek, baseball was enjoyed by the people of the field during the past summer. A good baseball diamond was made down by the Ohio camp, and three teams were organized, consisting of the Ohio producers, Ohio gas plant and the Midwest team. A schedule was arranged and games were played each Sunday afternoon throughout the summer. As usual, the Midwest team came out on top, chiefly through the phenomenal twirling of our pitcher, Elmer Drayton, (now at Salt Creek), winning seven games and only losing one. Next year we expect to be better organized and are looking forward to some games with outside Midwest field teams.

Field Supt. L. L. Bechtel and wife have just returned from an extended visit in the east, to their former homes in Findlay and Van Buren, Ohio.

We are all looking forward to the time when the field will be running again on a hundred per cent basis, and the new wells going down as before. We sorely need something like this to wake us up, for the camp has taken on a rather sombre aspect on account of so many men being laid off, and have left the field. The bunk houses are deserted and many dwelling houses in the field are unoccupied. Social activities are a thing of the past, and unless something develops soon the prospects of a dreary and lonesome winter are ahead of us. We shall more than welcome the words "speed up" and commence once again the development work we abandoned last spring that was steadily bringing Grass Creek once more to the front. Here's hoping the "powers that be" will not hold us back very much longer.

Mr. Knickerbocker, of the Casper offices, was a visitor in the field on November 27 and 28. "Nick" is a familiar figure in Grass Creek, having been warehouseman for this Company during 1918 and part of 1919.

Armistice Day was observed in Thermopolis by the Walter Haynes Post of the American Legion. Special services for the Unknown Soldier, buried at Washington on that day, were held in the morning. In the afternoon the Legion journeyed over to Worland to attend the football game between Worland and Thermopolis, returning in the evening for a banquet and dance held in their honor at the Washakie Hotel. Over one hundred and fifty Legion men attended the festivities, several of whom were Grass Creek Legion men.

Elk Basin News Notes

A. W. Peake and W. R. Finney of the Casper office were in the field looking over the gas proposition here.

Roy Lee made a business trip to Thermopolis a few days ago.

Mr. Ginrick, of the Ohio Oil Company, is up and around again since he was tossed about by the strong flow of gas from the gas well. Funny he doesn't mention gas any more.

Sherman (Shorty) Davis is home again from the Powell Hospital, where he was operated on for appendicitis. Shorty is getting

along fine and is getting quite fat. We would say he weighed almost a hundred pounds.

J. J. Slick is passing around the cigars and is wearing a broad smile. Well, who wouldn't? It's a girl, and 11 pounds.

John Lee is also wearing a broad smile, but it is on acocunt of his wife just getting home from an extended visit in the southern part of the state.

Mike Markovitch, who has been in the Basin for several years, conducting the Elk Basin Mercantile Company, has sold out to Johnson & Curtis of Bridger, Mont. We are all sorry to see Mike leave, and we sure wish him success in his future undertakings.

It has been rumored about this camp that several of the younger set would like to know if a notary public can perform a marriage ceremony. Lee, of the office force, would like to know also, but not for the same reasons; but if it should be so, Lee might as well take a layoff, for he will sure be busy.

John Lee was seen leaving the warehouse with a sack on his back, and when halted and asked what he had, he replied ROSIN. Nuff said.

The Thompson-Elk Basin Company has started operations on the hill just east of the basin.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

The office should close at 5 o'clock?

James Wilson should leave camp?

The Ohio Oil Company could not borrow?

John Lee was sick and was not able to job someone?

The office force should stop messenger service?

Handron had plenty of gas?

Deaton came home early?

Graham could get a cigarette that was not loaded?

Ben Friend should swear, and James Wilson couldn't?

Lee went to bed early?

Peters had no Five Brothers tobacco?

Elk Basin Alphabet

A—Is for Aronson, they call him the Swede;
But just call on this man, whenever in need.

B—Is for Beck, who works on Elk 7;
Goes to work at four, and don't quit until eleven.

C—Is for Connor, his initials are J. A.,
Can be found on Elk 6, most any old day.

D—Is for Deaton, who stays up quite late,
It's a matter of time, until he'll know his fate.

E—Is for Eddy, superintendent of this field,
He's out early and late, looking after our yield.

F—Is for Franks, who pumps on Elk 5;
He depends on his Mail Pouch to keep him alive.

G—Is for Graham, who gauges the oil,
He looks after the sands, and formations of soil.

H—Is for Handron, to him there is class,
His only cry, is give me more gas.

I—Is for Islands, we have none at this place,
So we just put it in, to fill up the space.

J—Is for Jiggs, he is of the dog type,
He follows the gauger, of the Illinois Pipe.

K—Is for Kelly, IRISH is our belief,
One of the trio, Himself, Gauge Poll, and Thief.

L—Is for Lee, we only have three,
We have another man called Lowery, whose initials are R. V.

M—Is for Markey, A No. 1 cook,
The art of handling a kitchen, she knows like a book.

N—Is for Neilon, of the kitchen force, too,
He washes the dishes, and helps dish up the stew.

O—Is for Oil, which is produced every day,
They cut the production, and of course cut our pay.

P—Is for Peters, who pumps on Elk 8;
He, like other pumpers, works some days quite late.

Q—Is for Quakers, they are all Quakers here.
Don't have any excitement throughout the whole year.

R—Is for Rafferty, and Redecker, too,
The first one is Irish, but the last one's no Jew.

S—We have several I guess about four,
We haven't room for all, so we'll have to Skidmore.

T—Is for Thixton, our big doctor man,
He just blowed in from Belfry, Montan(a).

U—Is for Union, which means one and all,
United we stand, Divided we fall.

V—Is for Venus, whose last name is Hinch,
The boys at the pool hall, say "He bets on a cinch."

W—Is for Wymer, this lad is sure keen,
He works in this field on a pulling machine.

Old Copies of Review

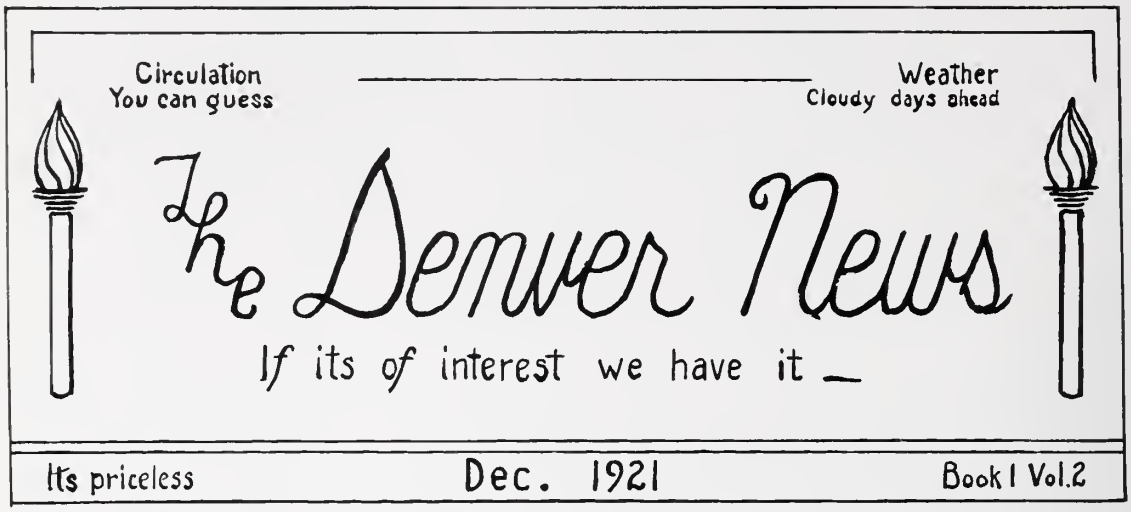
The Department of Industrial Relations has on hands a number of copies of each issue of The Midwest Review from June, 1920, down to date.

Anyone who is short in their files and who is desirous of keeping a complete file up to date can obtain an extra copy of any month from June, 1920, by writing to the Department of Industrial Relations at Casper.

No Extra Expense

"You'll be glad to know it's twins."

"I expected as much. It's always been an idea of my wife's that two could live as cheaply as one."—Cartoons Magazine.



Foreword

Well, folks, here we are again and just brimming over with news until we feel like a toy balloon with Ralph Wright behind it and just getting his second wind. In other words, if we don't let some of it out, we'll bust. Since our last little gossip session in The Midwest Review many, many things have happened at the Denver Office.

Several of our friends have been promoted into the ranks of Former Associates, about thirty leaving us in the past two months.

Our hearts have been saddened by the loss of dear friends.

We have rejoiced with other friends over the brightening of their homes by the additions of "wee bits of heaven."

We have extended our congratulations to the happy members of our family who have taken unto themselves partners for life.

We have been thrilled by bold burglars, looked at by detectives, and gossiped about by the outside world.

We have watched and waited and worked. We have pondered and guessed and wondered.

In fact the last few months have been so replete with thrills that the entire Denver Office have cultivated a manner decidedly "blaaza" and we doubt if anything could now disturb our tranquility. Why if we were to be visited with a terrific thunder storm in the middle of December we wouldn't pay any more attention to it than to wonder who Bill Miller was moving now.

In fact only one possible shock remained, namely, the reappearance of a Denver Office section in The Midwest Review and here it it.

Now, as has been stated many times before, this magazine was started with the idea that it was to be the publication for and by the Midwest employes and the interest it carries for us is dependent only on ourselves. It is a well known fact that we get just as much out of a thing as we put into it. Consequently if you fail to find the class of news that you desire in this section, put your shoulder to the wheel and put it there yourself. The various members of the Denver Office who have contributed to this and other issues are not parts of a highly paid staff of entertainers retained for your benefit, but only co-workers who have given a helping hand. YOU have just the same rights in this magazine as any other member of the Midwest family. But remember this: IF YOU REFUSE TO HELP, WE DENY YOU THE RIGHT TO KICK.

Handsome Social Lion Ensnared

Mr. J. E. Tooker, generally conceded as one of the handsomest men in the Denver Office, succumbed to a fatal attack of heart failure on the 28th of September last, when he became the groom of Clara M. Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Alexander, at the home of the bride's parents, 1251 Lafayette Street. Mr. Tooker has been with the Midwest Refining Company in the capacity of cashier for some time and is well known and liked by all. We unite in offering our best wishes.

Tennis Again Proves to Be Dangerous Game

Following in the footsteps of two or three precedents in the Denver Office, tennis and love sets evolved into a love match and marriage when Mr. Erdmann L. Muehler of the Accounting Division and Miss Mable Hammer of the Traffic Division were married in Greeley the 10th day of September. Mrs. Muehler surprised her friends by appearing at work one Monday morning with an engagement ring and further surprised them by appearing the following Monday morning with a wedding ring. After a short motor trip through Northern Colorado, the young couple returned and are now at home to their many friends at 3214 Williams Street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Muehler are very popular at the Denver Office and have been showered by the best wishes of all.

F. E. Hindman and Wife Victims of Fatal Accident

F. E. Hindman, a draftsman with the Midwest Refining Company, and wife were instantly killed October 29th, when the automobile in which they were touring westward to Los Angeles was struck by a Santa Fe express train two miles east of Flagstaff, Ariz. Word of the tragic accident was telegraphed to friends and relatives by the authorities at Flagstaff.

Mr. Hindman, or "Heinie" as he was more familiarly known, was one of the most popular employes at the Denver Office, and the news of his death was a terrible shock to his many friends.

We take this means of expressing our sympathies to the sorrowing relatives in their loss, a loss in which we share in no small degree.

Popular Denver Office Employes Wed

The Denver Office was given a huge surprise a few weeks ago when the news of the marriage of two of the employes leaked out. Although nothing of this kind had even been remotely suspected, it seems that a romance had budded and flourished right in the Denver office and was culminated in the marriage of Miss Sigrid Mortrud and Mr. Merwin Bristol, which took place the 10th of November at the Capitol Heights Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Leon C. Hills officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Bristol are too well known to need any comment, but we desire to extend our congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

Stork Sidelights

The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Osborne was brightened by the arrival of a daughter, Alice Helen, weight 6½ pounds, on the 29th of October.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vervalin was similarly brightened by the arrival of Richard Eugene, weight 9 pounds 3½ ounces, on the 17th of October.

The proud parents have our congratulations.

Greer-Tieck

Miss Era B. Greer, formerly a telephone operator at the Denver Office, left September 1st, after two years' service, and was married in Los Angeles on the 24th to Mr. Hugo Tieck. No further details are available, but we desire to extend our best wishes to the happy couple.

There was a young rounder named Lou,
Who made up a batch of home brew,
He took a wee nip,
Just a moderate sip—
The funeral's Tuesday at two.

Bold Bad Bandit Burglarizes Bank Building

On the night of November 11th, when the streets below were the scenes of riotous revelry, while thousands of merrymakers were renewing the joy of the first Armistice day, two bandits seizing the opportunity crept into the darkened offices of the First National Bank Building and made away with Liberty bonds, stamps and other loot. One of the companies to be thus burglarized was the Midwest Refining Company. Altho the amount of the loss is unknown to the writer, it is believed that one of the biggest items was the loss of time and the consequent delay of work occasioned by the numerous groups to be found any time the next day, discussing the affair. No doubt many of the opinions and suggestions thus offered would have proved invaluable to the police department in hunting down the bandits.

Saabd Doings

Greetings, folks, and also Merry Christmas! We haven't been in print for some time, and we feel rather like a young colt who has just had his hobbles taken off. As a result, what we write here may sound a bit like ancient history or medieval and modern, but we will endeavor to chronicle the most important events since our last appearance on the printed page of The Midwest Review.

Mr. Illius spent a very pleasant vacation together with a successful fishing trip in his favorite rendezvous. As a result the boys of his division profited by his luck in a mess of fish apiece. Gene reported as having fine luck, and returned fit and ready to cope with the exacting duties of managing his department.

Colorado Day was a holiday in this state. The same was celebrated by Roy Johnson and the writer together with another friend in an endeavor to climb Mount Evans, the top of which is around 14,260 feet above sea level. Johnson and our friend made the top, but the writer was satisfied to call it "quits" at about 13,700 feet. This is a wonderful trip. The hike is about thirty-two miles altogether over a blazed trail through some of the finest pine and aspen forests in the Rockies. The start is made at Crosson's or Evans' Ranch. About ten miles distant is a Government Rest Cabin, where the stop over night may be made. The summit of Mount Evans lies about six miles further. Everyone living in Denver should avail themselves of this trip. It can be made very comfortably in three days. We highly recommend it for all those endeavoring to reduce, for we can safely say that the "pusperation sure do roll off o' de fat man."

We are all familiar with the stories about the "Father of Our Country." Tom May on his vacation, which was spent near Grand Lake, tried to emulate George Washington's experience with the hatchet and the cherry tree. However, as no cherry trees nor hatchet were at hand, Tom availed himself of a double-bladed axe and his own ankle. The result was that

Tom was rendered incapable of duty for another week in addition to his vacation.

Art. Johns says that the Irishman's dish is "sour kraut." Hoot mon!

Our division was moved during the latter part of August from the northwest corner of the ninth floor to the place from where we came, which is back along the south side of the court next to the Traffic Division. All visitors from the wild and wooly west may find us there, when they are in our vicinity. Royal greetings will be given to each.

Mr. C. A. Hughes, of the Casper Wax Plant, and Mr. Burdick, of the Casper Refinery, were visitors during the last few months. Mr. F. J. Keleher, lately of Denver, but now of Casper, also dropped in and said "hello."

This division has experienced a little of the general reorganization which is now taking place in this company. Some of the faces that are now missing are "Bill" Casey, "Al" Ohnemus, "Bill" and "Crawf" May and "Bill" Elliott. All these boys have been fortunate in securing positions elsewhere.

One of the members of our division chanced to go over to Gano-Downs to purchase a pair of shoes one day last week, and while there a lady with a little boy came in the store. One of the clerks approached her and kindly asked her if he could serve her. She replied that he could, and that she wanted to purchase a pair of shoes for the boy. "Something pretty good," said the clerk, "French kid, perhaps?" "Indeed, he is not. He is my own son, born right here in Denver," replied the lady.

Well, as this edition ought to be out by Christmas, we take this opportunity of extending to all the members of the Midwest Refining Company our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Marvelous Extraordinary

E. W. DAVIS, SEER DE LUXE

Professional Advice On All Subjects.

Love, Business, and Personal Matters.

I Have Helped Thousands of Others.

Why Not Let Me Help You?

Solicited Your Inquiries

Guaranteed Satisfaction

Entertaining Instructive

OTTO C. KRAUSE

World Famous Lecturer

on the

Beauties and Advantages of Milwaukee

Which Is In Wisconsin.

This Famous Traveler Will Tell You

Things Never Known Before.

Any Time Any Place

Billy Nicoll (wandering thru department store)—I can't remember what my wife told me to get.

Saleslady—Something for you?

Billy Nicoll—I don't know whether it was a casserole or a camisole my wife told me to get.

Saleslady—Is it for a live chicken or a dead one?

The following requisition was received by Mr. Barnes:

"Stock Clerk: Please deliver for use of Mr. Santa Claus, the following supplies:

150 Tin Horns (Paper Keys)
345 Rattles (Cast Iron)
100 Jack-In-the-Boxes (Cheese Cloth)
26 Nursing Bottles (Paper Bottom)
25 Rocky Horses (Tissue Paper)
35 Boxes Candy (Concrete)
Lots of Nuts (89075436502)
6000 Teddy Bears (1 Polar Bear)
150 Doll Buggies (Springless)
234,567 Cardboard Dolls (Rubber Necks)
90,872 Rubber Dolls (Glass Ears)
45 Punching Bags (Cut Glass)

Approved: Gold Dust Twins."

Mr. Barnes seemed to think that the addition of a cat-o'-nine-tails (or at least a buggy whip) should be made and referred the requisition to Mr. Richards. (It pains the writer to state that the steno and file clerk of the Purchasing Department were accused, by their boss, of being the "Gold Dust Twins," and it was with great difficulty they proved their alibi.) Which brings to mind the matter of a couple of packages received by said steno and file clerk, last week, which were marked "From Santa Claus." Upon opening, the file clerk found herself the recipient of a celluloid duck and the steno a celluloid fish. We're not so dense but what we grasp the "poor fish" allusion, but what about the "duck?" File clerk swears she isn't web-footed, but declines to prove it. Will "Santa Claus" please elucidate?

Baseball Season Closes in Denver

Well, sir, it is all over but the shouting, and there isn't much of that. We did not win any glory, nor did we lose much, either. We started under a handicap, and finished likewise. Third place was the best we could do. We went down in distastrous defeat for second place when the Colorado & Southern nine drubbed us by a score of 19 to 9 in the last game of the season.

Our season was marked by the continual loss of stars. First, it was Frank Philbin, then Shorty Hanlin, Captain Hughes was unable to play for about a month, and so on. After the end of the season we lost several more stars such at Al Ohnemus, Bill May, and Bo Scherrer. These boys are all good players. They are young yet, and should develop considerably. We recommend anybody to keep an eye on them.

As to our prospects for next year—it is early yet, Gus, so we will leave that as it is.

Stenographic Department

Let the man who said the Stenographic Division "ain't what she used to be" step forward. There are four stenographers ready to jump at the first buzz of the buzzer, and the eleventh hour buzzer; four typists and two comptometers all as busy as the proverbial bee. We therefore maintain that while fewer in numbers, yet the said division is just as good as "she" used to be.

Since our last contribution to The Review, Miss Rodgers has left us for her home in the "Sunny South," namely Texas. We certainly miss "Mose" from our midst.

We occasionally get a glimpse of the boys who went up to the Casper office. They all appear to be loyal to their first love, especially "Pete." We don't know so much about F. J. K.

Since "Babe Ruth" returned from a short sojourn in another department everything has been running smoothly, although she does not seem to keep to her base as she has done in former games.

Traffic News

It's a pretty hard job to get any news. There's scandal, but we ain't allowed to tell it. There are rumors galore running around, but we can't catch them, and if we could, chances are there wouldn't be anything to it but rumor. One thing's a cinch, Miss Dorothy Kirkland *did* accept an impromptu ride in a flivver coupe the other day, and still blushes to be reminded of it. And the guy who drove the flivver, from what we hear, would be a formidable opponent in a card game if he always held hands as he did that day.

Members of the Traffic Department who flatter themselves that they have not yet been initiated into the A. O. B. P. should lay the blame not on any superior virtues they may possess but to lack of exposure.

Mr. H. G. Naylor, who flitteth over the country on Affairs of State, is again at this writing in Denver, and deep trails in the linoleum lead from the desks of EKB and WBT to the front office.

One of our General Orders in the army was "To walk to our post in a military manner," and we always remember this with a smile when we see a certain gentleman come up the aisle who seems to be "walking his military in a post-like manner."

W shake hands with Mr. O. E. Jones, who, having acquired a new pair of specs, now belongs to us Intellectuals.

Since we last appeared in print, we have lost two mighty pleasant associates, namely Miss Doris Ahring and Jimmy Izett. No, there's nothing significant in the combination of names or in the fact that they both left our employ about the same time.

ABOU BEN KAHN.

(News Item: Mr. Milton M. Kahn has become the proud papa of a 1919 model Reo touring car, which he recently purchased at a reasonable price from a former Midwest employe, who shall remain nameless.)

Milton M. Kahn, may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace—
The room all filled with echoing snores
which rattled the windows and banged the doors—
And saw an angel in the light of the moon
Write in some mush with a gold-handled spoon.
Milton awoke, and with a shout of fear
Yelled, "Hey, what the devil dost thou here?"
The angel stopped and spake, quite bored,
"Taking the names of those who love their Fords."
"And is mine one?" thus Milton did inquire.
"Nay, not so," said the angel, "Your name's left out entire."
"Then put me down as one who loves an old wreck best."
The angel wrote and vanished.
When next he woke and saw the list of those who loved their Flivs,
Lo! Milton's name led all the rest.

Midway Test Well; The Windiest Place in Wyoming

After receiving two letters from the department, requesting news items etc., it rather looks as though it behooves us to say something, or a third will come along asking us if we are laying off or gone into winter quarters.

Our greatest recent excitement was a fire which broke out in our boiler room at 1 o'clock a. m. the other night, when we were all routed out in our pajamas to help fight it. The fire was confined to the boiler house and was extinguished with a very small loss, the greatest being Dick Fox's bedroom slippers.

Our veteran driller, J. O. Dart, must have thought his feet were too big to suit the ladies, so as an excuse for reducing the size of them dropped one of those small thousand-pound joints of casing on his toe. What he didn't take off Dr. Dacken did. However, Jack is back on the job again feeling fine.

A great deal of curiosity has been aroused in camp over one of our tool dressers, W. M. Cameron, who makes daily visits to Casper. Rain or snow, Big Bill is off after he has finished his tower. We all wonder what she looks like.

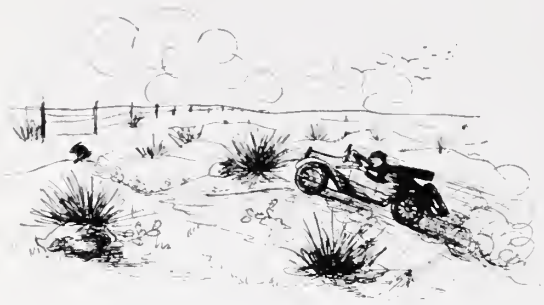
Howard Shidler is again back on the job after two months' serious illness. We are all glad to see him back again.

The recent snowstorm has caused some talk among our crew of sunny California. However, no attention was given the matter until our esteemed cook, Mrs. McClure, expressed a desire to go. Then and there our hearts quit beating, for we all know we have the best cook of the Field Department.

Guy McClure is again back at work after spending nearly two months in the hospital. It takes more than one lick on the head to put that Irishman out.

While we are not hankering for any cold weather, we do hope the ink freezes solid the next time we are asked to write "news" items.

ANONYMOUS.



Motoring and Rabbits

When it comes to a question of speed, watch the jack-rabbit. A Buick roadster isn't in it with that bird.

Notice Joyce de la Gardie in the above pastoral scene, which, by the way, is a perfect likeness of Joyce.

A speed demonstration was recently given when W. A. Miller, in company with Joyce, above referred to, went rabbit hunting. As they were gliding smoothly along over the prairie enjoying the beautiful scenery, for which Colorado prairies are noted, they discovered a rabbit, happy in its right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Mr. Miller, wiser than his companion at this moment, jumped from the car and brought down the rabbit at first shot. Simultaneously with this incident, another rodent animal of same type appeared. Evidently it surmised the fate of its "running mate," as it started on a mad chase with Joyce in his roadster going at full speed (the word "full" used here refers to the car and not to Joyce).

After an exciting run of twenty miles, more or less, said Joyce had to acknowledge himself beaten and said rabbit the victor.

New School Building for Salt Creek

At last, the new school building for Salt Creek, so long looked for, and prophesied concerning; the occasion of so many lost and won new hats and boxes of cigars, on numerous bets; is actually being built on the new site 350 feet east of the present building.

The excavation 32x18 feet for the boiler room is done; the concrete footings and walls are being poured; the major portion of the lumber is on the ground; and Jim Paden, the hustling building department head, is on the job; so we confidently look forward to the near future for completion.

The building will be one story and basement, with four school rooms, office or consultation room, toilet rooms, lavatories and drinking fountains all on the first floor. The building will have a frontage of 80 feet and will be 60 feet deep and about four feet above grade. The appointments will be modern throughout, a credit to the architects, who designed it and to the enterprising spirit of the board of education and superintendent of schools who have promoted its construction.

Verily, verily, "Every good thing cometh to them who wait," and again hath Scripture been fulfilled.

Old "Sister" Stuff

As the time approaches for his trip home, M. E. Diamond of Big Muddy is going around with a very preoccupied air and a pair of gaudy golf stockings.

He may be noticed making tours of inspection along the romantic Sunshine Alley, and holding heavy consultations with the "Rent Hog" Humps.

"May bring my *sister* back with me." 'Sal rite, Diamond, 'sal rite! We heard that gag before.

Better grab her quick, as the bald pate is getting awfully shiny.

Mr. Carrico Honored

Sunday evening, November 27th, was the occasion for a very pleasant dinner party at the Carrico house in Big Muddy in honor of Superintendent Carrico's birthday.

Among thoso present were Dr. and Mrs. Morgan of Casper, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Conners, and several of the "hungry hounds" from Bachelor quarters.

After dinner a pleasant musical program was enjoyed, and when it was time to go home, Bing, the "Wild Cat's Playmate," obliged with "Read 'Em and Weep."

Why He Did K. P.

At one of the Western camps a rookie had been made the victim of so much guying that he had long since given up the idea of taking any statements seriously. One night while on guard a tall figure loomed out of the darkness.

"Who's there?" challenged the recruit.

"Major Moses," replied the figure.

"Glad to meet you, Mose. Advance and give the Ten Commandments."

Just Odds and Ends

Change in Review Policy

The Midwest Review in future will be published for the Field Department only and therefore it will be somewhat reduced in size, limiting it to sixteen pages and to field news only.

We are anxious to make this paper as interesting as possible for the employees of the Field Department and solicit your co-operation in its success.

We ask that contributions and photographs be sent to this office not later than the tenth of the month, which is necessary in order to get the publication out on time.

"I Don't"

Most motorists are blooming fools.
They trifle with the traffic rules.
I don't.
No man should try to get the drop
On any seasoned traffic cop,
Nor fail to heed his sign to stop.
I don't.
A man should never drive too fast,
Or brag about the cars he's passed.
I don't.
For safety first should be his creed,
There really isn't any need
To drive a car at reckless speed.
I don't.
A man should never lose his bean
When piloting a gas-machine.
I don't.
On city street or open road,
A man should never break the code,
Nor fellow-farers incommode.
I don't.
He should not scare equestrians,
Nor chase the poor pedestrians.
I don't.
In fact, I have no car to run.
I'm shy the coin to purchase one,
You'd think I wouldn't have much fun.
I DON'T.

—Atchison Globe.

In Memoriam

"I presume you carry some sort of memento in that locket you're wearing."

"Yes. A lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!"

"True; but his hair is gone."

A certain nearby editor threatened to publish the name of a certain man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Forty-nine men called and paid up the next week, while two even paid a year in advance.

He Laughed

He laughed when they told him the ladder was weak,
And remarked it would hold half a ton.
It cost him a hundred to settle the bill
When the doctor and nurses were done.

He laughed when his foreman urged greater care
As he carelessly cleaned the machine.
The doctor remarked as he bound up the wound,
"It's the very worst mangling I've seen."

He laughed when a shopmate dug from his eye
A speck with a match whittled round.
They removed the bandages in the course of six weeks;
He could see with one eye, it was found.

He laughed when they warned him to drive with due care,
And he struck a sixty mile clip.
The judge fined him fifty, and gave him three months;
He had broken only one hip.

He laughed when the doctor ordered him home
For a couple of days with a cold.
In a tubercular hospital he thinks of the past,
It's too late now to help him, he's told.

He laughed when told that infection might result
From leaving a cut go undressed.
'Tis said he looked natural as if but asleep;
His headstone says he's "At Rest."

He laughed when told to go lighter on food,
He said he would eat what he chose.
The funeral was a large one, the music was fine,
On his grave was planted a rose.

He laughed when advised to insure his life,
And said he would live forty years.
His widow does washing to earn her support,
And he might have saved her the tears.

—Hyatt Quiet Type.

"A Spreading Chestnut"

Under the busy bobbing beam,
The nodding driller stands,
A most conceited man is he,
With large and bony hands.
His brow is wet, with blood and sweat.
He'll lie to those he can,
And look the whole world in the face,
A scrapper and a man.

—By "Cornie" Nightingale.

"Not His Job"

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he,
When an extra task he chanced to see.
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,
So I'll pass it by and leave it there,"
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."
So a little task that was in his way
That he could have handled without delay
Was left unfinished; the way was paved
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place
But he never altered his easy pace,
And folks remarked on how well he knew
The line of tasks he was hired to do.
For never once was he known to turn
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed
And for all he did he was fairly paid.
But he never was worth a dollar more
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er.
For he knew too well when his work was through,
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,
You must do every day all the work you can.
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,
And it should be done, take care of it;
And you'll never conquer or rise if you
Do only the things you are supposed to do.

—The Keystone Lubricating Company

Salt Creek Joint Industrial Council

EMPLOYE REPRESENTATIVES:

George Sullivan, Casper District

Lyle S. Garner, Salt Creek Home Camp District

R. J. Reilly, Salt Creek Home Camp District

Robert Hamilton, Salt Creek Gas Plant

Chester Borsch, Secretary

MANAGEMENT REPRESENTATIVES:

Jake Hale, Salt Creek
H. A. Chandler, Salt Creek
A. C. Andrews, Salt Creek
A. G. Fidel, Casper

Midwest Employes' Benefit Association

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Bernard F. McCann, Denver District

G. R. Simpson, Greybull District

Jesse Wills, Laramie District

T. M. Landry, Salt Creek District

D. A. Trudgeon, Casper District

J. G. Crosskill, Treasurer

Tracy N. Shaw, Secretary

In the whisp'ring of the tree-tops
As they blow and bend and sway,
You will hear an old friend's greeting:
"Merry, Merry Christmas Day."